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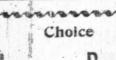
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expecting you. Your cousin is so hap-

py that she is going to have a compan-ion in her solitary life. You know she

is the only child."

Finding that Edith did not know

much about her relatives, Mr. Steele chatted on, and from his rambling dis-

ourse she gathered that her aunt had

killed fighting bravely at the first bat-tle of Bull Run.

"You will find our country ways very quiet after city life," Steele con-tinued, after he had talked about the

war a while and tested her loyalty to the Union; "but somehow I fancy you the Union; "but somehow I fancy you

will be contented with us. Your cousin,

the cool breeze of evening blew sooth-

ingly against her fevered cheeks. At

intervals the breath of the yellow jes-

samine came like a pleasing thought.
"Let me try to drive," she said, smiling; "the horse seems so gentle."

her over the reins with a few directions, adding: "She is the best little horse in the world. Any one can drive her. My sister does often, and though

her. My sister does often, and though she is very timid and nervous by na-ture, she is never afraid of Dolly. Oh! let me relieve you of that book."

He drew the precious volume from her reluctant hold, and Edith remained

her reluctant hold, and Edith remained embarrassed, hoping he would not open it, for the setting sun threw just light enough to read by. "Wordsworth," he commented presently; "my favorite noet. Are you fond of his writings?" Edith was forced to acknowledge that she had not read any. Steele turned the pages with the pleasure of the who loves to see familiar lines in

one who loves to see familiar lines in new print, and suddenly opened on the

new print, and suddenly opened of the title page. He gave a start, and glanc-ed quickly at Edith. "I beg pardon, but are you acquainted with Dr. Eger-ton, of Kentucky?"

"I—I don't know," she hesitated, blushing. "A gentleman lent me the book on the train for amusement, and

laugh. "I am sorry to have made you confess it," he said, "and I beg pardon again for asking questions. But I used to know Dr. Egerton when he

was a very young man, some ten years ago, and have always taken a deep in-

Steele recognized the identity of the description, but at this instant the

farm house came in sight, and as he pointed it out to her the former subject of conversation was forgotten. How beautiful the dwelling looked,

How beautiful the dweining looked, gleaming white in the moonlight through the trees that closely enveloped it! Edith leaned forward in the hush that ensued, and watched with unnatural solemnity the approach to the spot which was destined to witness such new and strange adventures to be life.

A young girl of about her own age threw open the gate and ran lightly down the country road to meet the buggy, sending the ringing, silvery tones of her voice before her in greet-

cries she reproved, telling them that they should not either one be waiting-

they should not either one be waiting-maid to the new young lady if they

Behind her, at full speed, came little Africans, whose uncouth

laughed a cheery, ringing

I forgot to return it."

road was level, and no vehicles were in sight, so Mr. Steele handed

CHAPTER III.

And 图 大桥 1888

ERNEST STEELE, THE MINISTER. It was a doleful prospect that greeted her eyes outside. The town of Dayton being inland, had not grown any in several decades, and many of the label line. its old buildings were in a sadly dilapi-dated condition. After the prosperity of the thriving city she had left, this place appeared a compendium of dirt, disorder and lack of civilization depressing in the last degree. The in-habitants seemed to have grown parde alyzed in slothful stagnation but for the excitement created by the prolonged delay in the arrival of the solitary

only one daughter, about Edith's age, and that the only other members of the household were Mr, and Mrs. White, an aged couple, who had been her near neighbors and who caime to live with her after the Colonel was billed achting hervely at the first hat. As she glanced helplessly over the throng of idle men and boys, mostly negroes, congregated upon the bare platform and about the shed denominated the depot, a gentleman stepped forward with a questioning smile upon his face and held out his hand. "Miss

Norton, I believe?"

Edith acknowledged her name and stole a reconnoitering glance at him. He was a man of about middle age, short and thick set, his hair was dark and he wore a full beard, which made his face more pronounced and firm, but he possessed kindly gray eyes and

Miss Juliet, with all her restlessness of Miss Juliet, with all her restlessness of disposition, has never been dissatisfied. Go on, Dolly, you silly goose; that is nothing but a shadow in the road."

He had a reassuring way of talking to his horse even, and under the genial influence of his presence Edith felt her mood grow more cheerful. The a hearty voice, which was reassuring.
"My name is Steele," the stranger continued, "a friend of your aunt's, since we must introduce ourselves.
Mrs. Harold came in town this mornher mood grow more cheerful. The way led through the woods, and on either side the dogwood in full bloom peeped out white between the fresh green of the forest trees. The delightful odor of pines was in the air, and



ing to meet you, and hearing of the delay on the route intended to remain all day, but the telegram was indefinite, and as we could not tell how long the train might be detained, she seemed worried about staying away from the farm so long, and I offered to meet and drive you out myself to their place this evening-if I may have the

As he spoke he waved his hand to-As he spoke he waved his hand to-wards a trim little horse and buggy that stood waiting. Edith acquiesced and thanked him as pontely as possi-ble under the circumstances, for she felt depressed and disappointed that her relatives were not there in person

Taking her light wrap from her arm, Mr. Steele placed it around her with a gentle consideration that betrayed a gentle consideration that betrayed that he was accustomed to the care of a deficate woman, and assisted her to her seat. It was not till then that Edith discovered that she still held fast in her hand the volume of poems Dr. Egerton had lent her; for in her habitual absent-minded fashion she had retained her hold upon it when they parted. This fact and the consequent constrain of her manner were noticed by Mr. Steele, however, as he took his place beside her and resumed their

This is a busy time on the planta-"This is a busy time on the plant and every mule is needed in the plowing. You see it would have been quite inconvenient for Mrs. Harold to make a second trip to town this afternoon.

