PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL

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How much did she know? What had Margot possibly told Jack Renton in the days of their engagement? One fals step just now might cost him deal and therefore it behooved him to be vary.

He stood a full minute in silence, trying to see his way and she, mistaking his hesitation, put out her hand and gently laid it on his arm.

"I—if there are facts which you do not wish to come out," she hazarded, "I can be trusted, Sir Anthony. If there are names which must be screened, I will screen them. No one's reputation shall suffer, no breath of scandal shall touch any one. Whatever lies behind Miss Beresford's introduction to this house shall be held sacred, I promise you."

His face changed, ever so slightly, and the change was but transient. A moment after she had ceased speaking, he was laughing amusedly.

"You appear to have got hold of some very original ideas, Mrs. Renton—please don't tempt me into expressing any stronger criticism of them," he said. "I might call them hysterical, if you did. Mrs. Beresford's home was in London, but that fact is of no consequence, so we need not waste time discussing it. You are on an entirely wrong track, and I would not be your friend if I aided you in following it up. There is not the faintest possibility of Margot Beresford having any connection with you."

"What do you make of the resemblance, of the birthmark?" she cried.

"The resemblance can be nothing more than a fancied one; there is not usually much likeness between a girl at the age of 4 or 5 and the same girl when she has reached womanhood. And the same thing applies to the mark. Doubtless your recollections are slightly dimmed by time, and you imagine a similarity.

"May I see Miss Beresford?"

"No."

"Why?"

He jerked his shoulders.

"Why force me to remind you that it is disagreeable to her to meet any of Jack Renton's people? She is in my care, and therefore I must consider her feelings."

"Then you refuse to help me?"

"I have given you what information I can."

"You decline to give me more?"

"I do."

"Very well."

Mrs. Renton's excitement had passed; she spoke very quietly now, but into her eyes had come a look of determination — that iron determination which seems to lie dormant for years in some gentle-natured woman, and then springs suddenly into fierce, strong life at some unexpected crisis. She had left Conyngslea that morning in a state of feverishness which apparently boded collapse; she had entered on this interview feeling that she was at Sir Anthony's mercy, and that with him lay her happiness or her despair; she was going out from it with a realization of her own strength, and an unbending resolve to do by herself what others had refused to help her with.

"Very well," she repeated, moving down the long room to the door. "When we have a goal in view, Sir Anthony, there are generally more roads than one to it. I shall find another way."

She swept through the hall, and close to the door she encountered Mrs. Dent, thin and gaunt-looking in her plain black dress. She scarcely noticed her, however, and she did not know that the keys which the housekeeper was carrying dropped from her nerveless fingers as she passed by, nor could she guess as she drove rapidly down to Fleethill that the sad, peculiar looking woman, on whom she had bestowed but a passing glance, was kneeling in her room, the tears running down her cheeks, praying brokenly, piteously for strength to right a great wrong.

Mrs. Renton's first stop was at the telegraph office. There she asked for a London directory, and after searching its pages she dispatched a telegram to a private detective named Stokes, of whose success in a very difficult case she had once heard. Then she drove home and waited for his reply.

It reached her in a little more than an hour. And that same afternoon a pleasant, smart-looking man called on her at Conyngslea, listened attentively to the tale she had to tell, put many questions and took many notes; then, as quietly as he had come, he took his departure to prosecute his search.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Detective's Tidings.

He must get away—out of England altogether for a time. That was the resolution Sir Anthony made as his train bore him southward. To go on longer bearing the strain he had borne for months, feeling that the sword suspended over his head might fall at any moment, was impossible. He knew himself that he had been a different man since the night he discovered the loss of his box. His nerve had gone, taking with it his ability; his strength was going, his brain power was being rapidly sapped.

Only a week before he had given such blundering instructions regarding one of the most notorious of his slum properties that his name had almost been exposed as the proprietor. A day or two later, at a big temperance demonstration, he had broken down in the middle of his speech because a man had excitedly pushed his way through the crowd in the hall and tried to ascend the platform. Afterwards he had learned the man was the worse of drink, and merely desired to air his views on the cold water system, but Sir Anthony had not yet recovered from the effects of the paroxysm of terror which seized him.

And now had come this!

He had laughed at Mrs. Renton's suspicions; these were so utterly wide of the mark, but he could not contemplate with equanimity to investigate the past. And her offer of a promise to be silent regarding facts which he might not wish known! His heart turned to water within him at the recollection of that. He had laughed in her face, but her words were burning themselves into his brain.

