"My Husband's New Suit Cost But Twenty Cents."



"When we were married we determined to study true economy. Neither of us were misers; we dressed well and lived as comfortably as many whose incomes were larger than ours. Of all the agencies that contributed to our success in money saving, the Diamond Dycs were certainly the most noted. When my dresses, skirts, blouses, capes, jackets or ribbons became faded or dead looking I made them look like new creations with the Diamond Dyes.

"Just a week ago I took a faded and spotted light gray summer suit that my husband wore last summer and dyed it a handsome dark navy blue. It looks so fresh and new that it attracts the admiration of our friends. My husband's new suit cost but twenty cents; economy, isn't it? If other wome of the Diamond Dyes they would quite as successful as I am. I never use the our dyes; they are dear at any price."

THE TRIAL OF W. D. EMERSON.

For His Part in the Music Hall Tragedy, Closed.

Prisoner's Wife Corroborates the Story of Tuttle Having a Knife,

And the Nurse's Account of How Emerson Got the Pistol.

The Hvidence Completed-Impassioned Pleas of Counsel for the Crown and for the Prisoner-Waiting for the Judge's Charge and the Verdict.

"What will it be?" was the question that agitated the minds of thousands of citizens last night as they gossiped about the finding of the jury in the trial in which W. D. Emerson's life hangs in the balance. Yesterday the evidence was completed, and the impassioned addresses of counsel were made to the jury, who have all to say in the matter.

The court room was filled all day, and there were heavy hearts and many sobs when at 2:15 Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, Q.C., made his strong appeal to the jury for the life of his client. Women sobbed pitifully, the prisoner's eyes were not for a moment dry, strong men shed tears, and old men bowed their heads as they gave vent to their feelings. Mr. Johnston's address lasted for two hours and a haif. He had only fairly begun when a thunderstorm burst over the city. Heavy hail dashed violently against the big skylight, and the rain made its way to the floor and tables in copious streams. The counsel's voice could scarcely be heard for about twenty minutes, and there was an intermission which to some extent relieved the feeling that had taken hold of the audience and melted

it to tears. Mr. Heyd's address for the crown was exhaustive concerning the evidence. On one or two occasions Mr. Johnston corrected him when he referred to points on which there was no evidence, and the crown counsel passed them over with an apology.

Friday Atternoon.

MRS. W. D. EMERSON. The prisoner's wife was called when the court resumed. She was pale, and looked worn, for she has not been well for some time. After being given a seat, Mr. Johnston proceeded with his examination. Mrs. Emerson said she mistake that time cannot rectify, and had married Mr. Emerson about three a mistake that eternity is too short years ago, and their baby girl was now nearly two years old; while in London, in the employ of the Wesley Stock Company, she had engaged a nurse girl, Lena Dowdell, to look after the child while the performances were going on. Witness then recited the story of how the revolver lay on the of how the baby had nearly pulled it over on itself, and of its being taken by Mr. Emerson. She corroborated the story of the nurse girl in every particular. Both Mr. Emer-con and Mr. Booth had agreed not to play until they got their money. Wit- beyond the vestige of a doubt. Be this saw Tuttle come upon the stage and heard what took place about the salary, when Tuttle struck Emerson. Witness said she intended to spring between her husband and Tuttle as soon as the trouble began. She came forward at the time Tuttle delivered the blow and a moment later Tuttle advanced towards her husband with a knife in his hand. There was a snot, and Tuttle fell. Witness came to her husband, and he accompanied her to the dressing-room, where she delirious; remembered her husband asking some one to send for an oi-Mrs. Emerson recognized her husband's revolver, and also the one which her dead mother had given her about five years ago. She had had it

Mr. Heyd, in his cross-examination, failed to change Mrs. Emerson's story. Emerson would not admit that it would have been just as easy for Emerson to have put the revolver in his coat pocket as in his trousers. "It would have been more dangerous in his coat pocket, in any case," she said. anybody else about the knife incident, until very recently; but why, she could not tell, unless it was that she seldom or ever spoke about the affair; when she went to see Mr. Flock it was generally about bail for her husband. Referring again to the conflict between Emerson and Tuttle, witness said, when Tuttle stepped back, after delivering the blow, he collided with her.

In answer to the crown's question, as to what use there was of Tuttle, who her husband, Mrs. Emerson said she firmly believed Mr. Tuttle intended to injure him.

REBUTTAL EVIDENCE.

