

WHISKARD'S

Rebuilding and Alteration Sale.

228, 230, 232 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON'S CHEAPEST STORE.

An Apology

We feel an apology is due to our numerous friends and customers for lack of space in our stores to accommodate the crowds of last Saturday and through the week. We have the pleasing intelligence to give our friends that the roof will soon be on the back part of our NEW BUILDING. This will give us fully DOUBLE THE SPACE we now have. This, we feel assured, will be very gratifying to our friends and customers. The work goes bravely on. The back part will soon be completed.

A Little Profit

is not the same as a little prophet. Yet we are in somewhat the same position as the whale that swallowed Jonah—the whale only wanted to get a little profit out of it and we are only trying to get a little profit out of the goods we sell. TAKE A LOOK at our west window and see how small our profit must be TO SELL HATS AT THOSE PRICES.

A Surprise in Store

We have a surprise in store for every woman who has been sadly contemplating the condition of her last year's hat and wondering how she could trim it over to look like an 1897 hat.

We can save you time and lots of trouble if you'll come and see us. There isn't a hat in our stock which isn't chic and stylish—some are more expensive than others, but there's something here to suit every woman in London, both in style and price, either in Trimmed or Untrimmed Hats. Just call and see what we can do for you.

OUR DRESS GOODS

are very much in evidence just now, as being of the very best kind and at the very lowest price.

Special line just in, regular 50c kind, bought to sell at 29c. Lovely spring patterns.

Two cases Ladies' and Children's Imported Cotton Hose, Hermsdorf dye. Children's, 7c. 5c. 10c, 12 1-2c pair. Ladies', 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 19c, 25c pair.

Ladies' Tan Hose, worth 20c, for 12 1-2c pair.

Now Is the Time for Silks

We are busy at our silk counter. No such goods for the price except at WHISKARD'S.

PRINTS . . .

Have you seen our new Spring Prints? We have some beautiful Washing Goods—special line of Indigos, special price, 10c yard, stripes and floral designs.

HOW A BRAVE GIRL DIED

She Shielded the Giant Powder From Falling Embers Until Others Were Saved.

She lived in Placer County, not far from where the pretty town of Auburn now stands, for it happened many years ago, in the early sixties, and I expect that but few now residing there have any recollection of the affair, says a writer in the San Francisco Call. The family consisting of a father, a miner, her mother and her little brother, dwelt in a small shanty erected under cover of a convenient ledge. The shanty was a miserable structure of two rooms, but it held what many a grander dwelling failed to contain, a loving household. The mother lay sick with the fever, and Carmen, then a girl of 12, performed the drudgery of the house. Her little brother, a curly-headed romp of 5, was Carmen's great responsibility. The father was away from early morning till late at night at his work, and so the little hands of 12 found plenty to do. In common with the custom of the fathers, the girl kept a store of giant powder in the house, which in the present case was contained in a sack placed in an old wooden box that stood at the foot of the bed where lay the sick mother. The upper part of the shanty, the sloping board roof, was utilized as a storage place for old dunnage.

One night the father was absent in the mine. By some means the cracked and defective adobe chimney, Carmen awoke to find that the roof was afire and sparks dropping down. Springing up she loudly cried to awaken her mother and Tommy, but the little boy became frightened and hid his head beneath the covers of his bed. Carmen sprang to lift him from the bed, when she saw the shower of sparks falling upon the powder box. Recognizing the awful danger, she hurried to leave the child for the moment and carry out the powder, but in her excitement she caught her foot in the overhanging bedclothes and fell to the floor, breaking her thigh bone. Unable to arise, the brave girl crawled to the box of powder, and drawing herself up, covered the box with her body. The mother had by this time succeeded in getting out of bed and getting outside the now furiously burning shanty, and managed to take with her her little boy.

