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-VOI. XXXV.--NO. 27.

INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 1799

ent of Lord Montbarry's death, from her

ear's premium only had been paid. In the

ace of such a pecuniary emergency as this, he directors thought it desirable to consider

o council over their own reports. The re-

alt excited some interest among persons con-

vrote, "has already been productive of such

eplorable results that I cannot and dare not

tir any further in the case of Ferrari. If I ad not consented to let that unfortunate

ow. I would not even look at the report to

hich you allude if it was put in my hands-

This excellent suggestion had one

the 10th the term for which the late Lord

mow a Girl Punished Her Brother.

will ask her," replied the officer, and he urried after the lady, the young man with im. Having overtaken her, the youth exlained the matter, and asked his sister to

ell the officer what a stupid mistake he had

ade. The lady appeared for a moment to a little bewildered; then, in a freezing

Sansom street to the station. An hour

An Old Superstition.

er he was released, when there was a big

CASTORIA

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I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

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our old Friends. CASSWELL&CO.

Casswell's old stand, Thames St Cough and Lung Cure

EV WILKIE COLLING. rivate reason for feeling a little ashamed of

"If you want my interest with a friend of mine," she said, "why can't you toll the

nme," she said, "why can't you toll the name?"
The courier's wife began to cry,
"I'm ashamed to tell you, miss."
For the first time Agnes spoke sharply.
"Nonsense, Emily! Tell me the name ditly-or drop the subject-whichever you Emily made a last desperate effort, She off the name as if she had been lett

CATARRH nietly, but with a look which the courier's ife had never seen in her face before. Knowing what you know, you ought to be ware that it is impossible for me to com-

nderstand you. What is it that you ex-

Emily was wise enough to answer this time without any reserve. "My husband will send his testimonials, miss, to Lord Montbarry in Scotland. I only wanted you to let him say in his letter that his wife has been known to you since she was a child, and that you feel Epps' Cocoa. me little interest in his welfare on that acount. I don't ask it now, miss. You have vas the strongest impulse in her nature. ter. Let me hear again exactly what he wishes to say." Emily repeated the words—nd then offered one of those suggestions, which have a special value of their own to persons unaccustomed to the use of their page. "Support ting?" Childish as the idea was, Agnes DANDRUFF

'Hair Magic'

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Manfr. NO MORE PILLS! CHILDREN LIKE IT! BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, just leaving the house. The good woman's report described him, with malicious pleasure, as looking wretchedly ill. "His cheeks are getting hollow, my dear, and his beard is turning gray. I hope the dentist hurt him!"

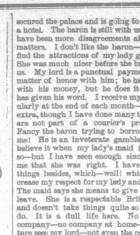
Knowing how heartly her faithful old rvant hated the man who had deserted her. nes made due allowance 10h more resented on of exaggeration in the picture presented impression produced on impression produced impres ignes made due allowance for a large infunext chance meeting might not be meeting with herself? She waited at home, privately med Agnes that her husband had left her formed Agnes that her husband had left her with all reasonable expression of conjugal kindness, his temper being improved by the prospect of going abroad. But one other servant accompanied the travelers—Lady Montbarry's maid, rather a silent, unsociable woman, so far as Emily had heard. Her adyship's brother, Baron Rivar, was already on the continent. It had been arranged that was to meet, his sixter and her husband of the was to meet, his sixter and her husband of

was to meet his sister and her husband at One by one the dull weeks succeeded each ther in the life of Agnes. She faced her osition with admirable courage, seeing her riends, keeping herself occupied in her sisure hours with reading and drawing, saving no means untried of diverting her ind from the melancholy remembrance of the next. But she hed loved two. Sithfully he past. But she had loved too faithfully he had seen wounded too deeply, to feel in ny adequate degree the influence of the noral remedies which she employed. Per-ons who met with her in the ordinary rela-tions of hits, deceived by her outward strenity of manner, agreed that "Miss Lockwood 1000 Fine White Business