The crown called Architect H. C. McBride, who had made a diagram of the barn in the rear of the Music Hall, from which Laughlin saw the and endeavored to prove that Laughlin could not have done as he said he

did in his evidence.
To Mr. Johnston, Mr. McBride said that from the parapet of the barn one could almost put his head in the win-A young man would have no Witness had difficulty in reaching it. got up there without difficulty.

John Weaver was called by the crown to show the position of the curtain, which Emerson said had cut off the evidence, how clear, how honest this way of escape on the fatal night. the whole thing was? When a man did

Witness said it was canvas, held in place by a large pole.

To Mr. Johnston, Weaver said that a man behind the curtain could not get in front of it without removing the pole, and that would be a difficult

MR. JOHNSTON'S ADDRESS. This concluded the evidence, and the counsel addressed the jury. Mr. Johnston, having placed the revolvers, diagram, and a bunch of notes on evidence upon a table before the jury box, bowed to the judge, and stood for a moment erect; and, looking from one

juryman to the other, he began. He said: I stand here before you, pleading for a life; I stand here asking you to give back to that woman near the box (pointing to Mrs. Emer-son) the life of her husband, W. D. Emerson—not the life of a man who has spent his years; not the life, perhaps, that has only one or two years to run before he is called upon to give over all that he has in this world; not the life of a man alone, with no ties; not the life of a man with no future; not the life of a man without affection and without love; but the life of a man who has a name to make, who has his ambitions to satisfy-aye, and a thousand times dearer than all life's ambitions, who has a life of care and affection for his wife and the dear little girl, who can hardly lisp her father's name. Not only so, not only am I asking you for his but I am here pleading for his liberty —liberty, perhaps, sometimes dearer than life itself; liberty men will not give in exchange for life of long, weary years in a felon's cell, day after day passing without even the rays of God's sunlight upon it; month after month in its ceaseless round; year after year, perhaps, separated from his fellow-men; a mere machine of the law, no higher than the dull, helpless clod of earth you may turn over in one's field, devoid and deprived of action; destitute of movement within the stifling walls of a jail cell. I ask for his deliverance from that because that deliverance may be to him dearer and sweeter than life itself. I mention this to you because I want you to acquit this man upon any ground of any sympathy, not because I ask you to restore this man to his wife and little baby on the mere feelings of charity or of gratitude; but I ask it upon the grounds of justice, and justice alone. I do not mention this to you for the purpose of influencing your minds one iota. I do not ask you to turn your minds from the straight line of duty minds the great responsibility devolves upon you.

The speaker said he realized the great responsibility, because there were many who realized that the prioner's future largely depended upon whatever humble efforts he (Mr. Johnston) was able to put forward. It was a responsibility which able advocates shrank from. "If I make a mistake in this man's case," he continued, "and if you notice a mistake in following up this evidence in coming to a conclusion in your jury room, the mistake is terrible in its consequences to the prisoner at the bar and his family, a to make good. Once the verdict is rendered, and the sentence pronounced by his lordship on the bench, file man's doom is sealed, and the mistake is beyond recall. I say to you, in all seriousness, the responsibility which devolves upon us today is grave and grave beyond all doubt. A man who loses his property goes out in the world and can begin over again. the man who gives up his life to law once there is no compensation. The law contends that a man is inno cent until the crown proves him guilty dyed deep in the blood of his fellowman, he is, until convicted, by a proper tribunal, as innocent as the little baby that is hardly able to lisp its father's name. Where there is doubt the doubt goes in favor of the pris-

oner.

If the jury thought the prisoner innocent, said Mr. Johnston, they must release him, and if he was guilty his crime must be punished, no matter what the effect may be upon his family. There are three things which are dear to a man, and which he is allowed by law to protect-his property his name and fair fame, and his life. The prisoner's counsel then went into the animal nature, the ungovernable nature, of some men who were charged with crime, and contrasted them with the even temper of the prisoner and his bright intellect. He had not come before the jury pretending anything, but came before the jury and the judge as a man conscious of his innocence. The prisoner had carried his life in his hands when he walked Witness had not said anything to Mr. from the prisoner's dock to the witness' Ed. Flock, her husband's counsel, or stand to give evidence in his own behalf. One act of equivocation, one false step, and he was gone. He went to the box boldly, with a conviction of innocence in his mind. Emerson said: "I will tell the whole truth, I fired the shot, and I intended to fire it, but did not do it with the intention of murder." Take the evidence for the crown from start to finish; take the witnesses for the defense from the first to the last; go through the evidence carefully, and there is not a single instance to offer was a big man, having trouble with the suggestion for the shooting except that given by Emerson and the witnesses called on his behalf. The crown had started out with a speech, in which they were told how Emerson's pistol had been placed in the pocket for the purpose of the deed. They were told of the altercation, of the shooting and of the death. If the pietol had been placed, as the crown said, then Emerson was guilty of murder of the worst type. But where was the evidence upon which to convict for murder? Mr. Johnston alluded to the story of the nurse girl, and showed that by the merest accident Emerson had his revolver in his pocket, because his greasy and painty hand would not allow of the keys being readily obtained

