

We repeat the inquiry,
Have You Tasted

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

The most delicious and economical of all teas.

Sold in lead packets only, black or mixed.

A Lost Gem

"She had better not say anything of that sort to her step-mamma!"

"No, no; I'll warn her. Shall I say that you are sorry you won't see her again?"

"Hannington?" she asked. "You want to know my plans, I see. Well, they are not decided. But one thing I am sure of. I don't leave Mr. Pople's inn just yet. I can tell you. I am very well off where I am, and mean to stop."

Kingscot nodded and smiled. "All right. If you stay where you are for the next half hour you will see your old flame, most likely. I ordered the open carriage to be sent down. Now I must go and find my cab—I hope he's all right. I left him in the bar-room."

"You can bring him here with you some night for a game of Nap," said Hannington. "He can get out at night, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, thanks to the door in the Tower and his kind note. Ta-ta, Jack. I'll remember you to Molly."

And then Kingscot went downstairs to seek Bertie, with whom he meant to go to the railway station, to welcome the bride and bridegroom home. Molly had refused to come. She had returned from her visit to the Lawsons in a rather odd state of mind; she seemed excited and spiritless by turns; and in this condition her uncle found it easier to make friends with her than he had ever done before. It had occurred to him that Molly might be useful in the furtherance of his schemes, and therefore he took pains to be agreeable to her. Molly, feeling sore and bitter still, because of what she styled "Miss Raeburn's treachery," was only too glad to find a friend into whose ear she might pour her woes without rebuke.

She told him, moreover, that she had seen some one at Miss Lawson's whom she liked very much—a gentleman who had told her that she was the most beautiful girl in the world—a Mr. John Hannington. And was it possible that Uncle Ralph knew Mr. Hannington—had known him for many years, and liked him very much? Molly's prejudice against her uncle went down like the walls of Jericho when the trumpets had been blown. And all this information was turned by Mr. Kingscot to the very best account.

He could not find Bertie for some time, and began to feel half vexed and half alarmed by the lad's disappearance, especially as he received a hint from an attendant that the young man seemed a wee bit fond of a drap. "Fond of a drap!"—what on earth could the man mean! thought Kingscot irascibly. Bertie had surely not been such an idiot!

He never finished the sentence to himself. At that very moment, he heard a bell ringing, and ran with all his might up the hill to the railway station, where Mr. Moncrieff's carriage and half a dozen other vehicles were waiting for the arrival of the train from Perth. Kingscot was a little late, as he was vexed to see Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff come out of the station just as he reached it; and his congratulations were somewhat spoiled in effect by the fact that he uttered them in a voice which showed that he was very much out of breath.

"Bertie came with me, but we stopped to say a word or two to a friend in the street, and I lost sight of him," said Kingscot, with admirable candor. "He is following me, I suppose; we shall see him presently."

And then he halted in his speech. A terrible sight had met his eyes. A group of little boys had set up a shrill hurrah, at the sight of a drunken man—not a man, but a slight, tall, handsome lad, whose eyes were wild, whose face was inflamed, who swayed from side to side in his endeavor to keep himself straight as he staggered across the roadway. Ralph made a rush forward but Alan Moncrieff, with a face as white as death, laid a hand on his arm.

"Wait one moment," he said. "I must put my wife into the carriage first. Then you and I will get that wretched lad home between us. The only thing we can do is to hide his shame, and our own, as best we can."

And that was Stella's home-coming.

CHAPTER XVI.

Stella caught only a glimpse of Bertie's vacant face. She was hastily placed in the carriage my Alan Moncrieff, whose rigid lips would hardly frame the words of apology for leaving her alone, which he felt were due to her; and then, almost before she knew what had happened, she was being driven rapidly along the road towards the new home, which she had hoped to enter with her husband at her side. Alan blamed himself afterwards for not having led his son to Kingscot's care, for it occurred to him that Stella's drive to Torrensuir would be desolate indeed, without any one at her side to encourage her; but at the moment itself he was absorbed in the thought of Bertie, and too much shocked at the revelation of his state to be altogether regardless of the requirements of a young and timid wife.