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BLOOD. IT RESTORES STRENGTH, RENEWS FOR SALE BY

Central

maid to the new young lady if they did not behave themselves better.

The little black imps grinned fromear to ear as "Miss Jooly" scolded thus with upraised finger. She was a perfect contrast to her cousin, short of stature, round and rosy with dimpling checks, fair hair and soft blue eyes, and as she stood by the roadside looked exceedingly picturesque with her short skirts and floating curis.

Closely following her daughter's headlong movements came the slight, delicate figure in mourning Edith recognized by the aid of memory to be

ner aunt; while in the doorway of the farm house stood its two remaining occupants, Mr. and Mrs. White.

Having delivered Edith to the care of her relatives, mid their profuse thanks, Steele turned his horse again in the direction of the village, though Mrs. Harold insisted that he must

"It will keep me too late. I neve know how time flies when I once dis mount here. You forget that I have a sermon to get ready by Sunday." But as he drove away the minister ittle group as they led Edith her new home.

"An unusually beautiful face," he repeated under his breath, as he took

off his hat and let the breeze cool his heated brow, "but too sad; I don't like to see a young person so unnaturally

useful once in a while."

"Is it far?" Edith asked.

"A matter of four or five miles. Just a delightful treat to me. I love the country, especially at this time of the year. You will find me a constant guest at your aunt's lovely home. You have no idea how eagerly they are all expecting you. Your cousin is so han-Ernest Steele at forty was the won der of the community, who could not comprehend why being handsome, so-

comprehend why being handsome, social and universally beloved, he had
never married, but remained content
to lavish his devoted care upon an
invalid mother and maiden sister. But
he never seemed to feel the absence of
romance from his life.

Dayton was a small place, the inhabitants for the most part consisting
of Methodists and Baptists, and the
Episcopal Church of which he had
been pastor for the past eleven years
was very poor and comprised but a was very poor and comprised but a hundred members. The seats were hundred members. The seats were generally filled of a Sunday, however, by persons from other denominations by persons from other denominations and those who belonged to no sect; for Steele was noted for his liberal for Steele was noted for all alberal views, and was quite a favorite in the town, winning men to listen to him who would not have been seen in any other place of worship. The charm of his teaching was the broad ground of fellowship he assumed with all manfellowship he assumed with all man-kind, the humanitarianism of his doctrine, which was entirely free from all cant expressions which are often the stumbling block to those too seriously inclined to be satisfied with set dogmas, and from all those arguments of terror which are repellant to every brave and generous heart. He preached es-sentially the gospel of love, and in accordance with its infinite influence such was his power over the hearts of men. Not only was his influence from the pulpit felt; Steele possessed that marvellous working power which can only be derived from an earnest and profound study of the human heart and its complex phenomena. He never forced religious conversation on any one, but extended its principle throughout his daily intercourse. Thus he was beloved of old and young, rich and poor. Still there were energies in his nature which had never been developed, and a dim consciousness of this overtook him as he drove through the deepening shadows of twilight—a knowledge that something was lacking in his life, or of a latent tenderness within which had never been expended even in devotion to his beloved rela-

"Well, Mabel, how is the little mother?" he asked as his sister opened the door to admit him; and there was no change perceptible in the hearty, cherchange perceptible. But as he sat at ful ring of his voice. But as he sat at his usual place that evening after tea, and after he had gratified their curios and after he had gratified their curiosity about Edith's arrival, his papers lay untouched upon the table before him and he fell into frequent moods of silent musing, till Mabel, noting the absence of studious application from her brother's manner, ventured to address him, a thing she respectrony stained from doing whenever she thought him engaged. He laid aside his pen immediately and, drawing her to him, seated her on his knee as if by the old affectionate relationship he might soothe this new unsatisfied long-

ing of the heart.
"Mabel," he said softly, for their mother had fallen asleep on the sofa, "I was thinking of Mrs. Harold's niece. I want to know what you will think of her face, for it impressed me deeply with its earnestness. Besides she is remarkably pretty.

"She must be lovely indeed for you to notice it, Ernest. You make me quite curious," his sister returned in the same low tone. "Why, brother, I

the same low tone. "Why, brother, I never heard you mention a woman's beauty before. I hope it is nothing serious," she added mischlevously.

"She is only a child, Mabel," her brather returned in a voice that precluded further jesting, but they sat silent after that till the clock struck 10, when Steele rose, saying:

"I promised to sit up with poor Tom Smith to-night. His wife is nearly worn out with nursing, and she has not any one to help her. He is very low, poor fellow, and she is afraid to be left alone."

And kissing his sister, Steele paused a moment beside the sofa and then stole quietly from the room.

"It was more than physical beauty

"It was more than physical beauty that moved me this afternoon," he re-flected as he passed down the almost deserted streets, where the moon's bright rays were making artificial light superfluous.

To be Continued.

ago, and have always taken a deep in-terest in his career since. But per-haps it was not the same person, and yet the name is exactly the same, Dudley S. Egerton."

Edith described her unknown friend through whose kindness she had seen the wreck, adding: "He was a doctor, and was on his way to Florida, he told me." That is All "Who defrays the expenses of the government of the so-called Pilipino republic?" asked Spatts. "There are none now," replied Bloobumper, "except Aguinaldo's run-ning expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

> One Way of Putting It "You see, explained the detective who had just slipped up an a case, "in novels the criminal always does his work the way the detective figures it out, and in real life he is likely to do

it some other way." His Safety Assured. "Did you see that story about the man who got a needle in his arm while trying to kiss a girl?" he asked.
"No," she replied, and then she added fervently: "But thank Heaven! I

never learned to sew."-Chicago Post

The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept in In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said: "Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in. you wouldn't complain about the few I let ut."—I adies Home



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