The cries of Carmen: "Oh, take Tommy out, won't you?" turned for a time the mother's thought from her daughter's danger. The fire had aroused some of the neighbors, who speedily ran to the burning shanty and lent what aid they could. Carmen was discovered and removed. Her rescuers found her almost buried beneath a mass of burning dunnage, her back frightfully burned. Tender hands bore her to a neighboring shanty, where all that could be done to alleviate her sufferings was eagerly bestowed. But human aid came too late. The brave little spirit lingered until the following day and then departed for a brighter land. It was not known until after she had recovered consciousness, a short time before she died, that she had broken her leg. Her last words were: "Kiss me, Tommy, dear. I've saved you and I'm so happy."

Take Kura-Kof for Coughs and Colds. 25c. at Anderson & Nelles' drug store.

In England of 1,000 persons 68 are named Mary. 66 William, 62 John, 61 Eliza, 59 Thomas, 58 Charles, 57 Sarah, 56 Anne, 55 James and 54 Charles.

FUNNY FINIS TO A FEUD.

The Ormondes and the Desmonds, Who Had Shed Each Others' Blood for Centuries, Reach an Understanding.

It is seldom in this world that one encounters a genuine family feud, inherited from sire to son through no less than six centuries, says the Atlanta Constitution. Such a feud actually existed in the dominions of Queen Victoria until a short time ago, and its final settlement was brought about by the ingenuities of a boy of nine.

The two leading Anglo-Irish families in Ireland have long been the Fitz-Geralds and the Butlers. From being comrades in arms of the invading Strongbows, they became by degrees rival barons and fierce contestants for the vice-sovereignty of their adopted country. In the wars of the Roses the Butlers sided with the white rose of Lancaster, the Fitz-Geralds with the red rose of York. Factions gathered and bloodshed from as early as 1250 down to the Williamite wars. The Butlers, whose chief had obtained the dignity of Earl of Ormonde, succeeded in crushing the power of the elder branch of the Fitz-Geralds, Earls of Desmond. It is told of a warlike Desmond, that while being borne prisoner on the loaded shields of his feudal foe's clansmen the Butlers taunted him with the bitter words:

"Where is now the proud Fitz-Gerald?"

To which the indomitable earl answered:

"Fitz-Gerald is where he ought to be—on the necks of the Butlers."

This proud reply will give an idea of the intensity of the strife.

Now, it happened, that her Majesty's Irish victory gave a garnet party to the viceregal lodge at Dublin, and thither were bidden by accident the Marquis of Ormonde, head of the Butler family (familiar to Americans through his yachting interests), and the little Duke of Leinster, boyish chieftain of the house of Fitz-Gerald. With the Duke, who was not quite nine years of age, came his widowed mother, one of the beautiful Duncombe sisters.

The Duchess of Leinster lost sight of her son for a space, and in going to look for the lad found him engaged in earnest conversation with a tall, elderly gentleman, in whom she was surprised to recognize the Marquis of Ormonde. What was her horror, when, on approaching nearer, she distinctly heard the youthful Geraldine remark in somewhat slangy phrase:

"Well, I suppose I ought to punch your head on account of the feud; but I say, you know, you're too jolly decent a chap for that. Can't we make a name of murdering father and his back frightfully burned. Tender hands bore her to a neighboring shanty, where all that could be done to alleviate her sufferings was eagerly bestowed. But human aid came too late. The brave little spirit lingered until the following day and then departed for a brighter land. It was not known until after she had recovered consciousness, a short time before she died, that she had broken her leg. Her last words were: "Kiss me, Tommy, dear. I've saved you and I'm so happy."

Take Kura-Kof for Coughs and Colds. 25c. at Anderson & Nelles' drug store.

In England of 1,000 persons 68 are named Mary. 66 William, 62 John, 61 Eliza, 59 Thomas, 58 Charles, 57 Sarah, 56 Anne, 55 James and 54 Charles.

Western Ontario.

Dr. Yemen, the Stratford Dentist, Sent for Trial.

Hildmay Plan Charged With Embezzlement and False Entries.

A Girl Gets Into Trouble Over Using a Canceled Stamp.