Stella did what she was asked to do without raising any objection, but she wiped away a few tears as she was bowled along the road to Torrensuir. She had only a vague sense of what had happened. Alan's stricken white face, Ralph Kingscot's dismay, Bertie's strange looks, did not tell her the whole truth of the story. She decided that Bertie must be ill, and she dreaded the thought of encountering Molly without her husband at her side. Fortunately she re-

membered that Aunt Jacky was to be present at Torrensuir that evening; and if she were there, the place would not be so unhome-like after all.

But the arrival was a trial to Stella's equanimity. At the lodge gate, several of the out-door men, the gardeners and keepers, were collected to give the new mistress a welcome. There was a little arch of evergreens and flags over the gate. Mr. Moncrieff had quite forgotten that any such reception was likely to have been devised. Everybody set up a shout as the carriage came up, but the shout died away in rather a feeble manner when the carriage alone. But she looked so beautiful, and smiled so sweet a response to their greeting, that it was renewed with tenfold the previous fervor.

Indeed the carriage had to be stopped for a minute or two, so that an old gamekeeper might make his little speech of welcome, in which he wished her to Torrensuir. Mr. Moncrieff had warned Ralph that he did not want any formal reception or welcome of any kind, but Mr. Kingscot had been unable to prevent some slight demonstration on the part of the out-door men, who, more than the in-door servants, were disposed to be pleased that there was to be a mistress "up at the house."

The house-servants were less inclined to be delighted. They had their own way for so long that they feared a lady's rule—Miss Molly counting for nothing in their eyes.

Stella explained, with a little blush and sigh, that Mr. Moncrieff was detained at the station, and would follow presently; but she added diffidently that she thought they had better not wait for him, as he might be late, and—and was tired and unwell. So the men dispersed, and did not at once catch the meaning of the glance and the wink which the coachman on the box bestowed on them. They hung about the stables afterwards, however, to learn its meaning; and were very soon enlightened. Bertie's awkward looks and staggering footsteps needed no interpretation to them as to Mrs. Moncrieff. The whole household knew what had happened long before the master of the house came home.

It was Miss Jacky who flung herself in Stella's arms and gave her a really hearty welcome, as she had done not eighteen months before, when the girl came home from school. The servants were waiting in the hall, but they did not give the new mistress any very amiable looks, although they behaved with outward respect and decorum. Molly came forward languidly, with such an abatement of her old vivacity, that Stella felt a pang of grief and alarm as she noted her altered manner, and kissed the cheek that was offered rather formally for her salute.

"Is papa not with you?" There was a touch of sharpness in Molly's tone. "And Uncle Ralph and Bertie—where are they?"

"They are coming presently. I left them at the station," said Stella, holding Aunt Jacky by the hand as she entered the drawing-room. "I think—I am afraid—Bertie was not very well, and they stayed to attend to him. She hoped that her version of the story might be true."

"Not well—they stayed, and you did not stay?" said Molly, looking at Stella with eyes in which a new suspicionness had crept. "Why did you come away?"

"It was your father's wish that I should come."

"I shall ask Macgregor," said Molly. She was darting to the door when Stella caught her arm.

"Don't go, Molly, darling. Don't ask. They will be here very soon. There is nothing seriously amiss, I hope. Don't question the servants."

"Why should I not question them?" said Molly the impetuous. "They are all old friends of mine, and they would answer me truly and faithfully, which perhaps you don't want to do, Mrs. Moncrieff."

Stella shrank a little, and turned pale as the girl flung this taunt into her face. "I am not going to alter my ways for any new comers," and with these words Molly escaped from the detaining hand, and rushed out of the room.

Stella sank down on the nearest chair. Her lips were trembling, and the tears were in her eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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WESTERN ONTARIO.

Threats Against Mitchell Churches—A Large Funeral—A Man's Whiskers Caught in Machinery—G. T. R. Bear End Collision at St. Thomas.

St. Marys Orange lodge has protested against interference with Manitoba. Exeter Methodists will erect a church on the model of the Glenoe Methodist Church.

During the last season the Ingersoll Athletic Association cleared off a debt of over \$400.

Ald. Barber, of Guelph, one of the leading cattle dealers of the west, died on Thursday.

The Kincardine Board of Trade has been considering the feasibility of an electric railway to Teeswater.