was not very fuvorably spoken of—"We ment." But an old friend and school companion, who happened to see her during a brief visit to Lundon, was inexpressibly distressed by the change that she detected in Agnes. This ady was Mrs. Westwick, the wife of that brother of Lord Montharry who came next to him in age, and who was described in The Peerage as presumptive heir to the title. He was then away, looking after his interests in some mining property which he possessed in America. Mrs. Westwick insisted on taking Agnes back with her to her home in Ireland. "Come and keep me company while my husband is away, My three little girls will make you their playfellow, and the only stranger you will meet is the governess, whom I answer fer your liking beforehand. Pack up your things, and I will call for you to-morrow on my way to the train." In those hearty terms the invitation was given. Agnes thankfully accepted it. For three happy months she lived under the roof of her friend. The girls hung round her in tears at her departure; the youngest of them wanted to go back with Agnes to London. Half in jest, half in earnest, she said to her old friend at parting: "If your governess leaves you, keep the place open for me."

was given. Agnes thankfully accepted it. For three happy months she lived under the roof of her friend. The girls hung round her in tears at her departure; the youngest of them wanted to go back with Agnes to London. Half in jest, half in earnest, she said to her of her departure; the youngest of them wanted to go back with Agnes to London. Half in jest, half in earnest, she said to her of her friend at parting: "If your governess leaves you, keep the place open for me."

Was not very favoud and cold, and, between my lord, and the much like my lond. He is proud and otolg, and to dispute such trifies at n few centimes in the hotel bill; and twice already, some sharp remarks have passed between the newly ship's freedom in purchasing pretty tempting the herself "You must keep to your matrie douple, in consequen



The airls hung around Agnes in tears. a dreadful state of mind, inquiring when a would be back. Her husband has left

ou sure of what you are saying?" she asked.
The nurse was quite sure. "Why, Lord
less you! the news come from the couriers'

she was at last able to speak connectedly, ensirely confirmed the nurse's report of it.

After hearing from her husband with tolerable regularity from Paris, Rome and Vencee Emily had twice written him afterward and had received no reply. Feeling uneasy, she had gone to the office in Golden square to nquire if he had been heard of there. The lost of the morning had brought a letter to he secretary from the courier then at Ven-be. It contained startling news of Ferrari. ved in Venice. He had previously heard that Ferrari was with Lord and Lady Mont-barry at one of the old Venetian palaces, which they had hired for a term. Being a friend of Ferrari, he had gone to pay him a visit. Ringing at the door that opened on the canal, and falling to make any one hear him he had gone round to a side entrance.

reled with nim. The lady answered, "To my knowledge, certainly not. I am Lady Montbarry, and I can positively assure you that Ferrari was treated with the greatest kindeness in this house. We are as much astonished as you are at his extraordinary disaption."

Agnetic for the stream of the stream

et us know, so that we may at least pay him sand pounds.

left us know, so that we may at least pay him transity our request." Emily was used on what him to repeat and take it believes the season of the tree of the season. The season is the season of the tree of the season of the tree of the season of the tree of the season. The season of the tree of the season of the season of the tree of the season of the tree of the season of the season of the tree of the season of the s called in to his lordship—an Italian doctor, long resident in Venice. Inquiries being addressed to this gentleman (a physician of undoubted capacity and respectability), it turned out that he also had never seen Ferrari, having been summoned to the palace (as his memorandum book showed) at a date subsequent to the courier's disappearance, (as his memorandum book showed) at a date subsequent to the courier's disappearance. The doctor described Lord Montbarry's malady as bronchitis. So far, there was no reason to feel any anxiety, though the attack was a sharp one. If alarming symproms should appear, he had arranged with her ladyship to call in another physician. For the rest, it was impossible to speak too highly of my lady; night and day she was at her lord's bedside.

Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrari, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the viotim of a shock. He drummed absently with his finers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?" Mrs. Ferrari put her handkerchief to her eyes. The word "dead" was ineffectual to eyes. The her feelings. "Murdered!" she said, sternly, behind her handkerchief.

with these particulars began and ended ne discoveries made by Ferrari's courier ciend. The police were on the lookout for hich could be held forth, for the present, to

Ferrari's wife.

"What do you think of it, miss?" the poor woman asked, eagerly. "What do you advise me to do?"