He would arrange to go abroad immediately; where, did not particularly signify. Egypt, possibly. It was not the season, but there were always travelers there, and the season might be round again before he returned to England.

Expense was no consideration; he had almost unlimited money at his command; thousands upon thousands of pounds more than any one dreamt he possessed. He rubbed his hands as he gloated over the wealth which had accumulated year by year while Gladys Beresford toiled to support her children, the gold which was reaping high interest for itself in all parts of the earth while his son committed theft for the sake of fifty pounds.

Margot should go with him; it would be dangerous to leave her behind. She would be willing enough, he supposed; but whether she was or was not, she would not question his will. She never did now. He would write to her to get ready, and while in town he would make his own arrangements. He could pair for the remainder of the session, and his business could quite easily be left. He had capable men at the head of the different departments; men who knew what to do, could keep things going unflaggingly and would not heed Archie any more than if he was an automatic figure, he reflected with grim satisfaction.

Mrs. Renton had made it plain that her husband was not in sympathy with her concerning the idea she had taken up, and therefore, he concluded, she would have to work alone. So much the better. Sir Anthony had but scant belief in woman's capabilities, still less in their promptitude of action, and he calculated it would be a simple matter to be away before her inquiries had got beyond the primary stage.

It was raining when he arrived in London—a wild, wet, blustering night, recalling to his memory that fierce, stormy evening, eighteen months previous, when he had perjured himself by his wife's dying bed and believed he had reached the end of his troubles. The end! Well, he would insure himself peace for a time now at any rate, and if scandal played havoc with his name, if his mask was stripped off, he would not be where people knew him when the humiliation came. And he need not return unless he chose.

He drove to his hotel first, thence to his club, at which he remarked en passant to some of his acquaintances that he had come to consult a doctor. He went down to the House, then, calling upon a great nerve specialist on his way, and the first news he imparted to his friends in St. Stephens was that he wished to get a member to pair with him, as his medical man had ordered him to put aside all his duties immediately, and take himself out of the country forthwith. He was sorry to be obliged to go, for his hands were very full just now, but a time came to most men when a doctor's word was law, he explained plausibly.

There was no one in the House that evening, however, who was desirous of pairing; exciting debates were looming in the near future, and it seemed as if every member was determined not to miss the fun. One or two obligingly mentioned the names of others whom they thought might be willing or anxious to be relieved of the necessity for their attendance at Westminster. Young Bell, the soapmaker, who was a member for Blackhampton, was on the Riviera, making love to a jam-maker's daughter—whose mother had whisked her off there to be out of his way, because a soap man was "'orribly common"—and wished to remain there. Crossley, of Market Ladborough, another Opposition man, was sick of politics, but dared not retire for fear his party should lose the seat. But these men were not at hand; there must be a slight delay in taking up with either

Some one advised him to try Bell first; he would have Crossley to fall back on then if he failed; whereas, as soon as Bell was refused by the young upon it as a dead certainty that he lady—and his informant had looked would be refused—the energetic soapmaker would have no further need for holidays, and would return immediately to his duties, Parliamentary and otherwise.

He would telegraph at once, Sir Anthony said, and he did so; then wrote a carefully worded letter to Margot, telling her that after his journey south he had felt so unwell that he had been compelled to consult a doctor, and, as it was possible that he would have to take a holiday, he would like her to pack up, in preparation for going with him. His plans, however, might have to be altered, so she had better not say anything about that if she should be speaking of his illness to any one.

He also wrote to Archie and his confidential man at the office, stating that he was under medical treatment, but hoped to be at Fleethill again in a day or two.

But a week passed before he found himself free to go north. Mr. Bell had promptly acquiesced in the proposal to pair; the jam-maker's daughter was sweet to him, if her mother was not, and he desired nothing more than to be free to be her shadow wherever she went. Other matters, however, had claimed Sir Anthony's attention, detaining him longer than he had anticipated; and, so far as his nerves were concerned, his last stage was worse than his first, when at last he started on his homeward journey.

He had wired for the carriage to meet him, and when he stepped out on the platform at Fleethill the first person he saw was Margot, stately and distinguished-looking in a costume of pale gray, a big cluster of Parma violets pinned on the lapel of her coat, the hat which crowned her pretty hair looking like a soft mass of violets. The sky was bright and smiling today, the air soft and clear, and Margot looked as if she had brought spring into the dingy station with her.

"I have been so anxious about you," she said as they shook hands. "Are you better, Sir Anthony? I wish you had allowed me to go with you."