The Macabees initiated 59 new members at Walkerville on Friday evening.

Leamington has no school taxes, owing to the receipts from the gas works.

Mr. H. Weatherway has left Tilsonburg for his farm near Princeton, where he will reside for the future.

In Wallaceburg, on April 23, the wife of Rev. Mr. Roy, of a son. On April 28, the wife of Peter Forbes, of a son.

Wm. Brydon's barn, six miles east of Baden, was struck by lightning on April 25, and entirely destroyed. Insured, loss about \$1,000.

Robert A. Murray, of Brookdale, has been appointed assistant maker in the Elma cheese factory, which has been rented this season.

The actual cost of the Lynhurst bridge was \$990. The estimated cost was \$800, showing the wisdom of employing a good engineer.

Merlin cheese factory is once more in running order. The first day 1,800 pounds of milk were delivered, and the quantity is steadily increasing.

The army worm is reported to be in great numbers on Tilbury East plains. There are said to be thousands of them coiled up under the loose earth.

Officers of Windsor poultry fanciers: Honorary president, Mayor Davis; president, Conductor Lovell; secretary, H. B. Callender; treasurer, Edward Donnelly.

Patrick Nangle, of Elginfield, has taken possession of his farm, where he had twenty teams on Saturday plowing. It is said he got the 340 acres for \$8,000.

A pleasant social event occurred at the home of Mr. Arch Crawford, Large, Wednesday evening, being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mary, to Mr. Malcolm Blue, a prosperous young farmer of Dunwich.

Judge Ferguson has given judgment for \$100 a year alimony in the case of a woman vs. a man, recently tried at Sarnia. The wife left the defendant on the ground of cruelty and misconduct by a son of the defendant by a former marriage.

By a vote of 3 to 6 the Woodstock town council decided to abolish the ward appropriation system, and the board of works has been instructed to draw up some definite system of road improvement, in which the champions of good roads have offered to assist.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. Manning, Bright street, was the scene of a very pleasant event on Wednesday afternoon, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Maude Lloyd Manning to Mr. Wm. Armstrong.

The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. Henderson, pastor of the Methodist Church. The bridesmaid was Miss Nellie McKitterick, of Petrolia, while the duties of bridesmaid were performed by Mr. W. A. Armstrong, mayor of Stratford.

On Tuesday Adam Steinacker and his amiable partner celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Tavistock. It was just half a century since they were married at a hotel in New Hamburg. Mr. Steinacker emigrated from Germany in the year 1844, and Mrs. Steinacker arrived in Canada two years later.

Mr. Freeman, a Leamington stock buyer, received a telegram from Kingsville, on Wednesday afternoon, saying that the carload of hogs which he had purchased there had been destroyed by order of Dr. McEachern, of Windsor, because of the swine fever.

Inspector. The hogs were valued at \$900. Mr. Freeman will be paid two-thirds the value of the hogs.

Early on Friday morning an old man was found lying near the M. C. R. track, about half a mile west of Hagersville, suffering from a broken leg. He had been walking on the track, and, stepping off, fell into a depression. The man was not injured, but he states that he is an old pensioner and a British subject. He is in charge of the townshipp's work.

In the case of Dr. J. G. Yemen, charged with the murder of Isabella Buchanan, in adding a criminal operation to his medical practice, the Stratford, gave his decision on Friday afternoon, and committed the prisoner for trial at the fall session of the court. The police magistrate nor the court judge have power to grant bail in such a case, counsel for the prisoner will forward the evidence to the higher court at Toronto and endeavor to obtain bail for his client.

Through the carelessness of Patrick Marquette the authorities were put to the expense of an inquest on the body of the still-born child of Mrs. Henry Cavanagh, of Stratford.

Marquette had been asked to convey the remains to the Catholic cemetery and bury them in the plot set apart for unbaptized children, but instead of doing so he put the body in a box, wrapped it up in a newspaper and buried it on the college farm. His address was on the newspaper, and this led to the discovery of his identity.

