OFF TO EUROPE.

The LION'S order off to Europe Months ago

We publish in this issue a letter from our resident buyer in Glasgow, by which it is seen that we have done a good stroke of business in placing our orders so early. We could not begin to get our goods at the same price now as we bought them at a month

J. D. Williamson & Co.

Messas. J. D. WILLIAMSON. & Co,, Guelph.

Dear Sirs:—I write again from Glasgow, where I have returned after visiting the chief manufacturing centres of England and the continent, and am happy to say that I have been able to place your whole order without, in any case, paying the advance. In a number of cases—notably in Cashmere Wool Goods—the manufacturers are asking from 10 to 20, and in some cases, 25 per cent more than old prices; but your order being a large one I have been able, in every instance, to secure these goods at the old prices. The retail buyer who comes over in the months of July and August will get sadly left; there is not the slightest doubt but that he could do better in Canada, as Canadian Wholesalers who were here early placed all their orders before the advance.

In Dress Goods I was specially fortunate in getting in with two of the largest manufacturers, one in Germany and one in France. These firms sell only to the Wholesale, but your order being a large one, equaliting a good many of the wholesale orders, I was able to get an entrance. With these two manufacturers at your back you are in a position to buy your Dress Goods on an equality with the largest wholesale houses in Montreal and Toronto. If you don't do the Dress Goods trade of Guelph, it is not because you have not got the goods at the right price. I bought your Cashmere Henriettas and Sateens from C. F. Schnider & Co., of Merane, Germany, and Cloth, Serge end Fancy Dress Goods from Ferlie Pere & Fils, of Roubaix, France. I bought a magnificent line of Sealette, Astrachan and other Cloths from one of the leading Berlin manufacturers, A. & A. Lehman, and Shawts from Lane & Co. Your Gloves and Hosiery I bought from a manufacturer in a town in Saxony. I visited Ireland and bought your Table Linens, Rough Browns, &c., from the County Down Flax Spinning and Milling Co., and the York Street Flax Spinning Co., of Belfast. I took a run up to Dundee and filled your order for Carpets, Hessi ans, &c. In Hawick and Leeds I bought your Cloths and Tweeds and secured some excellent value. I bought your Oil Cloths From your namesake in Lancaster. These goods have taken a considerable advance on account of the rise in Jute, but I was able to place your order at the old figures.

I shall expect to see one of the firm over next winter although I think you have done wisely in placing your order this season earlier than you could have done if you had come over yourself.

Trustiny all are well in Guelph, yours faithfully,

84 Oswald Street, Glasgow.

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D. WILLIAMSON,

Glasgow, May 15th, 1889.

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Would call the attention of the Public to his fine selection of Goods of

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> AlPerfect Fit Guaranteed. WM. WATSON

The Red Flag, Corbet's Block

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ACAS COVER SECTION OF SECTION OF

Great Bargains in Hosiery, Great Bargains in Gloves, Great Bargains in Dress Goods,

Great Bargains in Towels. Great Bargains in Towellings,

Great Bargains in Table Linens, Great Bargains in Underwear. Great Bargains in Straw Hats.

Always Big Bargains at the Red Flag Bankrupt Stock

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Hot Weather will be with us in a Day or Two.

Ladie's Undervests in Gauze, Balbriggan and Silk, 20c, 25c.

Men's Linen Underwear 20c, and 25c. up. Keep your Eye on our Ladies' Straw Shapes at half price.

1,000 pairs Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, at 8c.—a Baargain. AT

H. MACDONALD'S,

Next to O'Brien & Keough's



THE LATE PROF. PHELPS. The above is a portrait of the late Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LLD., of Dartmouth College, He was a strong, able man, whostoodhigh in the literary and scientific worlds. It is not generally known, but it is, nevertheless, the truth, that Prof. Phelps was the discoverer of what is known to the Medical Profession and Chemists universally as Paine's Celery Compound, unquestionably one of the most valuable discoveries of this century. This remarkable compound is not a nervine, an essence, a sarsaparilla or any devised article, but a discovery, and it marks a distinct step in medical practice and the treatment of nervous complications. It has been freely admitted by the best medical talent in the land, and also by the leading chemistsand scientists, that for nerve troubles, nervous exhaustion, insomnia, debility, senility and even the dreaded and terrible Paresis, nothing has ever been discovered which reaches the discorder and restores health equal to this discovery of Prof. Phelps
Paine's Celery Compound is now being to this discovery of Prof. Phelps
Paine's Celery Compound is now being
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Guinness' Stout, pints and quarts.
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Sleeman's Ales and Porters, in bottles,
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John M. Bond & Co.