She had written to him offering to go to London, but he had answered no; he did not require anyone, he said, and he repeated the assurance now.

"I have been on my feet the whole time; there was nothing to fuss about," he said irritably. "Where's Archie? Or Isobel? Haven't either of them thought it worth while to come and see how I am?"

Archie was at the office; Isobel was sure to be at Abbotsdale almost as soon as they could be, Margot said soothingly. Very likely she had not been able to get to the station in time. It was a long way from the rectory.

A pleasant, alert-looking man, who had alighted from the London train, and was getting into a hansom when they reached the street, paused and followed them with his eyes, then addressed his driver.

"Who are they, cabby?"

"Them toffs in the brougham?"

"Right you are! Who are they?"

"He's old Garrick—Sir Anthony, when we aims at bein' polite. The gal's some friend or other; lives up at Abbotsdale, she does. Conyngslea, sir, you said?"

"That's it. Make that Derby winner of yours do a sprint, and I'll give you an extra half crown."

An extra half sovereign could not have been more effectual. No Irish jarvey on Dublin quay could have made his way in a more reckless manner than that jehu did through the streets of the town and Sir Anthony had not reached Abbotsdale when Bertram Stokes handed his card to a footman at Conyngslea, with the request that it might be taken to Mrs. Renton immediately.

David Renton was with his wife when the servant presented the card. Below the name two words had been scrawled—"Important news"—and her very lips grew white when she read. She told the servant to show Mr. Stokes up, and when he had gone to obey, she put the scrap of pasteboard into her husband's hand.

"I did not tell you, David, but I instituted inquiries myself about Miss Beresford—I asked this man Stokes to try to trace her antecedents," she said. "This is the first I have heard from him since—you see what he says. Stay with me now; I will tell you later why I employed him."

There was no time to ask questions; the last word was barely uttered when the detective was ushered in, smiling, confident, his whole bearing telling of success. Mrs. Renton introduced him to her husband, then sat down and forced herself to keep her composure while he tendered his report.

His first announcement brought surprise, but also keen disappointment. Miss Beresford and her brother were the twin children of Gladys Beresford, a Gaiety actress, who had died in London a short time before they took up their abode at Abbotsdale. He had proved that beyond dispute, he said, and, in view of Mrs. Renton's instructions, he had not gone further into their history—that was the point she had wished to be satisfied regarding.

But he had other news for her—news of the utmost importance. He had traced the woman who stole her child.

"You know where she is?"

It was Mr. Renton who asked the question in a tense voice, after a moment's absolute silence; his wife was incapable of speech.

The detective nodded.

"I can lay my hands upon her within an hour. She is now a widow, Mrs. Dent, and is acting as housekeeper at Abbotsdale."

"At Abbotsdale?"

"She has been there for nearly a year. I was down three days ago and managed to see her, but I had to return to London to get one or two links in the chain of evidence. Everything is complete at last, however, and I have a warrant for her arrest in my pocket. With your consent, I propose to go and execute it now."

"I shall go with you," the millionaire said. "I must see her."

"So must I," said his wife. "I am going, too."

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

4294. A SMART REEFER FOR THE BOY.

The reefer is by far the most comfortable outdoor garment for a boy, a fact of which the young man is keenly aware. No other style of coat is quite so easily slipped on and off, while it makes a smart, mannish appearance which is by no means to be overlooked. The coat illustrated here is one of the new models and has the box shaping which every boy seems to like, while the supply of pockets will meet the most sanguine expectations. It is easy to construct because there are no complications for the embarrassment of the home sewer, and it may be made either from new goods or "made over" from a coat of larger size after the fashion long familiar to economical mothers of growing families. Frieze, cheviot, heavy serge, or any warm worsted is suitable for making. 1¼ yards 54 inches wide being needed for the 8-year size.

4294—9 sizes, 4 to 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address —

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

VOICES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Remarkable Results Claimed By the Inventor of a Wireless Telephone.

Copenhagen, Jan. 13. — The wonderful achievement of Vlademar Poulsen, chronicled in the newspapers of the world a few days ago, of carrying on a conversation by wireless telephony between Lyngby and Weisensee, was the result of years of experimental work. Mr. Poulsen, assisted by a staff of Danish engineers, has been at work for a long time in undertaking to make telephoning by means of his undamped and continuous waves practicable and useful in commercial transactions.

