The Finest

Of All English Breakfast Teas.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Pure. Delicious. Economical. Lead packets only. Never sold in bulk. For sale by all grocers.

25c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

The

Wooing of Nell.

Sir Neville laid down the pen which he had been holding, clasped his hands, and looked over his writing-table at her with an air of exasperation.

"Now, my dear girl, why on earth didn't you tell the coroner that?"

"I couldn't have told him that, in my answers to their questions," answered Nell earnestly. "Don't you remember that all they asked me was whether I had been outside the house, not whether I had heard anybody else go in or out?"

Sir Neville did remember. He asked one more question.

"I have heard a report that a canvas bag containing money collected for the shipwrecked sailors on the night before your uncle went out of his mind, was found in your room? Is that true?"

"No, sir. Meg, my uncle's servant, and I found it on the mat at the foot of the stairs. And that is really all I have to tell, sir," said Nell, with an air of relief at having finished the odious recital.

"Well, that is enough for our purpose, fortunately," said Sir Neville, as he rose to ring the bell. "And now, you must come into the drawing room, and let Lady Neville give you a glass of wine. You are a little bit of a heroine, although you have certainly not done much to facilitate the course of justice," he wound up with a dignified shake of the head.

But Nell refused to be shown off in the drawing-room, even refused to have a glass of wine or a cup of tea brought to her in the study before she went. She was white, trembling, miserable. But she felt that she wanted to be alone, to cry her eyes out, at the terrible fact that she had been forced at last to assist the justice which she would have diverted from the criminal if she could. One question, however, she had to put in her turn before she left the presence of the magistrate.

"They will bring it in that she is mad, of course, will they not?" she asked anxiously, but with an attempt to appear quite sure of his answer.

Sir Neville's answer was not reassuring, and the look which accompanied it was less so.

"That is a matter for after consideration."

Nell walked to the door with staggering feet. Miss Theodora a murderess! In danger of penal servitude, if not of hanging! The thought was too overwhelmingly horrible.

Nell tottered to the cab, and was driven back to her lodging at Countstairs in an almost fainting condition, a few minutes before the police sergeant who had been her escort started for Shingle End with a warrant for Miss Bostal's apprehension.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The police sergeant having brought to Shingle End the warrant for Miss Bostal's arrest, had not, so far, had an opportunity of showing it to the colonel. Now, however, that the lady had disappeared, and it had become necessary to search the place more thoroughly, the sergeant respectfully turned to the old gentleman, to inform the latter of the authority by which he acted.

Col. Bostal, divining the man's intention, made a gesture of horror, and without staying either to hear the man's explanation, or to look at the warrant, retreated hastily into the house.

Clifford, however, caught sight of the paper in the officer's hands, and something of the truth was suddenly revealed to him. It flashed upon him so abruptly, this knowledge, that the shock turned him sick and giddy. It was some moments before he could ask, in a hoarse and tremulous voice:

"Is that a warrant?"

"Yes, sir."

"For whom?"

"Miss Bostal."

And the policeman continued his search about the garden and the house for the lady who had so mysteriously disappeared.

"Then is it—Miss Bostal—whom George Claris wants to see?"

The innkeeper, who had now subsided into a stolid silence and tranquillity, was watching the front door of the house. It was Hemming who answered—

"Yes, sir. He's not quite himself yet, but he's not too far off it to have been of use to us. We've had him under our eyes these last few days, and whenever he gets the chance he makes straight for this house, and clamors to see the woman who robbed him. So we brought him with us tonight to confront her. She wouldn't give us a chance till she got the warrant."

"She doesn't seem to mean to give you a chance now," said Clifford.

Hemming affected to think that her capture was only a matter of minutes, as he kept to his post, watching the front of the house while the policeman searched the premises at the back. But he hardly looked so confident as might have been expected from his words.

Indeed he had cause for uneasiness. It was he who had first conceived suspicion of Miss Theodora, and working with the local police, it had taken all the ingenuity of which he was master, to get together enough evidence against her to justify them in asking for a warrant. The sight of an old scar on one of her little hands, on the occasion of one of his visits to Shingle End, had suggested to him that she might have been the woman whose hand he had burned with the fuse at the inn.

But it had been a long time before he could make out a case, not, indeed, until he had thought of using the now half-witted George Claris, whom he had got out of the hands of simple Nell, under a promise, which had been faithfully kept, that he should be well taken care of, and that he should return to her very shortly. Even then the difficulty in the way of the police had been great. At first Claris was sullen and taciturn. No questions would obtain from him a clear answer as to the events of the night which had turned his brain. It was not until that very afternoon that he had accused Miss Bostal by name of the thefts, and thus furnished the police with enough data for further proceedings.