Direct Hardware Importers, Guelph.

Armstrong's Handy Favorite Gear.



EJ B ARMSTRONG M'f'g Co, L'd,

The Millionaire's Ward

A LANCASHIRE STORY

CHAPTER XIX. A NEW LODGING-ANYTHING BUT WELCOME

A NEW LODGING—ANTHUNG BUT WELCOME
VISITORS
We left Richard Buckley—after giving
that shrill whistle of his on Blackstone
Edge—hurrying along in the darkness
with his companion, Luke Booth. In what
seemed an exceedingly short space of
time, following on that signal of the gamekeeper, as Booth had thought it, the dog
which had been left on guard at the back
door of the cottage came bounding up to
his master, and after indulging for a
moment or two in energetic but silent demonstrations of delight, dropped quietly
behind.
The factory operative now understood

behind.

The factory operative now understood that the whicele had been intended to call up the dog, and that the appearance of the faithful .nimal, and no barking having been heard, might be considered as an omen that so far he (Luke) had escaped the danger which he believed had threatened him. Whether the good fortune which hitherto had attended him would continue, was, however, yet to be would continue, was, however, yet to be

Interesent nim. Whener he got a fortune which hitherto had attended him would continue, was, however, yet to be seen.

Intuitively, as it almost seemed, Buckeley had, as they walked along, kept always on firm ground, although Boothwas aware, from his early recollections of the Edge, that they must frequently have been in close proximity to marshy spots, dangerous at night to the unwary traveller. In this way they kept on until they had covered purhaps a couple of miles since leaving the cottage, when the gamakeeper told his companion that he must be careful now how he followed in his steps, as they were about to make a steep descent.

It appeared that they had reached the brow of the ridge of hills, and at a point at which the declivity was much more abrupt than where the road traverses Blackstone Edge by way of the Moor Ook and the White House. In fact, at the spot to which the keeper had led Booth, there was neither road nor path, and even in daylight a man had to mind what he was about if he would retain a safe foothold.

But Richard Buckley was acquainte! with every inch c'f the gound, and as the two commenced the descent, he not only, but from time to time, gave his companion advice and warning, but occasionally assisted Luke Booth with his hand. In this manner they got ever a couple of hundred yards or so, until at length a narrow plateau, two or three strides wide, was reached, from which the rocky ground shelved away like a wall to some fifty feet below, although this dangerous precipice could not now be perceived in the dark.

"Neaw we be a' reet," said the keeper, with evident satisfaction, and taking hold of Booth's arm for feer he should step too near the edge of the ridge.

Then Buckley walked a few yards along

"Neaw we be a' reet," said the keeper, wish evident satisfaction, and taking hold of Booth's arm for fear he should step too near the edge of the ridge.

Then Buckley walked a few yards along the plateau, and, pushing aside some bushes, took another step or two forward, still retaining his hold of Booth. They were by this time in the densest darkness until the keeper ignited a sulphur match and lighted the candle in the lantern, when Luke perceived that they had entered a cave. This natural cavity in the rock, the entrance to which even in daylight was quite concealed from view by the bushes, was about the size of an ordinary cottage room, high enough for a tall man to stard upright in it, and with a dry, hard floor.

"This mun be yo'r lodgin' fur a bit," said Buckley. "It's noan as gradely, but it's a seet better than look up, I reckon."

"Yo're reet," replied Luke, with a grim smile, "an' I thank yo'."