St. Thomas Journal, April 30: "Mary McIntyre, who lives in 'Irishtown,' with the family of Mr. Sim Fair, was served with a summons this morning to answer the charge of having fraudulently used a cancelled postage stamp on Jan. 26 of this year. The complaint was laid by Mr. D. Spry, postoffice inspector, and the case will be heard on Monday. The stamp was attached to a letter which was intended to go to Coval, but which was wrongly addressed to Montreal. One of the clerks in the local postoffice noticed the blackened stamp and sent the letter to Ottawa, is a charge of \$20 to \$50."

Have You Any of These?

Palpitation, Fluttering of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Swelling of the Ankles, Nightmare, Spells of Hunger and Exhaustion. These are most pronounced symptoms of heart disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will give relief inside of 30 minutes, and will effect a speedy cure in most stubborn cases. It's vegetable. It's liquid. It's harmless. It's wonderful.

Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell, London, Ont.

Daniel W. Bell, of Gilesum, N. H., has been a steady reader of a Concord paper for over 60 years, and has just purchased a subscription for another twelve months.

IT IS MANSLAUGHTER.

Close of Samuel Rowatt's Trial on the Charge of Murder.

Toronto, May 1.—The trial of Samuel Rowatt, for the murder of his wife Agnes, on June 12, 1896, was begun on Thursday before Judge Street, and closed last evening.

The alleged murder was committed about 11 o'clock in the morning at 76 Victoria street, where Rowatt was living with his wife. Rowatt is said to have fired three shots at his wife, one of which took effect, entering at the left breast and passing through the spinal column, eventually causing death, though Mrs. Rowatt did not die until May 1897.

In her ante-mortem statement Mrs. Rowatt said: The shooting happened on Friday, June 12, at 276 Victoria street, at 11:30 a.m. Her husband shot her in the back with a revolver. She fell on the floor, and turning toward him, he fired again, this time the shot striking her in the left arm. He then went out of the room, and she lay on the floor, unable to move. There was no one in the room except themselves. Early in the morning he went out and came back about three hours, when he said: "Are you in any better humor?" She replied that she was just the same. He was then very quiet for some minutes when he shot her. She was going to get dinner ready.

In cross-examination Mrs. Rowatt said she rented the room, and had not lived with Rowatt for two or three weeks. They afterwards "made it up." The cause of the separation was that on the 24th of May he got drunk and put her out in the rain. She always behaved herself, and he had no cause of complaint. They had separated three or four times. She was going to the cupboard and he had no cause of complaint. They had separated three or four times. She was going to the cupboard and he had no cause of complaint. They had separated three or four times. She was going to the cupboard and he had no cause of complaint.

The defense tried to prove insanity. The prisoner's mother testified that she was a quiet, sensible woman, and that she had never been in a state of mind to shoot her husband. The defense also tried to prove that the prisoner was a victim of a jealous man, and that she had been subjected to a course of ill-treatment.

The case went to the jury shortly before 6 o'clock last evening. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. The ward appropriation system, and the board of works has been instructed to draw up some definite system of road improvement, in which the champions of good roads have offered to assist.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK

As Reported by the Commercial Agencies.

New York, May 1.—Bradstreet's says: There is no particular improvement in the business of the United States, and the promulgation of the new tariff, Canadian manufacturers of cigars, woodens, barbed wire and roofing materials are not large. There is a fair trade at St. John, N.B., and at Montreal. The movement of staple goods at Halifax is not large. There is a fair trade at St. John, N.B., and at Montreal. The movement of staple goods at Halifax is not large.

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then I wondered what it was he had asked her. It seemed to me that it could only be one thing, but—Ah! I had it.

"Have you kept my letter?" I asked. "Kept it?" Oh, George—yes. Why, I have it here," putting her hand to her breast.

"Just—let me have a look at it a moment."

"Let you? Oh, so you want to draw back do you? Well, you can if you—"

"My darling—I, who can if you—"

"George, forgive me. Of course, I know. There it is."