wrong, how easily it was to blast his character; but there were other times when it was easy to explain and correct a wrong impression. He did not deny, but had always admitted that Emerson had fired the shot, but it was not to kill. Would they, he asked, on this evidence, take a man to the gallows to expiate a crime of which he was innocent? People might talk, they might believe him innocent or guilty, but they had nothing to lose. With the jury it was different. "In the last day," he continued, "and on your death-bed, in the last throes of dissolution, you will recall this day. You will then ask yourselves, 'Did I make a mistake and condemn an innocent man?' Oh, the anguish of that moment! The prisoner, he said, was either innocent or he was guilty: there was no half-way measure in the case. Pointing to Emerson, he said: "There sits a man against whom not one breath has been turned. While in the box his whole life was open to them, and it was open to the crown to show that Emerson was a dangerous man; but they showed he was a most peaceful man. It was not for the speaker to rake up the objectionable features of James Tuttle; that might cast reflections upon his memory, and cause sorrow to his loved ones. He would malign no man; but the fact remained that Tuttle was a man who, in an altercation, was of violent and ungovernable temper, and who, when once roused, had the demoniac failing of the very devil. Emerson had no hard feeling against Tuttle, but asked for his money and expected that Tuttle would send it up, and not come up and raise a row. Emerson's evidence spoke for itself, both as to what he said and the man-

ner in which he said it. Who was the man, he asked, that caused the trouble? It was the man who on one occasion had picked up the knife and "The next man that makes said: a kick to me, I'll split his head." It was the man who smashed in the door of the box office. Emerson could not be blamed for the part he took in asking for his money, considering the ru-mors that were in circulation. Had Tuttle paid him or been willing to pay him, neither he nor the jury would been taking the part they were. There would have been no shooting, no death, no trial. When Tuttle went upstairs it was with the intention of making Emerson go on and play, and to attack him if he refused. He referred to the prominent part the knife played in the scene, as adduced by Emerson's, Laughlin's and Mrs. Emerson's testimony. He then pictured the two actors, not in part of a play, but taking part in the tragedy of life. If they were as grossly insulted as Emerson, by language which not only reflected on himself, but upon the pure being who gave him birth, he asked them if they were armed with a stick and struck the ruthless insulter, they would call it murder if they struck and killed him? He asked how they would like to have their actions weighed in the fine balance of reason. It was not his place to dictate to them as to what they should do-it was his part merely to present the case as it appeared to him, and leave them to decide. If they believed Emerson's story they must acquit him, but if not there was no conclusion to come to but his guilt. Emerson in the box might have said, if he chose, that the blow was struck with Tuttle's right hand, in order to make his statement corroborative with the other witnesses, but he told the truth and said the left hand, and said, too, like an honest man, that he could not help what other people had said. The witnesses had agreed on all except the question of time. He presented this difficulty by saying that if he asked each man to put down on a piece one hair's breadth owing to that cirof paper how long he had been speakbut merely to bring to your ing, he ventured to say there would ing, he ventured to say there would no two wlike. that the witnesses did their best, and that none had made misrepresentations knowingly. There was no evidence of premeditation on the part of Emerson -not one jot of evidence presented by the crown. The mere accident of his having the revolver in his pocket had been explained away by Emerson. His hands covered with grease and paint, he allowed the revolver to remain in his pocket until he should have occasion to wash them, which did not occur before the tatal moment approached. No man could be hanged, nor kept in prison, on suspicion. The whole question was one between very narrow limits. Was the deed an act of self-defense? If it was Emerson "Have you a wife?" went free. "Have you children? asked. yourself in Emerson's position and ask yourselves, 'Would I like to be tried for murder because I acted like he

Mr. Johnston went over the evidence of Laughlin, which the crown had cast a slur upon, but the crown failed to disprove it, and the man whom they had to make the plans got to Laughlin's position himself and said it was not only feasible but very Mr. Johnston continued on simple. Laughlin's evidence, and emphasized the strong points, which the crown witness verified. The speaker traced the evidence step by step, and pointed to the mass of it declaring the prisoner's innocence. The prisoner was either guilty or innocent. If they said he was guilty of manslaughter, there was little to choose between that and conviction for murder. He closed with a fervent appeal that melted to tears the majority of the spectators present It was for the jury to say what should be done with the prisoner. They were to remember that the dutiful wife, who had shared the great strain with her husband, would be anxiously waiting for their return, waiting for their verdict, and what would it be? "Will you take away from that young woman a loving husband, and leave her a widowed mother with an orphan child?"

