

WHISKARD'S

THREE BUSY STORES,
228, 230, 232 Dundas Street, London.

Cultivate a Greater Intimacy With This Store.

You will find it to your advantage to do so. It means profit and satisfaction to you. This business requires no fine-strung arguments. It has grown upon merit, and stands upon merit alone. If you see the goods you want, and compare prices, then you will readily understand why the crowds are always here.

OUR RIBBON SALE CONTINUES.

Our Ribbon Counter continues crowded with customers. We are selling you a double-faced Satin Ribbon, worth 12½¢, for 3¢ yard. We offer you a double-faced Satin Ribbon worth 26¢ and 25¢, for 5¢ yard. These Ribbons are going, 5 and 10 yards to a customer; there is no limit.

Millinery Bargains.

The low prices at which we sell Millinery have completely demoralized competition. Everything in Millinery at astonishingly low prices.

Bargains in Flowers and Feathers, Trimmed Hats, Ornaments and Trimmings, Ready-to-Wear and Straw Shapes.

Lace Department.

350 DOZEN of all kinds of Laces. Special purchase, 90¢ on the dollar. Black Silk Spangly, worth 10¢ and 12½¢. They are yours at 5¢ yard. CREAM SILK SPANISH LACE, regular 10¢, 12½¢ yard, only 5¢ yard. Valenciennes Laces, wide and narrow widths, 12½¢, 15¢, 20¢, 25¢, for 12¢ yard.

Apron Muslin

Special line Apron Muslin, four tucks and wide hem, special, 10¢ yard.

These are big opportunities for saving money. Come.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Buy your trunks and bags at manufacturer's prices, and get old ones repaired. Tackberry & Co., Richmond Street.

Notice—We have a large stock of goose feathers on hand, also iron and brass bedsteads, mattresses, woven wire springs, pillows and cushions, at the Feather Bed and Mattress Cleaning Factory, 523 Richmond Street, North End. J. F. Hunt & Sons. Telephone 997.

Diseases of the Kidneys. Dr. Albert Wesley Kahle, Specialist in Diseases of the Kidneys, No. 190 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., will furnish information free regarding his treatment of Bright's Disease, Cystitis and Diabetes upon application, either in person or writing to the above address.

YOU NEED NOT COUGH ALL NIGHT and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you to peruse books, or to read, or to write, or to do anything but rest. The cough is a symptom of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS ALL THE ALKALIS, ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

In Switzerland the people have entered upon effective plans to cheat the avalanche of its prey by breaking it—

A CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. Constipation comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly. This is due to various causes, usually disordered digestion. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

Public automobiles operated in Berlin run at the same tariff as the droshkies, with the difference that the latter are about 75 cents an hour.

There's a Story in Morning Tiredness. A story of poor blood, weakened nerves, of a starved brain. Plenty of food, mind, but perhaps poor blood, and the body is poorly equipped to maintain a vigorous body. Ferrozene quickly makes blood, gives strength to the weakened nerves, the faded feeling that prevents vigorous thought and action. Use Ferrozene. It makes blood and good blood feeds the nerves. Strong and vigorous nerves are just another name for good health. If you seek health, and a relief from the tired morning feeling, use Ferrozene.

Women of the South became, perforce, expert spinners, dressmakers and milliners during the civil war.

Lever's Y-Z (Wet Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant.

The craze for ping-pong has spread so rapidly as almost to surpass every previous record.

IT IS ONLY necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

Drink Grano Cereal Coffee

The Hound of the

Tobaccoes.

By A. C. D.

"Ah, Holmes," said Watson, as he opened the door of the great detective's study and was met by a cloud of stifling smoke. "I perceive that you are engaged in working up a new case. I hope that I am not interrupting."

"Not at all, not at all. Come in," replied Holmes.

Watson recognized the voice, but the form of his friend was shrouded in the smoke that effectively screened him.

"But tell me, how did you know that I was at work, doctor?" he asked. Watson grouped his way sputtering through the room and made for a window.