The keeper then gave Booth the food that he had wrapped up for him, and also took off a rough overcoat which he had put on before leaving home, intending at the time to leave it with Luke, in case that the latter should feel cold in the night. Buckley was also careful to warn his brother Chartist sgainst the dangerous wall of rook that was near to him, and advised that he should not venture outside of the cave until daylight.

After taking these precautions for the comforts and safety of the man who had been left in his charge by Mr. Crompton, and promising to visit the cave again on the following morning, Buckley bade good night to Booth, and prepared to ascend to the brow of Blackstone Edge. Surefooted and active of frame, this was no difficult task to the gamekeeper; and once more on level ground he stepped out, followed by his dog, at a pace which would soon bring him to his home.

He was still a good mile away, however, when he startled by hearing the barking of

bring him to his home.

He was still a good mile away, however, when he startled by hearing the barking of a dog in the distance—the sound travelling, as he believed, from the direction of his cottage. It it were his dog—and it could not well be any other at that time of night on the Edge and near his cottage—he knew that someone must be about, or the animal would not give mouth. If so, he suspected who the intruders were; but this did not cause him to hasten his ftootsteps. Presently the dog he had with him begun to show signs of impatience, and more than once Buckley had to speak in a very angry tone to keep it from darting forward. A few minutes later he thought he heard a voice, or voices, shouting; but of this he was not quite certain. The fierce barking of the dog, however, was now very distinct on the night air.

distinct on the night air. distinct on the night air.

Anon the dim orthine of his cottage came into view, and then, plainly enough, Buckley heard a loud knocking, followed by a man's voice saying, "Why do you not open the door?" At the fame time the animal with him begun to growl, low, but savagely. A few moments more brought the gamekeeper round to the front of his cottage, and then he saw two or three men—he was not certain which at the first glance—standing at the door.

-standing at the door.
"What do yo' want heer?" demanded the keeper, bringing the gun from under his arm to the "steady." not, however, with the intention of inflicting any bodily burt upon his visitors, but meant to intimidate

them.
The sound of Richard Buckley's voice seemed to astonish and startle the intruders much more than their appearance had "Who are you?" asked one of the three men in turn—for now the keeper perceived

men in turn—for now the keeper perceived that there were three.

"I reckon I'm mester heer," was the reply, "an' they ca' me Richard Buckley."

"Richard Buckley—eh?" said another voice, and speaking, as it seemed with some authority. "Then if you are Buckley, the

gamekeeper, we want a man you have got here—one Luke Booth, a factory opera-

here—one Luke Booth, a factory operative."

"Then yo've getten ta wrang shop," answered the keeper, "fur there's no mon o'
that name heer."

"We shall see," remarked the former
speaker. "We are police constables, and
hold a warrant for this [man's apprehension, and must search your house."

"Yo're welcome, but yo'll ha' yo'r trouble for nowt, fur I tell yo' there's no mon
living heer but mysen."

"Keep back your dog !" suddenly exclaimed the officer, who seemed to be in
authority; for the animal, with his halr
bristling, seemed about to make a spring
upon the intruders, as had been made apparent by one of the officers having turned
on a dark lantern. parent by one of the chickes having tuther on a dark lantern.

"Down!" shouted Buckley; and the dog immediately stretched himself on the ground, his head between his paws, but with his sharp eyes still fixed upon the

the keeper then put down his gun, with the barrels leaning against the wall of the house, and, taking the key from his pocket, proceeded to unlock the door and

open it. The dog within had quieted down at the well known sound of his master's voice; but Buckley now spoke to it before entering the room, for fear it might attack one of his not over-welcome victors.

might attack one of his not over-welcome visitors.

The candle was still alight, though rather low in the socket, and the fire fourning brightly in the grate—the latter having been replenished before Booth and Buckley left the cottage. Throwing wide the door, the keeper bade the officers enter, so that they might see for themselves whether the man for whom they were searching was there.

The constables glanced round the kitchen, or living room; but there was no Luke Booth to be seen there. Buckley then led the way into the sleeping chamber adjoining, but with a like result, as we need scarcely say, so far as finding the man wanted was concerned—although a cupboard was looked into, a search made under the beds, and a light from the dark lantern egen turned up the wide open chinney.