When Mr. Poulsen had about finished his work with the wireless telegraph he had become convinced that the transmission of oral human speech through the air was possible, and at great distances, if he could construct an apparatus for transmission and recording sufficiently strong and powerful. He began experimenting at one of his wireless stations at Lyngby, five miles from Copenhagen, and demonstrated that wireless telephoning could be carried on over considerable distances without losing anything in clearness and distinctness. Having made this demonstration Mr. Poulsen undertook to improve his apparatus, and almost every day increased the length of the line over which he held conversation with his assistants.

Finally, last week he had come to have so much confidence in his system that he undertook the risk of trying to speak at a distance of 250 English miles — that being the distance from Lyngby to Weisensee, near Berlin. When Mr. Poulsen at his station at Lyngby clearly heard the voices of his assistants and understood distinctly all that they were saying to him from their station at Weisensee, he was overjoyed. There was a perfect exchange of conversation between the two stations.

The difference between the sparkling wireless waves and Mr. Poulsen's undamped wireless waves accounts for the great result which Mr. Poulsen has achieved. Mr. Poulsen himself defines the difference as follows:

"The wireless sparks are to be compared to the shell from a big gun. When fired, you get an enormous blow like that caused by an explosion, but the force of this blow is lost after a short time. The undamped waves produce a sort of singing vibration of enormous rapidity, and they go on their way round the globe with the same force as that with which they leave the transmitting apparatus.

"Nothing can stop them, not even the highest mountain. They cannot go through the mountain, but they go singing over it, and then pass along until they reach the receiving apparatus to which they are appointed.

"It will be easier for the waves to cross the Atlantic, and, of course, the North Sea, than to go from Weisensee to Lyngby. The station at Lyngby is unfortunately situated for wireless telephonic conversation, especially with the station at Weisensee, which is also badly situated and equipped."

Valdemar Poulsen, who is only 38 years old, is the son of a judge in the high criminal court of Copenhagen. He is a very modest man, and has not as yet developed any business in his telephonic work. He is a singularly silent man, but when anyone expresses an interest in his work he is willing to explain it to him to the best of his ability, and with a never-failing enthusiasm.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

Cobalt.

Now is the time to get interested, but before doing so it is advisable to personally visit this, the greatest silver mining camp ever discovered, that is so accessible. Do you know that you can take a Pullman on the Grand Trunk "Cobalt Special" from Toronto daily at 9:00 p.m. and reach Cobalt for breakfast 8:55 a.m., have the whole day, visit the town of Haileybury and New Liskeard, and get back to Toronto at 8:00 o'clock the next morning?

Discriptive pamphlet and full information at city office, Clock Corner, or address J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto.

The Norwegian postal authorities have under consideration an application for permission to print advertisements on the back of postage stamps. It is proposed to devote the proceeds to the erection and maintenance of a sanatorium for consumptives.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Buy Table and Fancy Linens Now And Get 1-5 Off Regular Prices

Our Big One-Fifth Off Sale holds sway in our Linen Department, as well as in almost every department in the whole store. Now is certainly THE TIME to buy Linens—and THIS THE STORE. Indeed, we think it advisable to drop a hint to many estimable young ladies and invite them to trunk a goodly share of these lines while the prices are so distinctly favorable. The good housewife will scarcely need a second invitation to replenish her linen closet from our stock when such savings as these are possible:

Dresser and Sideboard Scarfs

Reg.	1-5 Off	Reg.	1-5 Off
25c	20¢	$1.00	80¢
40c	32¢	$1.25	$1.00
50c	40¢	$1.50	$1.20
75c	60¢		

Traycloths

Reg.	1-5 Off	Reg.	1-5 Off
25c	20¢	75c	60¢
35c	28¢	$1.00	80¢
40c	32¢	$1.25	$1.00
45c	36¢	$1.50	$1.20
50c	40¢	$1.75	$1.40

Lunchcloths

Reg.	1-5 Off	Reg.	1-5 Off
25c	20¢	90c	72¢
45c	36¢	$1.00	80¢
50c	40¢	$1.25	$1.00
60c	48¢	$1.50	$1.20
65c	52¢	$1.75	$1.40
75c	60¢	$2.00	$1.60
		$2.25	$1.80

Centerpieces

Reg.	1-5 Off	Reg.	1-5 Off
35c	28¢	$1.15	92¢
75c	60¢	$1.25	$1.00
$1.00	80¢	$1.50	$1.20

Pillow Shams

Reg.	1-5 Off	Reg.	1-5 Off
80c	64¢	$1.50	$1.20
90c	72¢	$2.00	$1.60
$1.00	80¢		

Prices are for pairs

Fancy Towels

Beauties! Satin Damask finish with attractive drawn work designs; fringed. Just the thing for drapes. Regular 75c each, at 1-5 off..... 60¢

1-5 OFF ALL DOILIES.

