

STRAIGHT TIPS.



The Brownies have struck the attitude which portrays to perfection the quality and price of our goods. The quality is up to the top notch, and the price is down to the lowest notch, consistent with good goods. See the bargains we are offering in Wall Paper, Window Shades, Picture Frames, etc.

E. N. HUNT
120 Dundas Street, W.

LOVE AND LUCRE

When he spoke to Cheditafa on the subject, the negro told him that after the little ship came in from one of its voyages, he and his companions had always carried the mast, sails and a lot of other things up to the camp, but there was nothing of the sort there now. Every spear and sail must have been carried out to sea by the flood; for if they had been left on the shores of the stream, the captain would have seen them.

This was hard news for Capt. Horn. If the Rackbirds' vessel had been in sailing condition, everything would have been very simple and easy for him. He could have taken on board not only his own party, but a large portion of the treasure, and could have sailed away as free as a bird without reference to the return of Rynders and his men. A note tied to a pole set up in a conspicuous place on the beach would have informed Mr. Rynders of their escape from the place, and it was not likely that any of the party would have thought it worth while to go further on shore. But it was of no use to think of getting away in this vessel. In its present condition it was absolutely useless.

While the captain had been thinking and considering the matter, Cheditafa had been wandering about the coast exploring. Presently Capt. Horn saw him running toward him accompanied by the two other negroes.

"No other boat over there," cried Cheditafa, as the captain approached him; "no other boat, but badder than this. No good. Cook with it; that's all."

The captain followed Cheditafa across the little stream and a hundred yards or so along the shore, and over a low sand mound, he saw a quantity of wood all broken into small pieces and apparently prepared, as Cheditafa had suggested, for cooking-fires. It was also easy to see that these pieces of wood had once been part of a boat, perhaps of a wreck thrown up on the shore. The captain approached the pile of wood and picked up some of the pieces. As he held in his hand a bit of gunwale, not more than a foot in length, his eyes began to glisten and his breath came quickly. Hastily pulling out several pieces from the pile of debris, he examined them thoroughly. Then he stepped back, and let the piece of rudder he was holding drop to the sand.

"Cheditafa," said he, speaking huskily, "this is a piece of the boat in which Rynders and the men set out."

The negro looked at the expression on his face. For a moment he did not speak, and then in a trembling voice he asked: "Where all them now?"

The captain shook his head, but said nothing. That pile of fragments was telling him a tale which gradually became plainer and plainer to him, and which he believed as if Rynders himself had been telling it to him. His ship's boat with its eight occupants had never gone further south than the mouth of the little stream. That they had been driven on shore by the stress of weather the captain did not believe. There had been no high winds or storms since their departure. Most likely they had been lured to land by seeing some of the Rackbirds on shore, and they had naturally rowed into the little cove, for assistance from their fellow-beings was what they were in search of. But no matter how they happened to land, the Rackbirds would never let them go away again to carry the news of the whereabouts of their camp. Almost unarmed, these sailors must have fallen easy victims to the Rackbirds.

It was not unlikely that the men had been shot down from ambush without having had any intercourse or conversation with the cruel monsters to whom they had come to seek relief, for had there been any talk between them, Rynders would have told of his companions left on shore, and these would have been speedily visited by the desperadoes. For the destruction of the boat there was reason enough—the captain of the Rackbirds gave his men no chance to get away from him. With a heart of lead, Capt. Horn turned to look at his negro companions, and saw them all sitting together on the sands, chattering earnestly, and holding up their hands with one or more fingers extended as if they were counting. Cheditafa came forward.

"When all your men go away from you," he asked.

The captain reflected a moment, and

then answered: "About two weeks ago."

"That's right! That's right!" exclaimed the negro, nodding violently as he spoke. "We talk about that. We count days. It's just ten days and three days and Rackbirds go away and leave us high upon rock-hole with no ladder. After a while we hear guns, guns, guns. Long time shooting. When they come back, it almost dark, and they want supper bad. All time they eat supper they talk about shooting sharks. Shot lots sharks, and chuck them into the water. Sharks in water already before they is shot. We say then it no been—"

The captain turned away; he did not want to hear any more. There was no possible escape from the belief that Rynders and all his men had been shot down and robbed, if they had anything worth taking, and then their bodies carried out to sea, most likely in their own boat, and thrown overboard.