"Are these all the rooms you have?" inquired the one who appeared the chief of

inquired the one who appeared the chief of the constables, for they were all in plain

"Are these all the rooms you have I" inquired the one who appeared the chief of the constables, for they were all in plain olothes.

"Ay," replied Buck'ey; "but there's a stable, a' th' hen-house, a' th' pantry; but I reckon yo'll noan find much theer."

"But there's a loft over these two rooms," said one of the officers, looking knowingly at his companions.

"I reckon theer is, if it has na goan," replied Buckley, smiling, and pointing to a trap-door between two of the rafters in the kitchen; "an' happen theer's a ratten or two in it.—You'll find a ladder outside th' stable, if yo' want it."

At this hint two of the constables left the cottage, and presently returned, one of them carrying a ladder just about of sufficient length to reach theyrafters. They had had no need to search the outbuildings, having before knocking at the door of the cottage, whilst the owner was absent, closely inspected every nook and corner of the stable or shed, looked into the hen house, and thrown the light of the dark lantern into the pantry. As for the fast-named, it was so small that it could only have been thought of as a hiding place in a last emergency.

The ladder was now raised against one of the rafters, and a constable mounted the rungs, and made an attempt to push open the trap door, but this was stiff from want of use, and stuck as hard and fast as though it must have been bolted from above. Perhaps some such thought entered the head of the constable, or possibly he imagined that the man they were searching for was in the loft, and holding down the trap door. Anyhow, he gave a more vigorous push at it, when suddenly it flew back on its hinges with a loud bang, a cloud of dust and cobwebs at the same time half blinding the enterprising policeman.

After this unanticipated reception, it ought to have been plain to the explorer

ing the enterprising policeman.

After this unanticipated reception, it ought to have been plain to the explorer that the trap-door could not have been opened, certainly not for many months, and possibly not for years. However, he mounted a rung or two higher on the ladder, and drawing himself up through the man hole, commenced to examine the cook-loft, turning the light from his lantern about him, with no better result than disturbing a few inoffensive spiders which had sought lodging and shelter under the caves.

eaves.
Descending not only dirty, but unsuccessful, the constable shook his head, and glanced inquiringly at his superior, as if for further orders. But the chief had for further orders. But the chief had none to give. A search already had been made, without finding Luke Booth, and the sergeant, or whatever his rank might be, could not see his way to doing anything further that hight. It cocurred to him, however, to question the keeper. "What time did you go out tonight?" "Happen yo'll mind yo'r own business, mester, an' leave mine a' be," answered the keeper.

the keeper.
"That is part of our business," said the

constable.

"Then yo' mun find out yo'reens for I'm noan goin' to tell yo," added Buckley.

"An' happen if yo've dun rootin' abeawt, yo'll be makin' yo'r ways whoam."

"Not so fast, my friend," remarked the superior officer. "We know that this man Booth came to your house here in come pany with a gentleman with whose pame Booth came to your house here in com-pany with a gentleman with whose name we are acquainted. The gentleman re-turned alone, and you ought to know what has become of his companion." "Well," said Buckley, "i'm noan goin' to tell yo' a lie abeast it. Theer wur a gentleman an' a chap heer, but yo've seen fur ye'rsons tha' they're noan heer neaw."

The three constables held a short consultation, apparently arriving at the conclusion that there was no information to cobtained from this man Buckley. There was something more, however, that they wanted from him just then, and the chief

wanted from him just then, and the chief officer said:

"We want to get to the Moor Cook, where we have a horse and conveyance waiting, but are not sure of finding our way there, now that it is dark. If you will show us the main road, I will pay you well for it."

Buckley laughed, and then said, goodnatured by:

naturedly:
"Happen if I dunna, yo'll ha' to bide a'
neet on Blackstone Edge. An' if yo're
fur goin', I dunna moind the walk." fur goin', I dunna moind the walk."