Unbleached Table Linen

Regular, per yard	25c	40c	50c
1-5 Off, per yard	20¢	32¢	40¢

Bleached Table Linen

Regular, yd., 35, 40, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25

1-5 Off, yard., 28c, 32c, 40c, 60c, 80c, $1.00

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

COPPER IS KING OF WESTERN MINES

The Output of the Big British Columbia Properties During the Year Just Past.

Nelson, B.C., Jan. 12.—On the whole the year just passed has been the most prosperous in the history of mining in the mountain districts of this province. There has been a larger tonnage of ore shipped, approximating 1,600,000 tons, than in any year preceding. A close estimate of the values produced shows an output of $6,125,000 gold, $1,900,000 silver, $3,000,000 lead, $10,000,000 copper, $125,000 zinc, having a total valuation of $21,000,000. The shipping list shows upon it mines whose output has varied from a few tons to 600,000. The principal producers in the copper-gold camps of the Boundary and Rossland have been the Granby, Snowshoe, Rawhide, Brooklyn, Mother Lode, Center Star and the Le Roi. In silver-lead the mine whose product completely overshadows all others is the St. Eugene, although there are numerous properties scattered all over the district whose aggregate tonnage exceeds that of the St. Eugene. Zinc has been confined to two shipments, one from the Kaslo and one from the Slocan camp, the first going to the United States for treatment and the latter to Antwerp. There are also numerous gold properties such as the Eva, Queen, Poorman, Silver Dollar, whose output of gold extracted from gold milling ore has been considerable.

Fluctuations in Prices.

The year has been distinguished by violent fluctuations in the metal market. Copper has varied between 12 1-2 and 23 cents per pound; silver between 52 and 71 cents an ounce; lead between £21 and £13 a long ton. During the time of the high price of metal every mine and every smelter in the district was strained to its utmost, striving to take advantage of the unwontedly favorable conditions. Workmen were at a premium and wages were voluntarily advanced. This all too brief period of prosperity was succeeded by a slump which carried down prices to a point below that of profitable operation with wages at the enhanced figure. In the beginning of September the Hall mines smelter at Nelson closed. In the middle of the month succeeding the Dominion Copper Company's plant at Boundary Falls followed suit. Towards the end of November the big smelters of the Granby and B. C. Coppor Companies did likewise.

Miners Were Sensible.

This left in operation the plants of the Sullivan at Marysville, of the Le Rio at Northport, Wash., and of the Consolidated Company at Trail. The latter two of these plants also would certainly have to close had it not been for the action taken voluntarily by the miners of Rossland, who accepted the previous wage scale. But the prime factor in the situation was the Lemieux act, brought into operation ostensibly by the Consolidated Company and the Noyle miners for the regulation of wages at the St. Eugene camp. But upon the decision arrived at in the case it was well known that the men of Marysville and Slocan and of the Boundary depended. In such a situation the arbitrators deliberated at some length, really having to cover the whole of this upper country to arrive at any conclusion. It may be said now that the decision will set the wheels of industry revolving, for, although it seems here more than likely that the prices of metal will recover but gradually, yet it is now certain that there will be no general stoppage of mining. Thus the prospects here for the year 1908 are good, and its output will exceed that of 1907.

The name of J. S. Sargent, the artist, has been struck off the London municipal voting register on the ground that he is an American and has never been naturalized in England.

COUNT OKUMA MISREPRESENTED

His Actual Utterances About India Were Just Opposite To Those Charged.

Toronto, Jan. 12.—The actual remarks of Count Okuma with reference to Indian self-government were directly contrary to what he was reported to have said, according to a letter just received by Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay, Presbyterian Foreign Mission secretray, from Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, professor in the Doshisha College, Kyoto, Japan, with whom Dr. Mackay had stayed while in that city recently.

Dr. Gulick's letter contains a quotation appearing in the Japan Mail from two speeches delivered by the count recently in which he refers to India. One was that before the Kobe Chamber of Commerce, in which the count was alleged by the North China Daily News, to have uttered sentiments exhorting the Indians to rise against the Britsh Government. No verbatim report was taken of his speech, but the Japan Mail thus gives the substance of that much-talked-of speech:

"I am a well-wisher of India at heart, and I say to the Indians that a country is not ruined by others, but by herself. Rome was ruined by the Romans themselves, not by the Gauls. . . If Indians desire to re-establish their prestige they must first endeavor to improve themselves physically, morally, and intellectually. If they do this I entertain no doubt that the humane British Empire will grant them such a measure of self-government, as England grants to Canada, Australia, and Cape Colony. But if instead of laboring for self-improvement they essay by some heroic means to shake off the foreign yoke I am sure they will bring destruction on themselves and their condition will constantly tend downwards."