"Why—why—?" gasped Watson. "One could hardly overstate the fact that you are smoking, and I know that it is your habit to shut yourself up in this damnable way when you wish to concentrate, and puff away at that cursed shut-I-recognize-the-story-brand by the stretch—until you are enveloped. I don't understand how you manage it."

"First rate, a good and logical inference," Watson said. Holmes, heartily, "you are making rapid strides in your mastery of my patent process of inductive inferential ratiocination and I think you may be able to render me some little assistance in a matter I have in hand at the very moment. The clue is this: 'The birds are singing.'"

"What is that you say?" exclaimed Dr. Watson.

"That I must get a sweep to clean this chimney. I have been trying to light a fire in the hearth for above an hour."

"And do you mean to say that that is where the smoke comes from and that you have not been smoking at all?"

"Not to my knowledge, and I think I should have known it if I had," replied Sherlock in his calm, even, imperturbable manner.

"And here I have been congratulating myself on your compliments. You have struck a terrible blow at my vanity."

"No, at all, my dear Watson," said the detective, as he arose from his kneeling posture before the fireplace. The draught from the window had cleared out the smoke and Watson observed the tall, gaunt form of his friend, who was clad, as usual, in his tourist cap and velvet house jacket. Threads and wisps of smoke curled about him like clouds of mystery.

He was indeed a mountain, an intellectual mountain, and Watson made a mental memorandum of the poetic figure for future use.

"You have unwittingly done me a great service," Holmes continued, "and it was that to which I referred in what you are pleased to term my 'patent process of inductive inferential ratiocination.'"

"Holmes picked up his violin, placed it lovingly under his chin, and for a moment lost himself in the music he conjured from it by drawing across its strings a stick of hickory from the waste basket. Music was one of Holmes' eccentricities. He was exceedingly fond of it and found his chief relaxation in practicing it on a variety of instruments, many of which he had ingeniously constructed for himself from such odds and ends as the lard can and bits of gas-pipe. He could get as much music from a string of wire as many men could get from a whole cord mattress.

"You have recalled to my mind," said Holmes, "that I have not yet told you that I am still dead and that if I expect to get back again before the public I must find some way to make a sensational reappearance."

"I have generally left the details of publicity to you, my dear Watson, but now I have an idea myself, and it was the sight of you that gave me the clue to the situation."

"Watson," said Holmes, "you call yourself my friend, yet you have never done better by me than a measly short story. I know, but think of the advantages."

"I know," replied Holmes, waving his hand deprecatingly, "but I come back to it in a real novel."

"Have you thought of the plot?" "I got it this morning from the Times. There was an article about a certain family down in Devon which tradition says is pursued by a phantom hound. The late holder of the Tolvish title died a victim to the delusion."

"I thought you didn't place much stock in superstitions?" "Not in my own, but a great deal in other people's."

"So you propose—"

"To work the hell-hound racket for all it is worth so that you can write it up. There's no harm in that, and the estate. We must make him believe in the family story. Then we must get him chased by a real dog. My neighbor's dog will do at night when the estate is quiet, and I'll fix it with phosphorescence. That will implicate the dog's owner and we can reveal a real murder plot when we prove that the dog is no phantom, but a real one."

Watson could not control his admiration. In response to his unspoken look of wonder Holmes continued: "I shall have to count a lot upon you to arrange the petty details. You must have a lot of them—half a dozen messenger boys, a score of telegrams, trains back and forth between London and Devon, the inevitable telegraphic lady with a shady past, some well selected household servants, very suspicious and at least one escaped convict. I am glad the country is picturesque, because description will count a great deal in this adventure. Remember Watson, stretch it out. It is going to be a novel this time. Stay at the end, it will be a hard task, but I think we can manage it. This is the best yet! Hal! At last I have a foreigner worthy of my steel."

This was a long speech for Holmes and Watson felt the spell of his friend's enthusiasm take possession of him.

"When shall we start in?" he asked.

"At once," said Holmes.

"Very well. I'm off to arrange the royalties."

"And I'm off for Devon. Meet me on the moor!" And they parted—New York Sun.