MR. HEYD PRESENTS HIS CASE. Mr. Heyd began his address on behalf of the crown by congratulatory words for Mr. Johnston. He had filled his position as counsel for the prisoner as only one with such a gigantic intellect could fill it. He had done his duty and more than his duty. He had presented the facts of the case to them with consummate ability, and if they failed to meet his expectations with their verdict it could not truly be said that Mr. Johnston was in any way to blame. He had appealed to their tender feelings, and to their sympathies. He had pointed to the dutiful wife, who had stood by her husband in all this terrible strain, and he agreed with every word that had been said respecting her. But he (Mr. Heyd) wanted to point out a few facts to them. It was not a question of sympathy, he said. It was not a question of how the jurors would feel on their death-beds if they brought in a verdict of guilty. It was a question of cold, stern justice, of terrible reality, that everyone connected with the case must face. The jurors were only ordinary men called upon to do the ordinary duties of citizenship. The man without sympathy was not likely to make a good citizen, but while this was so he hoped they would not be carried away by sentiment. He asked them to imagine that there was some person else, besides Mrs. Emerson, awaiting with interest the decision of the jury. There was a woman whose boy had been taken away without being given time to do what this man (Emerson) had had sevat the time to enable him to place the weapon in his trunk. When they got

eral months to do—to prepare to meet his God—a woman whose boy had just started out in the world for himself; a boy who left his mother's house full of life and vigor, never to return again, had been hurried without a moment's notice to meet his God. The fact that Emerson killed Tuttle was never questioned, for how could it be? There was no room for questioning it. The jury was not to consider what Emerson's past life had been, whether he was the greatest criminal or the greatest saint that ever lived on this earth. He would not say that James Tuttle was the embodiment of virtue, but that was no reason why his life should be taken. Tuttle was a powerful man, and Emerson had seen him from day to day and knew what kind of a disposition and temper he had before he persisted in refusing to play, by which decision the dead man would have lost money. It was questionable whether was serious when he spoke about using the big stage knife on the next man who made a kick, and it was questionable whether he was in a bad humor when he came on the stage just before he was shot and his soul hurried into eternity. Counsel pointed to the fact that Emerson had demanded something, when he asked for his money, that a man had no legal right to demand. Mr. Heyd went over the evidence and referred to the "pretty" story of Lena Dowdell. He referred impagaionately to the shooting and impassionately to the shooting, and laid stress upon the point that although Tuttle was said to have had a knife in his uplifted hand, nobody seemed to have heard it drop to the floor after the shot was fired. They were to place their own value on the evidence. They were to do their duty to their fellowmen. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is a man whose destiny is to be determined. You all know human weak-You know how some men fall at a little temptation. There is a man who walks out of that box to the prison or a free man. You have seen his performance in the witness box, and the impression that his appearance in the box makes on your minds settles the question. It is of great consequence to him."

Mr. Heyd then went over Laughlin's evidence. It was a strange thing, he said, that Laughlin should be sitting on a roof in the snow, and hear Tuttle threaten to kill Emerson, and hear things that nobody else heard. There had been nothing said at the police court about this knife. Laughlin knew that this man was languishing in jail. Why did he not come out like a man and tell all he knew about it then? He asked the jury whether or not they believed Laughlin's evidence, and whether Laughlin was a man who, to save 10 cents, would climb up on the barn. Did it seem possible that a man with lung trouble, who had had 100 hemorrhages, would go on the roof in his shirt sleeves on a night when the snow was falling? It was a very improbable thing for a man in this condition to go on the roof and arrive at the window just in time to see a man shot dead. The crown valued life, and would not permit it to be taken unless there was reasonable ground for taking it. He referred to the evidence, and said he abandoned the charge of murder, but directed their attention to that of manslaughter. They were to do their duty as jurors and honest citizens; that done, the responsibility rested upon his lordship on the bench to fit the punishment to the crime. He hoped he had performed his duty on behalf of the crown, and he thanked the sury for their patience.