The count denies emphatically that he used any such language as is alleged by the North China Daily News. Evidently, says Dr. Gulick, The North China Daily News has been misled by something, as so often happens. The Japanese are frequently, he says, greatly misrepresented by the anti-Japanese foreign press.

NEWSIES MOB POLICE

Three of the Boston Force Roughly Handled by Youthful Strikers.

Boston, Jan. 12.—Three officers were assaulted, stripped of their badges and hats, and one officer and a bystander so badly injured they had to be taken to the Emergency Hospital tonight in an attack made on the police by 200 newsboys in front of the Boston American newspaper offices. Three of the newsboys were placed under arrest, and another disturbance followed at police station, when officers tried to get the arrested youths into the station.

The trouble was an incident in a strike of union newsboys called last Tuesday against a local newspaper, which, it is claimed, has raised the price of the paper to the newsboys.

Since Wednesday the union newsboys have refused to handle the paper. There was little trouble until today, however, when the paper found non-union boys to take out the papers.

The peculiar pranks played by a bolt of lightning on an oak tree attracted hundreds of people recently to Wissahickon avenue, near Lincoln Lake, says the Philadelphia Record. The tree, which was fully 125 feet tall, was struck during an electrical storm recently and was split down a distance of 75 feet, the halves falling in opposite directions. Fifty feet of the upper part was stripped of bark, and a most peculiar thing was that the roots were torn completely out of the ground and hurled a considerable distance, while a circle of bark four feet high was left standing.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

Judge Fines Jurymen for Being Late, But Delayed Court Himself.

Cornwall, Jan. 11.—An incident of the assizes here this week before Judge Anglin was the dismissal of a juryman who awas about ten minutes late in returning from luncheon. He was also reprimanded and fined the amount of his fees as an example to other jurymen.

The Freeholder, commenting on this incident, says: "Perhaps this was all right, but there is another side to the story. The court was advertised to open on Tuesday, and about 100 people one way and another, between jurors, lawyers and witnesses, were here, some of them coming on Monday night so as to be on time. His honor the judge, however, wired the sheriff that he was going through to Montreal, and would not be here until Wednesday at noon, and all the outsiders had to cool their heels around Cornwall for 24 hours, but they had no chance to fine the judge, nor were any comments made as to the cause of the delay.

"This postponement of the opening of the court, and the failure of the judge to arrive on time, is a common occurrence in Cornwall. Some occupants of the bench apparently think the public has no rights that judges are bound to respect."

Mme. Calve will make an effort to secure land and bring a colony of the people of her country to the United States, with the hope of bettering their condition. She will settle them near her home in California.

"I've Had Experience"

"With Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am convinced it is a great medicine,"—this is the substance of 40,366 letters by actual count, received in two years. They tell of cures of all blood diseases, loss of appetite, rheumatism, after-fever weakness, that tired feeling, nervous weakness, dyspepsia, catarrh.

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla the best medicine for rheumatism. Both my husband and myself have tested its value, and we are both perfectly free from pain now." MRS. O. W. POWELL, Cobourg, Ont.

Eczema—"I had eczema and tried everything I heard of, but nothing helped me until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thanks to this medicine, I am now well." GEORGE VANALSTYNE, South Bethlehem, N. Y.

Gives Strength—"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for three years and have always found it a strength-giving medicine." GORDON SAGE, 8 Duke St., Brantford, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

WATCH THE STOMACH.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If you have either variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, choking sensations in the throat, headache and dullness of spirits, constipated bowls with alternate diarrhœa, are you gloomy and miserable?

THEN YOU ARE A DYSPEPTIC.

The cure is careful diet, slow eating, thoroughly chewing the food; avoid drinking at meals.

Keep regular habits, shun stimulants, tone the digestive powers and regulate the stomach and bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. It has cured the worst forms of dyspepsia, even of twenty-five years duration. Mrs. Geo. Parks, Cooper, Ont., was cured; she writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such great relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. It helped me right away and I think it a wonderful remedy. I would recommend it to all sufferers from dyspepsia.

For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.