W. A. Hill, of Tilburg, was committed for trial on Thursday for placing spittoons on the G. T. R. switch at Rockwood.

John Nolan, Michigan Central Railway engineer, and his wife, celebrated their silver wedding on Tuesday night, and were the recipients of many valuable presents.

The officers of the Kincardine Board of Trade just elected are: President, J. W. Rapley; vice-president, William Murray; secretary, Dr. Martyn; treasurer, G. M. Mackenzie.

G. S. Hall has purchased from Wm. Murdoch his well-known farm, Pine Grove, being the south half of lot 12, on the fourth concession, near Kerwood, the price being \$2,200.

Some time ago Thomas Manning, of London, cut with a silver finger of his right hand out with a silver finger of his left, and after attending to it for several weeks had to have the finger amputated.

Wm. Reid, of Blytheswood, Essex county, had to go to the hospital on Thursday, a long time ago, to get tangled with a revolving shaft, and before the machine could be stopped the whiskers were gone and his chin was badly torn.

Wm. Monk has sold his farm of 100 acres, being lot 11, third concession of Hullett township, Huron county, to Mr. John Dale, for the sum of \$2,200. There are frame buildings on the place. This gives Mr. Dale 200 acres of land.

The Detroit Free Press says the advance of the Beatty Line boats and C. P. R. steamer Albert, at Windsor, will probably lead to a war of rates between the Canadian and United States steamers running to northern lake ports.

The funeral of the late J. A. Beaton, village clerk of Chester, who died from blood poisoning, was attended by nearly 2,000 people. He had an insurance on his life to the amount of \$5,000, besides owning considerable real estate.

A strange boy of 16 stayed with Geo. Axford, farmer, near St. Thomas, from March 2 to the 10th, and disappeared. A letter from the Rev. Wm. H. Shepherd, of St. Clair, Mich., shows the boy to be his son, and that he ran away from home.

Alex. McGregor, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Plympton, died on Wednesday morning, after an illness of nearly five years. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1815, and was a school mate of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Mr. Robert McIntosh, one of the oldest settlers in West Zorra, is dead. He leaves four sons and one daughter—Alexander, ex-deputy reeve of Donald and Gilbert, farmers on the eighth concession, and John, of Lucknow; and Mrs. Robert McDonald, of Thornedale.

Mrs. William Saffery, Windsor, a short time ago went to Peru, Ind., to attend the funeral of her sister, and she was bringing her mother, Mrs. Saffery, back with her to reside. Shortly after leaving her home her mother complained of feeling unwell, and in a few moments expired in her daughter's arms.

Rev. Mr. Tully, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Mitchell, has received an anonymous letter, telling him that in a few weeks the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the two leading church edifices of the town would be reduced to ashes. Since receiving the warning note, Mr. Tully found a strange key fast in one of the door locks of his church.

The G. T. R. mixed train from the east was run into by a freight train in the St. Thomas yards Thursday evening, but the passengers saw it coming and most of them got out of the car before the collision. One car was badly wrecked, the engine of the freight, seeing that a collision was unavoidable, reversed his engine, was he and the fireman jumped off at the brakemen pluckily kept their places until the collision took place, and one of them was thrown off, but unhurt. The freight was in charge of Conductor Middleton, Engineer B. Dixon, Brakemen J. Clarke and Cluskey.

AN ILLINOIS SENSATION.

A Lady of Union County Recovers Her Health in a Marvelous Way.

ANNA, Ill., April 20.—A very interesting case of recovery from a complicated form of kidney trouble has taken place, and the details are gradually being made public. The sufferer was Miss M. T. Loomis, who for a long time has been a victim to kidney pains in all parts of the body. She consulted a number of doctors, and was treated for a great variety of complaints, but she determined to try Swayne's Kidney Pills, having heard and read much of their efficacy, and found her expectations justified in a complete cure.

MIDDLESEX.

The Independent Foresters will hold a big demonstration at Stratford on May 24.

There has been considerable damage done in Ekfrid and Carleton recently by mad dogs. Some persons have been bitten, and many sheep and cattle. Two of those so bitten—Messrs. Mark and Cain—have been sent to the Pasteur Institute, New York, for treatment. Large numbers of dogs have been destroyed by order of the board of health.