Eighteen knots an hour was the speed attained recently during the trial trip of the new Anchor Line Columbia, the largest vessel ever built for the Glasgow and New York service.

A witch doll, used by girls to recover or punish wayward lovers, has been discovered in Hungary by Franz von Gabney, the noted ethnologist, and by him presented to the National Museum of that country.

CAUSE OF SPRING'S CHARM

The Love Element is Supreme in Nature's Domain.

Man Seems the Farthest From God's Great Purpose.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

Are you realizing the beauty of this season? And do you know what causes its charms?

"Spring," you say—"the return of warm weather."

But that is not Spring. It is the expression of the love element in nature.

Just as the human heart feels its first timorous stir when it awakens to the consciousness of a wonderful new experience, so the earth is thrilled and roused from its winter torpor by the approach of the sun at this season.

As far back as the first warm days in February, Nature's love impulses began to awaken. The river, the wood, the sprouts hidden under the sod, the animal realm, all responded to this subtle, inexplicable emotion.

And now everywhere, in the forest, in the sea, in the bird and animal and vegetable kingdom, is the great love anthem going forth. It is not fall to the things—the God of Love.

The songs of the birds are delicious with joy—the ecstasy of moving and mating and home-building is in every thrush's throat.

The voices of the turtles and the insects speak the same language—and every unfolding leaf and blade of grass repeats the story.

And you, men and women, what is the language of your hearts these beautiful days?

Are you saying to your casual friends, "Fine weather this—a lovely season of the year"—and then are you entering your homes with fault-finding and irritable words because you are annoyed over some trivial matter?

And here I have been congratulating myself on your compliments. You have struck a terrible blow at my vanity."

Is there one impulse of greater love for God or humanity, or for your own dear ones at this love-begging season of the year than you felt in the bleak, chilly winter days?

If not, you are out of tune with all Nature.

Sometimes I think we are the farthest away from God's great purposes—men and women—of all creatures.

Three journeys we excrete daily recently from the town to the country. I left behind me in the city people who were hurrying to market, office and shop with strained, worried faces.

A woman complained of the ingratitude and inefficiency of her servants; another was angry at her dressmaker, and a third face aged as she talked of her troubles.

A man was scolding his office boy, another was cursing trusts and millionaires, and still another complaining of his young wife's every insect and animal seemed expanding and exulting and glorying in the sunshine.

Two cows were washing each other's faces in a pond of a tree, and the kittens were scampering after one another in graceful sport; birds were cooling over their nest-building, and a young vine was reaching out and clasping the limbs of a tree, as if so full of life and love it longed to lend its greenness to its barren neighbor.

Everything spoke of affection and joy and good-will. I felt a country hamlet. I listened to the talk of men and women and children—and what did I hear? Gossip—scandal—criticism—jealous backbiting.

A man declared his neighbor was mean and underhanded. Still another neighbor was dishonest and needed watching. The wife of a third dressed

DO YOU FEEL SEEDY?

If You Are Nervous, Depressed, Sleepless, and Suffer From Sick Stomach, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, You Need a Good Tonic Like Ferrozene to Build Up the System.

Thousands are in this dreadful condition, only half alive, unable to stand the strain of work and worry. There is no more help for them in trying to be comfortable with the idea that it will pass off, and that you are going to be better soon. Unless the system is cleansed of its impurities that poison the blood, you will never be better.

The best remedy is Ferrozene. It achieves marvelous results in chronic wasting diseases, nervous prostration, and in its place a rebuilding of the whole system takes place.

Diseased conditions cannot exist where Ferrozene is used. It attacks disease at its very foundation, and by keeping the body well nourished and supplied with strong blood and a powerful nervous organization prevents and keeps away all manner of sickness.

There is no blood builder, nerve tonic and strength producer like Ferrozene, and few people are so well but they could derive great benefit from its use. It is valuable in Nervous Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, and in its preparation in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, and is both pleasant and convenient to use.

Ferozene produces that high standard of health so much desired by everyone. It brings back the rosy tint to the pale cheeks of the Anæmic girls and women. It puts grace and elasticity into their movements, gives lustre and brightness to the eye, and symmetry and roundness to the form. It gives a new strength and energy with which to pursue his daily toil, and can be relied upon at all times to benefit and give perfect satisfaction.