Clifford listened in dumb bewilderment.

"What can she have done it for?"

"What can she have done it for? Is she mad?" asked he presently.

Hemming shrugged his shoulders.

"Doesn't look much like madness to have shot the man who was going to inform against her!" said he dryly.

"Good gracious! Then you think she—"

It was hardly conceivable to him even yet that the prim, rigorous, little old maid, who had been so much shocked at his walking along a country road on Sunday in a light suit, could have been guilty of th esystematic crimes now laid to her charge. In the silence which followed his words, one of the Stroan policemen came up.

"She's got away," said he, in a low voice. "We've hunted all over the place. There's no way by which she could have got back into the house."

"How could she have got far with that short start of you?" asked Hemming, incredulously.

"I don't know. But she's done it. I'm going to search the house, so keep your eyes open."

The front door had been left open by the colonel, whom the sergeant found in the dining-room, sitting with head bent, over the dying embers of the fire. The man felt sorry for him, and spoke in a subdued voice.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I shall have to search the house again."

The old man acquiesced by a nod, and the officer withdrew. From the ground floor to the first floor, from the first floor to the attics, he hunted in every corner. Hardly in vain. For although he did not find Miss Bostal, he found evidences enough of her predatory habits to convince any jury of her guilt of the minor crime of theft at least.

Under the boards of the attics, sawn up in the mattress of the lady's own bed, hidden away in holes of the disused chimneys, the officer found a hoard as varied as it was incriminating. Money, in notes, and silver, and gold; jewelry, of little value for the most part, and apparently taken new from shops; half a dozen men's watches, pencil cases, pieces of stuff, scraps of lace, card cases, silver spoons and forks—these were a part only of what he found.

Covered with the dust of years, most of them were; the gold and silver tarnished and discolored with age and damp. On the whole, a fine collection, and amounting in value to some hundreds of pounds.

Nothing less than a sheet was of any use to hold the collection; and even when the sergeant made his way down the stairs with a huge bundle on his back, he felt by no means certain that there was not more behind.

A bent figure stood in front of him at the opening of the dining-room door.

"Am I under arrest, too?" asked the colonel in tranquil tones.

"No, sir; but we've got to watch the house."

"What have you got there?"

The policeman, by the dim light in the passage, displayed his find in silence. In silence also the colonel looked, and immediately withdrew into the room. The sergeant left the house, and met Clifford on the little path leading to the gate; he jerked his head back in the direction of the house.

"Sorry for the old gentleman!" said he in a low voice. "It's about broke him up, has this. He's moping there, all by himself."

"I'll go and sit with him, if he'll have me," said Clifford, who was remorseful, knowing that he had had suspicions of the father, and not of the daughter.

"Do, sir," said the sergeant, who wanted a watch kept on Miss Bostal's father, and was quite willing that it should be a friendly one.

To be Continued.

A Point to Remember.

If you wish to purify your blood you should take a medicine which cures blood diseases. The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this is the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases, and it is the medicine for you to take if your blood is impure.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents. x

Mrs. Q. Riosity—Do you know those children, Ebenezer and Florence, next door? Mrs. C. Coast—Oh, yes. Ebb and Flow have been running in and out here for some time.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public confidence.

"Why is it," shrieked the reform orator, "that the moral elements of the community cannot stand shoulder to shoulder as the forces of sin do?" "Coz there won't none of 'em admit anybody else is right," explained the man in the red necktie who had been regarded with suspicion ever since he entered the hall.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain, or soreness of the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A Contented Family.....

Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters will enjoy their breakfast if they have

RALSTON

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Pancake Flour

If you wish to enjoy pancakes without suffering from indigestion try Ralston's formula. We have the freshest and best.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.,

189 DUNDAS STREET.

Wings! Wings!

Lesson Drawn From Isaiah's Vision of the Seraphim.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Christian Humility, Activity and Reverence

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28.—Dr. Talmage's subject was "Wings of Seraphim," and the text Isaiah, 6, ii.: "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity. Theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he had a dream—a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar, or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners, because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides his feet. "With twain he did cover his feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then, as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. How many missteps they have taken, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me what steps it hath gone, down what declivities, and in what roads, and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as today. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though 50 George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In the one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one, and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves, body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping.