There was nothing more at this dreadful place that Capt. Horn wished to see, to consider, or to do, and calling the negroes to follow him, he set out on his return.

During the dreary walk along the beach the captain's depression of spirits was increased by the recollection of his thoughts about the sailors and the treasure. He had hoped that these men would not come back in time to interfere with his disposal, in his own way, of the gold he had found. They would not come back now, but the thought did not lighten his heart. But before he reached the cove, he had determined to throw off the gloom and sadness which had come upon him. Under the circumstances grief for what had happened was out of place; he must keep up a good heart, and help his companions keep up good hearts. Now he must do something, and like a soldier in battle, he must not think of the comrades who had fallen beside him, but of the enemy in front of him. When he reached the cove he found supper ready, and that evening he said nothing to his companions of the important discoveries he had made, contenting himself with a general statement of the proofs that the Rackbirds and their camp had been utterly destroyed by the flood.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Capt. Horn arose with a plan of action in his mind, and he was now ready, not only to tell the two ladies and Ralph everything he had discovered, but also what he was going to do. The announcement of the almost certain fate of Rynders and his men filled his hearers with horror, and the statement of the captain's plans did not tend to raise their spirits.

"You see," said he, "there is nothing now for us to wait for here. As being taken off by a passing vessel, there is no chance of that whatever. We have gone over that matter before. Nor can we get away overland, for some of us would die on the way. A little boat down there, we can't all go to sea in her, but in it I must go out and seek for help."

"And leave us here?" cried Mrs. Cliff. "Do not think of that, captain. Whatever happens, let us all keep together." "That cannot be," he said. "I must go because I am the only seaman among you, and I will take four of those black fellows with me. I do not apprehend any danger unless we have to make a surf landing, and even then I am very well able to take care of myself in the water. I shall sail down the coast until I come to a port, and there put out to sea in a vessel of some sort and come back for you. I shall leave with you two of those negroes—Cheditafa, who seems to be a highly respectable old person, and can speak English, and Mok, who, although he can't talk to you, can understand a great deal that is said to him. Apart from his being such an abject coward, he seems to be a good, quiet fellow, willing to do what he is told. On the whole, I think he has the best disposition of the four black dummies, begging their pardons. I will take the three others, with Moka as head man and interpreter. If I should be cast on shore by a storm, I can swim through the surf to the dry land, but I could not undertake to save anyone else. If this misfortune should happen, we could make our way on foot down the coast."

"But suppose you should meet some Rackbirds?" cried Ralph.

"I have no fear of that," answered the captain. "I do not believe there is another set of such scoundrels on this hemisphere. So, as soon as I can get that boat in order and rig up a mast and a sail for her, I shall provision her well and set out. Of course, I do not want to leave you all here, but there is no help for it, and I don't believe you need have the slightest fear of harm. Later we will plan what is to be done by you and by me, and get everything clear and straight. The first thing is to get the boat ready, and I shall go to work on that today. I will also take some of the negroes down to the Rackbirds' camp and bring away more stores."

"Oh, let me go," cried Ralph. "It is the quietest thing in the world to keep me cooped up here. I never go anywhere and never do anything."

But the captain shook his head. "I am sorry, my boy," said he, "to keep you back so much, but it cannot be helped. When I go away, I shall make it a positive condition that you do not leave your sister and Mrs. Cliff, and I do not want you to begin now." A half-hour afterward, when the captain and his party had set out, Ralph came to his sister and set down by her.

(To be Continued.)

Hints to Housekeepers.

DAILY BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST—Oranges. Graham Mush. Pig's Feet in Batter. Baked Potatoes. Toast. Cornmeal Griddle Cakes. Maple Syrup. Coffee.

DINNER—Baked Mutton. Potato Salad. Canned Peas. Steamed Rice. Tomato Pickles. Spiced Currants. Bread and Butter. Canned Pineapple. Roll Jelly Cake.