You can't invest half a dollar to better advantage than in a box of Ferrozene. Your druggist has it, or it will be mailed to your address at once if forwarded to N. C. Folson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

VETERINARY SURGEONS. J. H. TENNANT, VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, 17 King Street. Residence, 107 King Street. Specialties: Treatment of dogs, cats, etc. Phone 271 and 282.

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too well for her station, and he doubted her respectability.

I heard a husband speak to his wife, the mother of his child, in a brutal tone, using brutal words. I heard the wife answer angrily, and there was hatred in the faces of both.

Even little children, coming home from school, were criticizing and tearing to pieces their playmates. A merchant was using all his mental powers trying to hinder another merchant from making an honest living.

A woman was giving what she called "a piece of her mind" regarding her associates.

And all the time, Nature was sending up her great palpitating love anthem—thank God I had ears to hear it and that it drowned out the discord of miserable humanity—as I turned away and looked up at the trees and skies and even down at the insects by the roadside.

O, People! People! Why are you wasting this beautiful life—missing this beautiful world—and throwing away your opportunities for happiness? Life was made for loving, and only loving pays.

Unless you are loving—and saying so—you are not living.

There are so many ways to love—so much loving, if you look for it. Look in your own heart first—find the little germ of love God plants in every soul—dig about it, water it, and feed it, until you make yourself worthy of being a part of loving, reverent Nature's Plan.

No matter if you have guided armies, or painted masterpieces, or written epics, or made billions of money, your heart is not full of love and tenderness these days, you are not fit to be reckoned by the humblest spear of grass that looks up in the sunshine and rejoices.

A TRIED TREATMENT FOR CANCER.

A Remedy That Has Stood the Test of Years and Has Hundreds of Canadian Cures to Its Credit.

Cancer is too serious a disease for any patient to experiment with untried or unknown remedies. People here in Canada who are afflicted with cancer, like to hear of some reputable fellow-citizens who have been cured, before submitting themselves to treatment or throwing their money away on useless cancer cures, so called.

Our Constitutional treatment for cancer has been before the Canadian public for years. It has cured hundreds of people of cancer without the necessity of operation. Reports of some of those cases are contained in our book, "Cancer, Its Cause and Cure," which will be sent to any one on receipt of 2 stamps.

A. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

By the use of the electric current a passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road was recently made to take its own photograph while going at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

The Kidneys and the Skin. In the spring the kidneys have much to do. If they are weak or torpid, they will not do it well, and the skin will be pimply or blotchy. It is telling the story in a few words.

Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and stimulates the kidneys, cures and prevents pimples, blotches and all cutaneous eruptions.

As if so full of life and love it longed to lend its greenness to its barren neighbor.

Everything spoke of affection and joy and good-will. I felt a country hamlet. I listened to the talk of men and women and children—and what did I hear? Gossip—scandal—criticism—jealous backbiting.

A man declared his neighbor was mean and underhanded. Still another neighbor was dishonest and needed watching. The wife of a third dressed

CURSE OF DRINK

Cured by COLONIAL REMEDY. Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

Colonial Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a drunkard, a tippler, a social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using Colonial Remedy.

Indorsed by Members of W. C. T. U. in United States.

Mrs. Moore, Superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, Cal., writes: "I have tested Colonial Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly, and the patient was cured and in no case did the patient know of its use. Members of our Union are delighted to find a practical and economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Mrs. A. M. Townsend (for years secretary of the W. C. T. U., Boston, Mass., states: "I know of so many people redeemed from the curse of drink by the use of Colonial Remedy, that I earnestly request you to give it a trial."

Sold by druggists everywhere, and by mail. Price, \$1. Trial package free by writing or calling on Mrs. M. A. Cowan (for years member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union), 234 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Quebec. Sold in London by W. T. Strong & Co.

LIVERY STABLES. LULLEY'S LIVERY—NO. 63 DUNDAS STREET, East London, Ont. Telephone 696.

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