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity, however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Another seraphic posture in the text: The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraphs' wings, they may not be like bird's wings, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings, as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in his wings." "Under the shadow of his wings." "Under whose wings hast thou come to trust." The soul with folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now! Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem, which we sometimes sing:

"Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings."

I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, where he says:

"I mount, I fly,
O, Death, where is thy victory?"

You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon, nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

O, people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead, people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather, standing there, may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the moulting of the faded and the useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life, and your happiness in death: "With twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings, wings, wings!

THEIR FAMILY MEDICINE

So Say Thousands Concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. John Wood, of Notre Dame, N. B., Says They Restored Her to Health and Strength After Other Medicines Had Failed.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review

In the village of Notre Dame, N. B., live Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, respected by all who know them. Mrs. Wood had gone through a trying illness from which she is now happily recovered, and this recovery created, so much comment that your correspondent called upon the lady with a view to getting the facts for publication. The reporter was cordially welcomed and was told by Mrs. Wood that she had no objection to making a statement for publication if it were likely to benefit anyone else. She then gave the following particulars of her illness and cure. "For some time previous to February, 1896," said Mrs. Wood, "I had been feeling unwell and from that time out my health seemed to be going from bad to worse. I suppose the words general debility would best characterize my condition. I was weak, my blood seemed as thin as water. I felt continually drowsy, and yet could not get sound, refreshing sleep. My appetite was poor, and I had no relish for food. I was reduced in flesh, and yet my limbs were bloated and swollen, and I was told that I had dropsy, but really I cannot say if this was the case. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good, and I almost felt like giving up in despair. One of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began using them in the early spring. It did not take very long to see that I had at last found a medicine that would cure me if anything could, for after taking a couple of boxes I felt both better in health and spirits than I had done for some months. From this out I gained strength continually. My flesh became sound and healthy, the bloating left me, my weight increased, and I soon found myself restored from the position of an unfortunate invalid to a strong and healthy person. I can say nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I strongly recommend them to all who may be suffering." Mr. Wood indorsed what his wife said, and added that Pink Pills would hereafter be their family medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system, and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, saying that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

London West Council.

City Fire Brigade Granted $35 for Valuable Services.

Clerk Simpson's First Absence—Separate School Taxes Not Yet Paid to the City Board.

Clerk Simpson was the only official absent from the regular monthly meeting of London West's village fathers. He has not been away from his post since his appointment, and absented himself last night to attend the Masonic "At Home."

Reeve Saunby brought up the matter of a grant to the city firemen for the valuable services they rendered at the recent fire in Gurd's and Finnigan's store. He thought they should receive $25 at least, because they had saved the whole block, which must have been destroyed, had it not been for their timely arrival.

Deputy Reeve Collins said the village should have some fire protection of its own, if the city at any time should see fit, through shortage of water, to prohibit its use for occasions of this kind, the village would be in a critical predicament. The services rendered at the recent fire had been most valuable, and he would favor giving them all the village could afford. It did not go to the men individually, but was placed to the credit of their benefit fund. He moved that they be granted $35.

The clerk was instructed to give an order on the treasurer for this amount.

The treasurer's report for the past month was submitted as follows:

Cash—	
Balance on hand, Feb. 1	$381 01
Taxes received	170 13
Total	$551 14
Contra—	
School account	$225 00
Street lighting	71 64
Other accounts	71 85
Total	$368 49

Balance on hand, $182 65, less $27 83, carried to the credit of sinking fund.

Collector Campbell submitted his report, showing that the balance on hand, taxes collected during the month, amounted to $162 63. He had paid out $170 80—over $8 more than had been paid him.

M. O'Sullivan, secretary-treasurer of the London separate school board, notified the council that the taxes due from the municipality for 1896 had not been paid. These taxes, according to the statute, are due on Dec. 14, and if not paid after a reasonable lapse of time, the board will take legal means to recover the amount.

Councilor Hamilton thought the only thing to do was to pay as soon as possible.

If the fund will not allow it now, it will be paid as soon as the treasury had been reimbursed.

The report of the finance committee recommended the adoption of the recommendations made by the auditors at the last meeting of the council.

Councilor Duff said one suggestion had been left to the chairman of the committee—that regarding the fixing up of the treasurer's book. Personally, he did not feel justified in taking any responsibility in the matter, by paying an expert $25 per week to do it.