SUPPER—Oyster Stew. Crackers. Pickles. Rolls. Fruit Tea.

POTATO SALAD.
Slice cold boiled potatoes one-quarter inch thick. Rub salad bowl with slice of onion. Pour over a dressing: Three eggs, well beaten; one cup of milk; one tablespoon each of salt, mustard, sugar, butter. Heat in bowl over boiling water; stir until smooth and thick. Boiled beets, cut in slices, sprinkled over the top, are an addition to both looks and taste.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partakes of a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

THE LEWIS PHONOMETRIC INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS

Under the Personal Direction and Treatment of

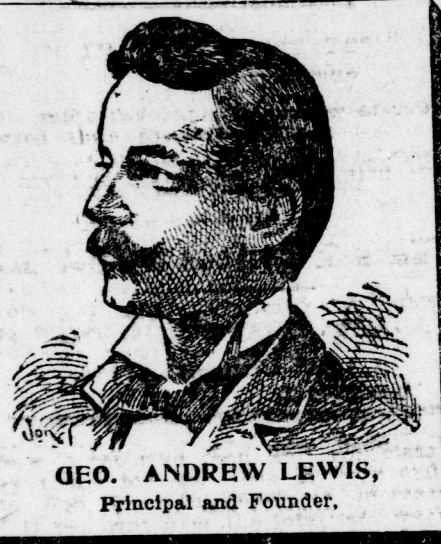
GEO. ANDREW LEWIS

A Severe Stammerer for More than 20 Years,
Inventor and Founder of the

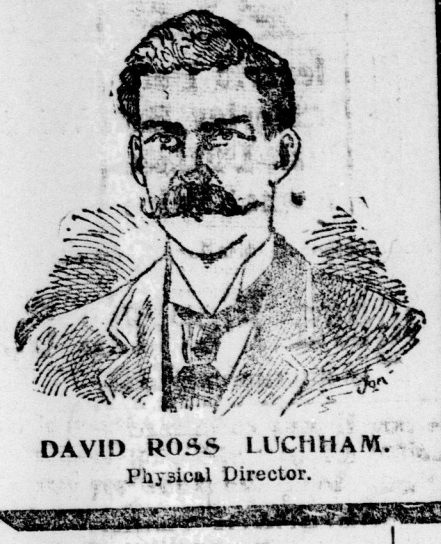
Lewis Phonometric Method

(Registered at Patent Offices in United States and Canada.)

For the Permanent Cure of Stammering, Stuttering and All Other Defects to a Perfect and Distinct Articulation.



GEO. ANDREW LEWIS,
Principal and Founder.



DAVID ROSS LUCHHAM,
Physical Director.

OPINIONS OF WELL-KNOWN PERSONS

Who Have Tested the Merits of This Treatment:

Mr. Chas. F. Daniels, Principal Bishop School, Detroit, Mich., in a Letter to the Principal of the Lewis Institute, Writes:

"I wish to express to you my appreciation of the wonderful cure you have produced in my pupil, Jacob Reutter. Before going to you for treatment his stammering was painful. He now does as well as any other pupil in his class. I consider his cure complete. His other teachers are delighted, as he will now enter high school, which he did not expect to do."

Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, Director of the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature, 60 Edmund Place, Detroit, Mich., writes:

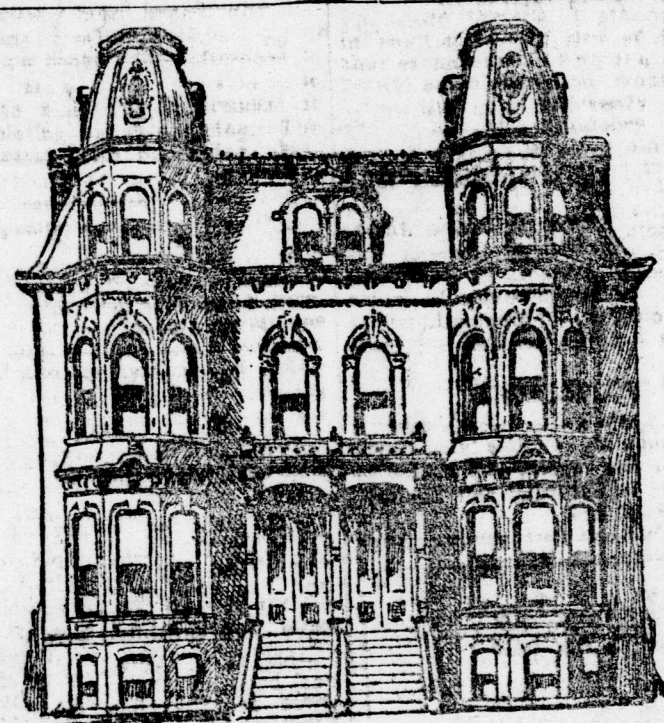
"I have unqualified faith in Mr. George Andrew Lewis' methods for treating stammering. His cures are not miraculous, for they are founded upon the laws of nature and a thorough understanding of the sensitive organization of those who suffer from this particular kind of speech defect. It gives me great pleasure to speak of Mr. Lewis' success, as I have personal knowledge that he is not only competent for the difficult work he undertakes, but worthy of all trust."

The Origin of Stammering Our new book "The Origin of Stammering" written expressly for stammerers containing valuable information, and giving full particulars regarding treatment, together with testimonials of past graduates, will be mailed, post paid, to any address. Address all communications to

THE LEWIS SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS.

339 WOODWARD AVENUE,

DETROIT, MICH.



SCHOOL RESIDENCE AND HOME FOR PUPILS
104 EDMUND PLACE.

Miss Eva A. Reutter, 403 Dubois St., Detroit, Mich., writes:

"I desire to thank you for what you have done for my brother. We have not heard him stammer once since entering your school. He has now not the least difficulty in talking, and we consider his cure both permanent and complete. It will always afford us pleasure to have you refer anyone to us concerning the success of your work."

The Detroit Evening News, in answer to a letter of inquiry, wrote:

"We take pleasure in stating that we have investigated the Lewis School for Stammerers, and have found that they not only do what they advertise, but, from many interviews with former patients, find that a complete cure has been effected in every case that has come under our notice."

Mr. Lewis Wagner, of the Recorder's Office, City Hall, Quebec City, Can., cured Oct., '84, wrote:

"The Hon. E. A. Dery, Judge of the Recorder's Court, of this city, passed many compliments on my speaking in court yesterday. The Mayor of Quebec City desires you to add to your list of reference his name, saying that he knew me to be a very bad stammerer and that after being only eight days in your school, I returned home completely cured."

WIND MADE MANY SNOWBALLS.

A Curious Phenomenon Observed on the Grounds of Trinity College, Hartford.

Hartford, Feb. 22.—A curious phenomenon occurred here last night, resulting from a high wind and a slight fall of moist snow on an icy surface. The wind caught the snow and rolled it up into thousands of snowballs. Hundreds of balls were whirled up and sent rolling along, gathering snow at each turn, and each leaving its market trail behind. The wide slope of land surrounding Trinity College was one field of rolling snowballs. Dr. Samuel Hart thus describes the phenomenon: "The rotary wind flung catches the snow and rolls it up like a muf in cylindrical form. Most that I saw were about eight inches wide and eight inches in diameter, hollowed at the two ends. They are in effect loose triangles of snow rolled upon the vertex." The same phenomenon occurred about twelve years ago. Some of the wind-made snowballs were as large as half barrels.

HEAVY FAILURE IN MONTREAL.
Montreal, Que., Feb. 22.—A demand of assignment was made yesterday on the big woolen firm of James McDougall & Co., and the firm last evening filed a consent of abandonment. Among the principal creditors are: Cresswell & Co., Huddersfield; Eng., \$40,000; Full & Co., England; the Bank of Montreal and a number of outside creditors are also interested. It is expected the firm will pay about 40 cents on the dollar.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again. No man's cure is complete which does not destroy a corn in ten days.

LOVE-MAD AT 71.