Agnes was at a loss how to answer her; it was an effort even to listen to what Emily was saying. The reference in the courier's letter to Montbarry—the report of his illness, the mulanoholy victure of his sacided life ne melancholy picture of his secluded lifethe milancholy picture of his secluded life—bad reopened the old wound. She was not even thinking of the lost Ferrari; her mind was at Venice, by the sick man's bedside.

"I hardly know what to say," she answered.

"I have had no experience in serious matters of this kind."

"Do you think it would help you, miss, if you read my husband's letters to me? There are only three of them—they won't take long.

re only three of them—they won't take long o read."

to read."

Agnes compassionately read the letters.

They were not written in a very tender tone. "Dear Emily," and "Yours affectionately"—these conventional phrases were the only phrases of endearment which they contained. In the first letter, Lord Montaerry was not very forceastly contained. was not very fuvorably spoken of—"We leave Paris to-morrow. I don't much like

secured the palace and is going to turn it into secured the pance and is going to turn to into a hotel. The baron is still with us, and there have been more disagreements about money matters. I don't like the baron—and I don't find the attractions of my lady grow on me. She was much nicer before the baron joined us. My lord is a punctual paymaster; it's a matter of honor with him; he hates parting with his money, but he does it because he s given his word. I receive my salary reg rly at the end of each month—not a franc extra, though I have done many things which are not part of a courier's proper work. Fancy the baron trying to borrow money of me! He is an inveterate gambler. I didn't believe it when my lady's maid first told me so-but I have seen enough since to satisfy me that she was right. I have seen other things besides, which—well! which don't in-crease my respect for my lady and the baron. The maid says she means to give warning to leave. She is a respectable British female, and doesn't take things outle so easily as I and doesn't take things quite so easily as I do. It is a dull life here. No going into pany-no company at home-not a creature sees my lord-not even the consul or the banker. When he goes out he goes alone, and generally toward nightfall. Indoors he shuts himself up in his own room with his books, and sees as little of his wife and the baron as possible. I fancy things are coming to a crisis here. If my lord's suspicions are

nce awakened the consequences will be terible. Under certain provocations the noble Montbarry is a man who would stick at nothing. However, the pay is good—and I can't afford to talk of leaving the place, like can't afford to talk of leaving the place, like my lady's midd."

Agnes handed back the letters—so sugges-tive of the penalty paid already for his own infatuation by the man who had deserted her —with feelings of shame and distress, which made her no fit counselor for the helpless voman who depended on her advice.

my friend and trustee) to come and advise us to-morrow after his business hours?" to-morrow after his business hours!"

Emily eagerly and gratefully accepted the suggestion. An hour was arranged for the meeting on the next day; the correspondence was left under the care of Agnes, and the courier's wife took her leave.

Weary and heart sick, Agnes lay down on the sofa, to rest and compose herself. The careful nurse brought in the raying cup of careful nurse brought in the reviving cup of tea. Her quaint gossip about herself and quaint gossip about nersen unions while Agnes had been away,

thrown open violently; the courier's wife rushed in like a madwoman. rusned in like a madwoman.

"He's dead! they've murdered him!" Those wild words were all she could say. She dropped on her knees at the foot of the sofa—held out her hand, with something clasped in it—and fell back in a swoon.

The nurse, signing to Agnes to open the windows, took the necessary measures to we

'Here's a letter in her hand. he envelope were a sheet of foreign note On the note paper, only one line was written. It was again in a feigned handwriting,

and it contained these words:
"To console you for the loss of your hus-It was a Bank of England note for a thou-

sternly, behind her handkerchief. Snre of it, after what you have just "Why? And by whom?" Mr. Troy asked,

"Why? And by whom?" Mr. Troy asked.
Mrs. Ferrari seemed to find some difficulty
in answering. "You have read my husband? letter, sir," she began. "I believe he
discovered"— She got as far as that, and
there she stopped.

"What did he discover?"
There are limits to human patience—even the patience of a bereaved wife. This cool question irritated Mrs. Ferrari into expressquestion irritated Mrs. Ferrari into expressing herself plainly at last.