MOUNT BRIDGES.

("Advertiser" Agent, T. Pearce, P.M.) April 18.—On Thursday afternoon last Miss Clara Steer were united in the bonds of matrimony. They have been spending their honeymoon among relatives and friends before taking their departure for the Far West, where the doctor has a good practice. On Tuesday evening the old people held a reception for Mrs. Steer, and Wednesday evening the young people also held one, both expressing their congratulations to the doctor and his estimable partner.

On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock another happy event took place in the Episcopal Church, Delaware. Mr. Ed. Parrott, son of G. B. Parrott, grain merchant, and Miss Webb, both of Carleton, were made one. Miss Webb has been organist in the above church for some time.

Another large shipment of hogs was made here yesterday by Mr. Joseph Kidd.

The Scrap Bag.

Has no one a suggestion whereby those unsightly obstacles, the telegraph poles, which disfigure our streets, might be beautified? There is not a prettier little city in the whole Dominion than our own Forest City; but it seems to me that it could be made even prettier than it is now, the garden of "the garden of Ontario." What, with beautiful new churches going up, and a handsome library building, and an electric railway system, why should we not make one more supreme effort and beautify our already beautiful streets and avenues to a consummate degree of attractiveness?

I have no means of knowing whether I have or some such plant trained to clamber all over the telegraph pole's ghastly length would be practical or not; but if so, I think the appearance of our London streets would warrant her in changing her name from that of the Forest City to the Fairy City.

Be he young or old, one never feels that a man is less attractive because his hair happens to turn gray. Even a bald head need not be severely deplored, as apparently it detracts nothing from a dignified appearance. But a woman! Ah! that's not the same thing at all. A man, on one of those rare occasions when he is supposed to use a mirror, observes that since he last looked his hair has turned gray, and says to himself: "Now, a woman would make a regular lamentation over a little episode of this kind, whereas to a man of philosophy it's a mere trifle," and he goes off whistling, and feeling philosophical, as well he may, feeling that it's not to make a scrap of difference to him, anyway. He's still a man. Whether he shall be relegated to the ranks of the oldsters depends altogether upon quite a number of other things; but the gray-haired woman, unless she is an exceptional being, is a "nice old lady." She must make a complete change in her style of dress, eschew youthful colors, and alter the shape of her bonnet.

God's blessing is upon the patient. Moorish Proverb.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

BREAKFAST—Oranges, Oatmeal, Beef, steak, Steamed Potatoes, New England Corn Bread, Graham Wafers, Coffee.

DINNER—Beef Pie, Lettuce and Ham Salad, Lima Beans, Potatoes, White and Graham Bread, Cranberry Tart.

SUPPER—Potatoes Warmed in Milk, Oatmeal Crackers, Bread and Butter, Grape Jelly, Prunes, Milk, Tea.

Fry crispy four ounces of raw ham sliced thin; then cool, mince, and sprinkle over a lettuce salad; serve with a French dressing.

"I went off into the country the other day to spend Sunday with Willoughby," said Perkins. "He has a beautiful place there."

"Yes, it is a pretty place," observed Cartaway, "but there's never anything to do there."

"Nonsense!" returned Perkins. "We found plenty of occupation. We cleaned snow off the sidewalk all the morning; then after dinner I sprinted off to the village for a plumber to come up and plug up a bursted pipe, while Willoughby helped his wife in getting out all the old clothes they had stored in the attic to keep the children from freezing. Oh, no, there's no dearth of things to do at Willoughby's on a winter Sunday."

If men and women only knew it, there is no more valuable adjunct to health and beauty than the coarse Turkish towel when applied with purpose, patience and perseverance. A month's treatment will leave you richer than a legacy of a hundred dollars. Just try it and see if this is not so.

The very wise Hazlitt says: "Fashion constantly begins and ends in the two things it most abhors—singularity and vulgarity. It is the perpetual setting up and ever discovering a certain standard of taste, elegance and refinement, which has no other formation for authority than that it is the prevailing distraction of the moment; which was yesterday ridiculous and is to-day being common."

The old marvel about where all the pins go to can't compare with the new marvel, what has become of all the high wheel bicycles.