"I was about to say," I observed as I took it, "that I only wanted to see if I had spelt necessary with one 'c' or home."

She opened wide her eyes.

"Unnecessary," she said. "Why, there's no such word in the letter."

"Isn't there?" I murmured. "Let me see."

"I read it, but I don't think it would be right to let anyone else do so. My theory was correct, however."

"Then, wrong," I said, as I returned it to her. "I didn't use the word."

"I knew you didn't."

"And—and you don't want to draw back?"

"Draw back for words," I cried recklessly. "Draw back indeed!"

We talked of many things after that. She told me about her mother, who was an invalid, it appeared.

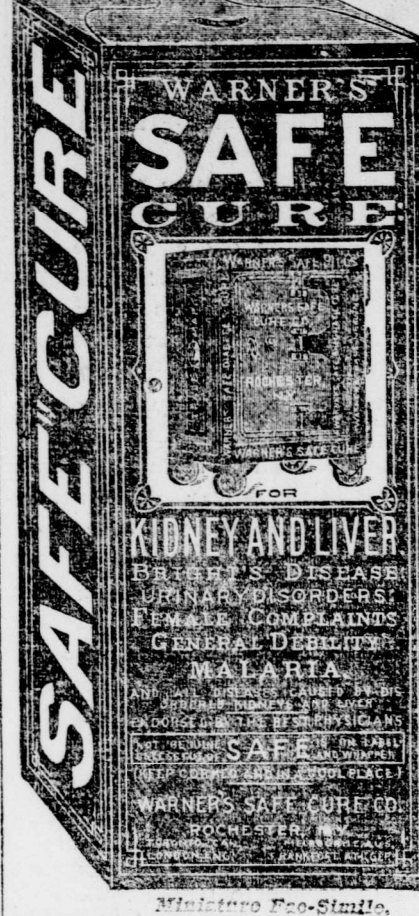
"And I shouldn't be able to come out this afternoon," she said, "but you'll come up and see mamma."

I hesitated a moment—only a moment.

"Yes," I said, "but to you know—it's

THE ADVANCE

AGENT OF HEALTH



Had a Double.

George's Strange Adventure at Manhattan Beach.

Practiced a Charming Deception—But He Is Found Out.

John W. Mayall, in St. Paul's.

I began with a very simple mistake on my part. I was lounging at Manhattan Beach one fine morning in September, listening to the "Grand Selection" from the Bohemian Girl, watching the promenaders, when my eyes fell on a young woman who was sitting in a quiet corner reading a novel. I could not see her face, for it was hidden by a crimson parasol, but her general appearance at once told me that it was Flo Beresford, one of the prettiest girls I knew, and inwardly congratulating myself I rose and crossed to her.

So absorbed was she in her book that she did not hear me approach, and to attract her attention (I know her very well) I playfully tapped the sunshade with my paper. She looked up in a moment, and then, to my horror, I saw I had made a mistake, it was not Flo, but a stranger.

I stopped, paralyzed, trying to frame an apology, but before I could get the words out I was amazed to see a lovely smile of evident recognition, and a still lovelier blush overspread her charming face.

"George!" she cried in a joyous tone. "This is a surprise! When did you come? But there, sit down."

Now I knew that this was where I made the fatal error. I knew her very well, and she was mistaking me for him.

I knew I ought to have undeceived her, to have murmured a few words of apology, raised my cap and gone away, but I did not do this. Perhaps it was her eyes, or her mouth, or her hair, or the "altogether," as Trilby would say, I don't know. But, anyway, she drew me aside, and I sat down.

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel the softness of her hair brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what is your answer?"

"What made you come so suddenly?" she asked.

"What?" then recovering myself, I cried.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?" she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

"She turned over the pages of her book, and I saw that she was reading the fly-leaf I caught sight of some writing—'To Lucy, from George,' and the words of a love letter."

Then a sudden inspiration struck me. I bent my head close to hers, so that I could feel