"He discovered Lady Montbarry and the baron!" she answered, with a burst of hysterical vehemence. "The baron is no more that vile woman's brother than I am. The wickedness of those two wretches came to my poor, dear husband's knowledge. The lady's poor, dear husband's knowledge. The lady's maid left her place on account of it. If Ferrari had gone away, too, he would have been alive at this moment. They have killed him. I say they have killed him, to prevent it from getting to Lord Montbarry's ears." So, in short, sharp sentences, and in louder and louder accents, Mrs. Ferrari stated her opinion of the case.

would have made a good lawyer—you would have taken juries by the scruff of their necks. Complete the case, my good lady—complete the case. Tell us next who sent you this letter, inclosing the banknote. The 'two wretches' who murdered Mr. Ferrari would hardly put their hands in their pockets and send you £1,000. Who is it—eh? I see the postmark on the letter is 'Venice.' Have you are friend in that interesting city with a any friend in that interesting city with s s been let into the secret and who wishes to t was not easy to reply to this. Mrs. Fer-began to feel the first inward approach

a your opinion? she asked.
"I shall offend Mrs. Ferrari if I tell you,"

it cut, and that the guilty persons had read in number; received the formas and it cut, and that the guilty persons had rea-sons to fear, not only that he would acquaint Lord Montbarry with his discovery, but that he would be a principal witness against them if the scandal was made public in a court of law. Now mark! admitting all this, I draw a totally different conclusion from the con-clusion at which you have arrived. Here is your hushaud left in this miserable household ladyship's London solicitors. The sum insured in each office was £5,000—on which one our husband left in this miserable household of three, under very awkward circumstances for him. What does he do? But for the for him. What does he do? But for the barkinote and the written message sent to you with it, I should say that he had wisely withdrawn himself from association with disgressful discovery and exposure by taking secretly to flight. The money modifies this lew-unfavorably so far as Mr. Ferrari is acerned. I still believe he is keeping out of the way. But I now say he is paid for

oraplexion became enlivened by a glow of "It's false!" she cried. "It's a burning shame to speak of my husband in that way!"
"I told you I should offend you!" said Mr. by her husband are also solicitors to one of

of peace. She took the offended wife's hand; she appealed to the lawyer to reconsider that side of his theory which reflected harshly on Ferrari. While he was still speaking the servant interrupted her by entering the room with a visiting card. It was the card of Henry Westwick: and there was an omirequest written on it in pencil. "I bring bad request written on it in pencil. "I bring bad news. Let me see you for a minute down stairs." Agnes immediately left the room. Alone with Mrs. Ferrari, Mr. Troy per-mitted his natural kindness of heart to show itself on the surface at last. He tried to make his peace with the courier's wife. "You have every claim, my good soul, to resent a reflection cast upon your husband.

he began. "I may even say that I respect you for speaking so warmly in his defense. At the same time remember that I am bound, in such a serious matter as this, to tell you what is really in my mind. I can have no intention of offending you, seeing that I am a total stranger to you and to Mr. Ferrari. A housand pounds is a large sum of money, and poor man may excusably be tempted by it Il give me time, I see no reason to despair

ought to tell you," he said, "that my me is Henry Westwick. I am the younger rother of the late Lord Montbarry

named.
"My brother died at Venice yesterday evenng. There is the telegram." With that
tartling answer he handed the paper to Mr.

The message was in these words:
"Lady. Montbarry, Venice. To Stephen tobert Westwick, Newbury's hotel, London. is useless to take the journey. Lord Montarry died of bronchitis at 8:40 this evening. Il needful details by post."
"Was this expected, sirp" the lawyer asked. "I cannot say that it has taken us entirely by urprise," Henry answered. "My brother Ste-(who is now the head of the family) re age might be sent to his hotel. The reply e in a second telegram. It annou

appening to look at the courier's wife.

Have you any questions to ask? "Is it still about your husb

"Yes, sir." "No, sir. It's a feeling I have. I can't tell ne of compassionate contempt. "When it mes to feelings, my good soul"— He left ave of Mr. Westwick. The truth is, he be evening."