The judge, addressing the Jury, regretted that the trial had to go into the third day, but it could not be helped. The court adjourned at 7:15 LABORS ENDED.

The grand jury have completed their labors. They returned "no bill" in the cases & Frank, charged with theft.

BLOOD BUILDING

Is the Process Carried Out by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They Make New, Rich Blood, Which Makes Men Strong and Healthy-Banish Dyspepsia and Indigestion by Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The world has no room for weak, puny, useless men. The weakest must go to the wall.

The battle of life, the struggle for xistence, the race for wealth, can never be won by bilious, querulous, complaining cranks. The race is to the swift, the battle to

the strong. Waterloo was not won by bilious dyspeptics. The bullet-swept heights of Alma were not stormed by thin-blooded, pale invalids. Khartoum was not taken by men who were suffering from Indigestion. The Charge of the Light Brigade was not made by men who were martyrs to Dyspepsia.

The soldiers who made the world gaze with astonishment on their heroic deeds, were strong, sturdy, robust

So it is in every walk of life. Health is absolutely necessary to success. If the digestion be perfect, good health follows, as naturally and as surely as day follows night.

If the stomach is sick, the digestion is poor, the blood is thin, weak and

scanty. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets make the digestion perfect; they tone and strengthen the stomach; stimulate the secretion of an abundance of gastric juice, and so insure a plentiful sup-

ply of rich blood. Don't be a poor, pitiable weakling! Be strong! Be healthy! Be able to take your own part, and win your own To this end you need only take place. one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after every meal.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets make new, rich blood. You will be strong and healthy if you use them. You'll have no Dyspepsia, no Indigestion, no Biliousness if you do.

Try a box and be convinced. They'll convince you and make you strong at the same time.

KOMOKA. Komoka, Sept. 29.-A very pleasing and long-looked-for event took place at the manse, Hyde Park, on 21st of this month, when two of Komoka's most respected citizens were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Wylie, pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Hyde Park and Komoka. The contracting parties were Mr.David McDougall, eldest son of Mr. Alex. McDougall, and Miss Lottie Robins, only daughter of the late T. Robins. The bride was very prettily dressed in wine-colored serge, trimmed with cream silk and lace, and looked sweet and charming before the marriage altar, bearing a beautiful bunch of sweet peas. Both bride and groom are held in the very highest esteem and respect in this community, and it is gratifying to know that their future home is to be here. After the marriage ceremony the happy couple boarded the 4:55 train for Goderich, to spend a few days am-

The difference between the cost of growing tea, and the tea grower's price to the tea shipper, accounts for some of the great difference in quality between Monsoon Indo- Tea and others. Monsoon Tea is packed by the company which grows it --- and the qualities in the pound packets of Monsoon at 40c, 50c and 60c are never found in any other package teas at the



Don't Hesitate

when you pay your life insurance premium. It is NOT EXPENSE, Your are NOT PAYING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. You are SAVING MONEY, and insurance is taking care of it for you. Life insurance is business done in a business-like manner.

THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE CO., of Canada,

are just issuing some new plans having special investment features. Con. sult with them before you invest.

JOHN MILNE, Manager.

Head Office, Temple Building, London, Ont.

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ong friends and relatives, and returned on the evening of the 26th, and were met by friends at the G. T. R. station and escorted to the cosy residence of the groom's father, and were greeted by numerous friends and relatives from Westminster, Parkhill, Strathrey, Derwent and Komoka, and received at their hands numerous and costly presents. Then all partook of a grand supper, prepared by the groom's mother, who can certainly do things of this kind in good taste and style. must not neglect to say that Miss Jennie Jayes and Miss Merline Robins, nieces of the bride and groom, two sweet little girls, prettily dressed, were the waitresses at the suppertable, and did their work to the entire

satisfaction of all present. [To the Bride and Groom.] I wish you not all sunshine,

Lest you become caress'd; I wish you not all trial, Lest you become depress'd. But just enough of sunshine

To light you on your way, And just enough of trial To make you "Watch and pray."