G. C. Barnum, of St. Louis, a Saving Maniac at Hot Springs.

Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 21.—G. C. Barnum, of St. Louis, father-in-law of General Manager W. B. Doddridge, of the Missouri Pacific Railway, is in the city prison here for a raving maniac. Some time ago he became infatuated with Mrs. A. P. McCrary, a widow proprietress of a fashionable boarding-house here. A week ago he came here and became a guest of her house. The widow did not reciprocate his love, and it is said, that this is the cause of his malady. Last midnight, after smashing the furniture in his room, he went to the room occupied by Mrs. McCrary and broke down the door. The woman's cries aroused the guests of the Hotel Eastman, across the street, and policemen were summoned. Barnum was placed in a cell in the city prison, and has since raved incessantly.

A private car will arrive tomorrow to take him to St. Louis. Mr. Barnum is about 71 years old, but is still a very vigorous man.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary 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 claims to public confidence.

The James F. Hunt & Sons' hair mattress and feather bed cleaning factory; manufacturers of new mattresses and goose feather pillows; a good variety on hand. Bedroom sets, spring beds, fancy rockers, tables, chairs, stoves and general house furnishing. Telephone 987.

THE BARRIE HOMICIDE.

Brennan Committed for Trial on the Charge of Slaying J. A. Strathy.

Barrie, Ont., Feb. 22.—Michael J. Brennan, who shot Mr. J. A. Strathy, before Police Magistrate Ross in the court house yesterday morning. Long before the hour the room was crowded. The prisoner, when brought in, walked with a steady step, but when he took his seat his nervousness was apparent. When the charge was read the magistrate asked him if he was guilty or not guilty. Brennan declined to plead. The evidence was almost a repetition of that taken before the coroner's inquest on Wednesday, except that several points were brought out to show that a scuffle took place at the door before the fatal shot was fired. The object of the Crown in introducing this evidence is evidently to have it weigh against the insanity plea, which, no doubt, will be offered by the defense.

The prisoner was not represented by counsel, nor did he offer any defense. After the evidence was all in, the magistrate committed the prisoner to jail to await his trial at the spring assizes, which open here on April 7.

MME. ALBANI'S HAND PHOTOGRAPHED.

Kingston, Ont., Feb. 22.—When the shadowgraph of Madame Albani's hand was developed by Capt. Cochrane at the Royal Military College, after an exposure to the cathode rays, the diamonds and sapphires of a ring were visible. Cochrane is experimenting to prove that true diamonds can be detected from glass imitations. Glass and graphite both stop the rays.

Cooper & Sanders photos beat them all. Sixteen years experience. New studio, corner Dundas and Richmond.

MODJESKA RETIRES.

She May Never Again Appear on the Stage.

Chicago, Feb. 21.—Mme. Modjeska's farewell tour has all been given up. Her engagements canceled, and whether she will ever appear on the stage again is a doubtful question. Her company has been disbanded, and both actors and managers are in New York city. Court Bozents, Mme. Modjeska's husband, says she has not a single performance on any stage in view. All she is planning for is the recovery of good health. She hopes by April 1 to be able to start for California, where she will remain until fully restored to health.

Her condition has improved during the last few days, and the doctors say she will soon be strong enough to be removed from the Hotel Virginia to the home of her son, Ralf Modjeska.

RECEIVED \$100 WORTH OF GOOD FROM EACH BOTTLE.

The Words of Rev. James Murdoch, of St. John, N. B., Concerning South American Kidney Cure.

This clergyman never spoke truer words. He had suffered for a long time from kidney trouble, and commenced to think—as will certainly become the case if a remedy is not secured—that he was fated to die of kidney disease. He read the claims of the manufacturers of South American Kidney Cure, with skepticism, perhaps. But he tried the medicine, and felt much benefited within two days, and using his own language: "I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I received \$100 worth of good from each bottle." The figure is not nearly high enough, for when kidney disease is not stayed, death quickly follows.

It never makes the day any brighter as it does with this man.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

Egg Plums, - - - 10c
Extra Fancy Silver Prunes, 12c
Fancy Pitted Plums, - 15c
Choice Pitted Plums, - 12c
Fancy Evaporated Peaches, - 10c
Fancy Apricots, - - - 15c
Fancy California Prunes, - 10c
Fancy California Lima Beans, 7c

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