Henry turned to Mrs. Ferrari, as the law-

yer closed the door. "I have heard of your trouble, Emily, from Miss Lockwood. Is there anything I can do to help you!"
"Nothing, sir, thank you. Perhaps I had better go home after what has happened? I.

CEAPTER VIL

ft, drift, day after day, the great burning in overhead reflected on the waters until an overnead rejected on the waters until be eye becomes wearied with the eternal rightness. The sailors go about their work stlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. Ie does not heed the heat nor the stream of erspiration pouring down his face. He aces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread, histling for a wind. Yes, he is scanning be horizon porth, south, east and west and solitude of the little drawing room. There was nothing to keep him in the house, and yet he lingered in it. It was something to be even near Agnes—to see the things belonging to her scattered about the room. There, in one corner, was her chair, with her embroddery on the work table by its side. On the little easel near the window was her last drawing, not quite finished yet. The book she had been reading lay on the sofa, with her riny reactle case in it to mark the place in e horizon north, south, east and west, and ith his whole soul whistles for a wind. This is an old, old belief of the sailor. This erstition at least cannot be traced to the

A PLEASURE SHARED WOMEN ONLY, Malherbe, the gifted French author, dengs were weak. What will the insurance do?" "Ah!" said his friend, "you think the widow Ill get the money? So do I! so do I!"

TREASURES.

No night but both its morn! Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driver

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul— Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges flercest roll, Light when thou else wert blind.

The Shooting of Gen. Nelson. The Shooting of Gen. Nelson.
Mr. Lincoln was much troubled when he
learned that his "sailor dragoon," Gen. Nelson, had been shot by Gen. Davis in a lobason, had been shot by Gen. Davis in a lobast Louisville. Gen. Nelson was over six feel
in height, weighed over 250 pounds, and was
notoriously strong, while Gen. Davis was a
quiet little gentleman, who never troubled

Davis in the right cheek. Davis and Morton stepped back, and Morton gave Davis a pis-col. Davis advanced toward Nelson, who and ired. As the pair of the revolve Association put his hand on his heart, and when the bystanders ran up they heard him say: "I'm a dead man. Send for an Episcopal clergy-

need reconstruction. The medical advisers of the wo offices, who had recommended the insur-nce of Lord Montbarry's life, were called His friends carried him into a little room cted with the business of life insurance. Without absolutely declining to pay the money, the two offices—acting in concert—decided on sending a commission of inquiry to Venice, "for the purpose of obtaining further information." ander the stairs. They opened his clothes and found near the heart a little blue mark out the size of a buckshot, and that was all. Mr. Troy received the earliest intelligence of what was going on. He wrote at once to communicate his news to Agnes, adding what he considered to be a valuable hint, in these words:
"You are intimately acquainted, I know,
with Lady Barville, the late Lord Montbarry's eldest sister. The solicitors employed e two insurance offices. There may possiy be something in the report of the commismayor for the delivery of Davis to him, yoe someting in the report of the commis-on of inquiry touching on Ferrari's disap-parance. Ordinary persons would not be armitted, of course, to see such a document, at a sister of the late lord is so near a rela-Everybody felt sorry that Nelson was killed ve as to be an exception to general rules. Sir Theodore Barville puts it on that foot-, the lawyers, even if they do not allow leave the army.

other way.—Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget,

hostlike gleam of pale blue light shot across my dear Mr. Troy! I am very unhappy, l very unreasonable—but I am only a ad been moved far beyond the violet ex-Mrs. Ferrari shrunk from the bare ramatic fervor, as "my husband's igher sources of sound. It is not affirmable t to solve the mystery of Ferrari's disbe to solve the mystery of Ferrars discensive earance was suspended for awhile.