FLAMING FORESTS

QUENCHED BY RAIN. Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 30.-Reports received at the railroad office in this city are to the effect that the forest fires in the northern part of the state were quenched by a heavy fall of rain last night. The heaviest loss was suffered at Cumberland, where 25 families were rendered homeless by flames, and a large saw mill valued at \$225,000, was wiped out. Wires are down in all directions, and particulars of the ruin wrought have not yet been

received, but are expected to come in shortly. Only one death as far as known has resulted, that of Mrs. Jacob Correson, of Dry Wood. children of Mrs. Correson were seriously burned while attempting to rescue their mother. The pecuniary loss is not expected to reach over

\$1,000,000. St. Paul. Minn., Sept. 30 .- A Cumberland dispatch says: Cumberland pre-sents a sad sight tonight. The mill portion of the country is a smoldering heap of ruins. Loss about \$150,000. Forest fires were swept into the city from the southwest at about five o'clock last night. The fire started on the east and west sides of the town and at about the same time. The fiames spread with a rapidity that threatened not only the entire city, but the lives of the inhabitants. Every part of the town was filled with smoke and flying firebrands, and the people were running in every direction panic-stricken. Two freight trains standing here took about 200 people to Shell Lake, and hundreds more sought the western lake shore for safety. Meanwhile the volunteer fire department did noble work in trying to save the business portion of the city. A timely down-pour of rain, lasting about 20 minutes, enabled the firemen to check the progress of the flames on the west of the city, but nothing could save the city east of the Omaha railroad, including the large lumber yards and the mills of the Beaver Dam Lumber Company.

YOUNG AT SEVENTY.

Indigestion and Stomach Troubles Removed by South American Nervine Four Bottles Brought Back Health and Vigor.

Mr. Jas. Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., writes: "For twelve menths I was a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble. After trying other remedies without any benefit whatever, was attracted to South American Nervine through great cures I read of its making, and I decided to try it. After a few doses I felt great relief and benefit. I have taken four bottles, although I am 70 years old I give this thankful testimony for relief from the great suffering I had. I consider it a great medicine.

Sold by W. S. B. Barkwell.

Dr. Stirton, a prominent Liberal of Guelph, has entered action against the Guelph Herald for alleged false defamation and libelous statements made against him. The damages claimed are said to be \$10,000.

Dyspepsia Groans for what nature alone provides for this stomach curse. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's panacea for all stomach ills. Pleasant and positive cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Loss of Appetite, Wind on the Stomach, Diziness, Nausea, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache, and all disorders directly traceable to sluggish digestive organs. 25 cents, Sold by W. S. B. Barkwell.

The newly discovered spot in the sun, visible now, is 20,000 miles in diameter.

BELMONT.

Belmont, Sept 30.—Neal Buchan, Yarmouth, had a number of turkeys stolen recently by sneak thieves.

Miss I. J. Campbell, of New York, accompanied by her brother Melvilie, are recuperating among relatives in Daniel Turner, builder, and son have

secured the contract for remodeling and reconstructing the house of Alex. McCallum, of Dunwich township.

Miss Mary McInnis leaves for Chicago, Ill., to be the guest of Alex. Ferguson, engineer on the I. C. railroad, for a few weeks.

The Medical Profession Recommend Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

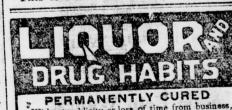
Dr. C. M. Harlan, writing in the American Journal of Health, Feb. 10, "Among the proprietary medicines deserving recognition is Dr. Chase's Ointment, as a remedy for Piles, Eczematic skin eruptions of all kinds, for which it has been used with marked success and has effected remarkable cures in many obstinate cases which seem to baffle the skillful medical attendant."

Zinc ore prices have advanced from \$30 to \$33 per ton, coming within \$1 of the highest price on record.

The diameter of the sun in miles is estimated at 866,400; Jupiter, 86,500; Saturn, 71,000; Neptune, 34,800; Uranus, 31,900; earth, 7,918; Venus, 7,700 4,230; Mercury, 3,030; moon, 2,162.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength has gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live There, however, is a cure-one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

This is the weather for the Fly. 34tf



Without publicity or loss of time from business, by a purely vegetable, harmless home treatment. Immediate results. Normal apportite. Caim sleep and clear brain. No injections or had after effects. Indisputable testimony sent scaled. Address. Indisputable testimony sent scaled. Address THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Ave., Montrea

"Blind Man's Buff."

Sometimes you pay your money and get what you do not ask for. Is your grocer playing Blind Man's Buff with you and your money?

When you found husks and black specks and didn't find that rich nutty flavor of Tillson's Pan Dried Rolled Oats in the Rolled Oats you bought, how much more business did

that grocer get from you? You can't get fooled on the real Tillson's Pan-Dried Rolled Oats-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

> The Tillson Co'y, Limited, Tillsonburg, Ont.