The constable thanked him, and then the keeper, putting his hat on again, took up a stout stick instead of his gun, and led the way out of his cottage. The dog, which in the earlier part of the evening had been left in charge of the house, was now allowed to follow him; and locking the door on the outside, and telling the constables to be careful to keep close to him and in his footsteps, as he was going to take them by the shortest cut, Buckley led the way.

to take them by the shortest cut, Buckley led the way.
When the Yorkshire road, as it was generally called on the Lancashire side of Biackstone Edge, was reached, the lights from the Moor Cock Inn were visible towards the bottom of the hill, away beneath them. As the constables had now only to keep to the road to lead them to their destination, the keeper's office as guide was at an end, and he told his late guide was at an end, and he told his late

guide was at an end, and he told his late visitors so.

The shief of the police offered Buckley some silver in recompense for his services, which the keeper did not refuse to accept. We know on a former cocasion he had declined money from Frank Marsden and Mark Orompton, but now probably he had a feeling, a good Ohartist, that he was for the time being in the pay of the enemy, and had a right to get what he could out of him.

and had a right to get what he could out of him.

At all events he had been robbed of part of his rest, for by the time he arrived home and had his supper, it was nearly two hours beyond his usual hour for going to bed. Late, however, as he was in courting sleep, it did not interfere in the slightest with his getting up on the following morning. He was away soon after daybreak, and was dressed and feeding his fowls just as the sun was rising, having previously lighted a fire and put the kettle on the hot for breakfast.

When seated partaking of his early meal, the gamekeeper's thoughts were with Luke Booth. He was wondering how the factory operative had got on in his novel lodging during the night, and whether he was thirsty, for Buckley now remembered that, though he had thought of food, he had omitted a jar of water. There was spring which trickled from the rocks a short distance from the cave, but the keeper doubted if Booth had discovered it, or even whether he had dared to venture forth from his place of concealment.

However, if he had had to undergo a little hardship during the past night, Booth had a kind and thoughtul friend in Richard Buckley; for the latter, after he had firished his own breakfast, mixed a

jug of hot ten with milk and sugar, and placed it on the hob to keep warm until he had got ready a supply of food that could last Luke during the day. Then he poured the tea into a bottle, and putting this in one of his capacious pockets, and into another a tin can that would hold about a quart, he hurried off out of his cottage, leaving both his dogs behind him.

But the keeper was careful, as he left his home, to glance acound him to see if any one was in sight. Not a soul, however, was to be seen on Blackstone Edge—at least, in Buckley's neighborhood. The path which he took was by a gentle deciline, and was in the same direction which Booth and he had travelled the previous night, but now, being alone, the keeper's progress was no rapid that it would have tested the stamina of most men to have kept peace with him. Once or twice some grouse got up almost from under his feet, and dashed off with a loud "whirr;" but, with the exception of these, he came across no living thing until he reached the brow of the rooky incline which led to the cave to which he had conducted Booth.

Now, in the full light of day, the voice of the valley beneath, and of the more distant landscape, was lovely in the extreme, and a stranger doubtless would have lingered to gaze upon so entrancing a scene. To Buckley, however, it was but the face of an old friend, and he at once commenced that steep descent with the activity of a mountain sheep, and with a rapidity which showed how certain he was of his own nerve and power of motion.

On reaching the marrow plateau running along the front of the [cave he gave a low whistle, twice repeated, which was a signal arranged with Booth to be given by the keeper to announce at any time his presence. In response the bushes covering the mouth of the cave were pushed back, and Luke came forth from his concealment, greeting his brother Chartist with much heartiness.

Doubtless, i although his confinement in the cavern was voluntary, and had been short, the anticipation of the companionship of the gam

the food and the tinean, he bade Booth eat and drink, and not sak a question nor expect an answer until he had finished. Luke laughed, yet obeyed; but had his outcostiv satisfied lin the end, when Bichard Buckley, over a smoke, told him of his encounter with the police constables, and all that had happened in connection with the three men who had visited his cottage.

d his cottage. Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florids, Colora-lo and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease. yet thousands of the natives in those States die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one that can be used at home; a remedy which is sold by druggists under the manufacturers' positive guarantee that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for opasumption (or lung serofule) known se'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee. et thousands of the natives in those State

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Yours truly.
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