It was the last month of the year 1880. The imission of inquiry was already at work,

Rescue of the Shipwrecked A new plan for the rescue of shipwrecked sailors, which it is thought is a great improvement on the inventions now employed, Froy, were duly communicated to Mrs. Fer-ari, whose anxiety about her husband made arry was no more. "You have Mr. Troy to lvise you," she said; "and you are welcome what little money I can spare, if money is

to what little money I can spare, if money is wanted. All I ask in return is that you will not distress me. I am trying to separate myself from remembrances"—her voice falered; she paused to control herself—"from remembrances," she resumed, "which are adder than ever since I have heard of Lord Meanthering doubth—help me by your since sadder than ever since I have heard of Lord Montbarry's death. Help me by your silence to recover my spirits, if I can. Let me hear nothing more until I can rejoice with you that your husband is found."

Time advanced to the 13th of the month; and more information of the interesting sort reached Mr. Troy. The labors of the insurance commission had come to an end—the eport had been received from Venice that such a school room, and come upon fifty A funny thing happened on Chestnut street the other day. A handsomely dressed young dy was walking along rather hurriedly beinger from the resolute youth or m finger from the resolute youth or maiden who has them in charge, and when I redect that all across a continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this same process is going out them that modest teacher's work rises into sublimity, and seems one among innumerable Tenth street. Through the coil of hair the back of her head was carelessly hrust a very pretty miniature dagger, made f silver, one of the present fashions of the of silver, one of the present fashions of the sex. Behind the lady walked a young man whose eyes rested upon the dagger from time to time. As they approached Ninth street the young man stepped quickly up and drew the dagger from the lady's hair. She did not notice it, but a policeman did, and his shuttles that are together weaving the vast web of a new generation.—"T. W, H." in Harper's Bazar.

Old Lady (to a boy in drug store)—I have pains runnin' up and down my back and I guess you can give me a bottle of liniment.

Boy.—Wot kind will you have?

"What's the cheapest you have?
"I bin give you a good horse liniment." man's s'houlder just as he was putting the dagger in his pocket.
"Oh, it's all right," said he. "She's my

"I kin give you a good horse liniment of \$1 a bottle."--Texas Siftings. The revival of snuff taking will be not one whit more unaccountable than that the habit The dagger having been returned to her, the walked quickly down the street, while the officer conducted the young man by way ness. The offer of snuff was equivalent to a remark on the weather, with a good morning thrown in. The box was often passed around which the sister had turned the joke on the brother, in which laugh, however, the brother did not join.—Philadelphia Times, taking will be a point of economy.-Globe

Old Bachelor (looking at new baby)-Errather small and puny, Jim? Proud Father—Ye-es, rather. Old Bachelor (encouragingly)—Still, Jin, f I wers in your place I would try and raise —New York Sun.

Almost miraculous are some of the cures Almost miraculons are some of the cures accomplished by the use of Ayer's Sarseparills. In the case of k. L. King, Richmond, Va., who suffered for 47 years with an aggravated form of scrofula, Ayer's Sarseparills effected astonishing results.

The traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk railway for last week were \$311,803. WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE. tarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the
whistling. The sailor does not whistle
"Annie Laurie," or any other popular song.
It is a series of short and long sounds, now
high, now low, like those produced by the
wind blowing in its might through the ropes
and rigging.—San Francisco Alta.

The sailor is the best romedy in the world
for all kinds of pain. It curse usuralize in
two minutes; toothache in one minute; lame
how a moments; and all pains just as rapidly.

Small test bottles only cost 10 cents. Why
not try it to-day? Large bottles 25 cents,
sold by all druggists and country dealers.

Use Polson's nerve pain curse.—Nerviline.

The article is the best romedy in the world
for all kinds of pain. It curse a brushall was correctly in the world
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for all kinds of pains and the world There has been a partial raising of the

There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements as does Burdock Blood Bisters in its wide range of power over such chronic diseases as Descopsia, Liver and Kidney complaint, Scottils and all humors of the blood. Dr. W. F. Roome, the Conservative can didate in West Middleser is ill.

onet she not to be told that Dr. Fiero's
Favorite Prosoription is the physical salvataion of her sex? It handnes those distressing
maidies that make her life a burden, curing
all painful irregularities, uterine disorders,
inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and
kindred weaknesses. As a nervine, it cures
nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility,
relievous mental anxisty and hypochondria,
and promotes refreshing sleep.

Dr. W. F. Roome, the Conservative candidate in West Middleser is ill.

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