"He is a barber truly rare, He never cuts me in the chair, But always on the street."

SARNIA.

("Advertiser" Agent, D. McMaster.) April 18.—Rev. Mr. Hucelburt, Forest, will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Speller will preach in Forest.

The familiar figure of Dr. Armstrong, who died at Mooretown on Friday last, will be greatly missed. His business took him to Sarnia very often, and his genial good-nature made him many friends among our citizens.

Mrs. Eliza Higgins, beloved wife of James Higgins, Front street, died of consumption on Friday, and was interred in Lakeview Cemetery on Saturday afternoon.

The Sons of England Benevolent Society are making arrangements to celebrate the 24th of May in grand style. A trades procession will be one of the attractions, and all the fraternal societies in town will form a big parade. Sports of all kinds will be indulged in at the park.

The K. O. T. M. delegates that attended the convention here last Thursday and Friday were as fine a body of young men as have visited Sarnia for a long time.

John Sickles, who was so severely injured at the agricultural works last Monday, is able to be around again, but will not be able to resume work for some time yet.

Rev. C. W. Brown, B.A., Glenoe, will preach educational sermons in the Queen Street Methodist Church next Sunday, 21st inst. He is spoken of as a very talented and eloquent speaker.

The annual Easter vestry meeting of St. George's Church was held in the

school on Monday evening last, Rev. T. R. Davis in the chair, and Robert McAdam clerk. The reports of the different committees in regard to church work were most encouraging, a surplus remaining in every fund. Messrs. A. C. Clark and R. S. Gard were appointed delegates to the Synod.

The Supreme Tent of the K. O. T. M. will meet in Port Huron in June next. The members and adherents of the Baptist Church applied to the town council on Monday night for an electric light to be placed in front of the church, it being the only place of worship left out in the first draft. It was referred to the fire and water committee for settlement.

Rev. J. Stansfield, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Port Huron, will lecture in the Central Methodist Church on Tuesday night, April 23, on "Social Specters."

Captain Symes left on Sunday last for Port Colborne to attend the fitting out of the steamer barge Sequin, which will arrive in Sarnia about May 1.

Mr. A. D. McLean, manager of the Bank of Commerce, has leased the handsome residence of Joseph Paterson on Albert street, and will shortly move.

DOES NOT IRRITATE, BUT HEALS.

South American Kidney Cure Cures Kidney Disease Speedily and Effectively.

It is remarkable that those who suffer from kidney disease grow impatient of those medicines that are slow in their cure. Who enjoys pain? The South American Kidney Cure is instantaneous. What sick one does not know the delight that comes when pain is relieved? Kidney Cure, the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles in six hours. It is hard to say anything more for it. Who wants more said for it?

DESPERATE SUICIDE.

A Stranger at Chatham Throws Himself on the Tracks.

CHATHAM, Ont., April 19.—The body of an unknown man lies at the Erie and Huron Railway freight sheds, the victim of a tragic suicide. It is that of a man past middle age, well dressed and well nourished, but there is nothing on it to identify it. The head is crushed into a shapeless mass, a whole train having passed over it. The unknown man appeared on the track as the evening train from the south was on its way here, at a point near Richardson's, about three miles from this city. The engine driver blew his whistle sharply, but instead of getting out of the way the insane man, for such he apparently was, turned and waved his hand to the fast approaching train, as if to hurry it on, and as it reached him he threw himself forward with his head and hands on the rail, as desperate and daring a suicide as local annals record.

CHATHAM, Ont., April 19.—The old man who threw himself under an Erie and Huron train last evening, was Moses Carney, of Harwich township. He was about 60 years old. He is supposed to have been laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

The engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile traveled.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale, Mrs. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Stanley, P. E. I. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

PRIZE COMPETITION

For Bright Children.

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which would be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under 16 years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize-winning advertisements will become our property, and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS—1. That competitors be under 16 years of age. 2. That the wrapper of a Cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 3. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement. REMEMBER—One prize is given every week, and if not successful at first, try again. N. B.—Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address—

D. ACCOUNT ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., McCord and William Streets, Montreal.

WE DON'T KEEP FURNITURE!</