A motion was made by Deputy Reeve Collins that the clerk be instructed to procure copies of the bylaws, under which all the debentures were issued, and the amount of taxes paid to the country treasurer, and the dates of payment, for the purpose of getting things into shape. This passed.

Councilor Duff reported progress re the cost and amount of repairs to the breakwater since its building.

Thomas Roder appealed against payment of dog tax. He did not own a dog, and the amount was struck off.

CANADA'S MINES.

Latest Gossip From the British Columbia Region.

Seattle, March 3.—The Seattle group on Kettle River, Boundary Creek, is making a fine showing of ore in the tunnels that are now being driven on its 300-foot ledge. This ledge is traced through four claims, which give it a length of 6,000 feet, and it is credited with average assays across the full width of $8 gold, 15 per cent copper, and 5 ounces silver.

The Smuggler Company, of Fairview, has ordered a ten-stamp mill.

During the first two weeks of last month $340,000 worth of ore and copper matte was entered for export to the United States at Nelson, on the Columbia River. Most of it was from the mines and smelters of Southern Kootenay. During the same period several large shipments were made by way of Revelstoke.

At the Le Roi mine there has been no cessation of work, and the output still averages 150 tons a day. Since the mine was opened 93,650 tons of ore have been taken out.

The smelters at Trail and Nelson are running to their full capacity, while large consignments of ore are being made daily to smelters in the United States.

A new and promising district has been opened up at Powell Lake, where a ledge fully 100 feet wide has been discovered that gives average assays of from $6 to $10 gold. Five claims have been located on this ledge by Nanaimo miners, and the ledge is still traceable beyond these locations.

The Van Anda mine on Texada Island, which opened as a prospect a year ago, is at present producing 20 tons of first-class gold-copper per day, and is making regular shipments of ore that gives average returns of $50.

The Cinnabar mines near Savonas, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, are developed to the extent of producing 125 tons daily, and the smelter for the reduction of the ore is nearing completion. There is a good local market in the province for nearly the entire output of this plant.

Wrapper Competition for every month of the year 1897

$1,625. GIVEN AWAY EACH MONTH. In Bicycles & Watches. FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

For full particulars see advts. or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD. 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Monday's Advertiser editorials, re the new License Bill, were quite as disappointing as the bill itself; and remembering your years of temperance advocacy, I can but conclude that you have not "studied out" the proposed legislation, else your criticisms would have fallen on other shoulders than those of the temperance people. I have not the time, or you the space to grant, in which to review the present situation, growing out of the plebiscite of 1893. But to show that the bill now before the House is denounced by others than "ultra Conservatives," let me say that the conference, held on Friday in Toronto, was called by the Provincial Alliance, a body whose Government leanings have never been questioned; and that this gathering, with unanimity, pronounced the proposed legislation "a retrograde movement," "an insult to the temperance people," etc. It is quite amusing to think of such prominent and life-time Reformers as Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., president, and Mr. F. S. Spence, secretary of the Alliance, being termed "ultra Conservatives"! Yet these gentlemen, with a dozen other prominent Alliance workers, whose loyalty to "the party" has been matter for adverse comment by Independents, were foremost in denouncing the measure now pending as "no response to the Government pledges," and "utterly unsatisfactory." Mr. Maclaren was the Government lawyer in the Privy Council case, therefore his pronouncements may certainly be considered of some weight by the country at large; and almost the last thing he did was to urge upon us the holding of protest meetings, that the Government might see, before too late, the people's indignation.

MAY R. THORNLEY.

Heart Disease Relieved in Thirty Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in the Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. This is the only remedy known to the medical world that will relieve in a few moments and cure absolutely. The ingredients of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither it nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

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RUNIANS & BUTLER.

With an army of help during the last three weeks, working night and day, we are at last in shape.

We have not time to enumerate the different departments in this issue, but simply say you'll find spring suggestions and bargain suggestions all over the big store.

You'll see the newest manufactures from the best looms in the world.

The latest ideas in all kinds of merchandise will be placed before you at most tempting prices.

Wander where you will and examine the different stocks, and you'll be sure to find bargains and something to please and satisfy you.

Runians & Butler

Everything in Furniture!

Cheap, Medium, High Grade.

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We respectfully solicit the inspection of intending buyers Our goods are all right, so are our prices.

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WHIP FROM JUMPING OUT OF SOCKET. WEARING OUT AT SOCKET. RATTLING IN THE SOCKET. BEING STOLEN FROM SOCKET.

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