

Ladies' Silk Belts, Sale price 25c.

WOODS' FAIR

Bagdad Cushion Slips, 25c each.

\$1.50 Wrappers, Saturday \$1.00.

Ladies' Print Wrappers, in different colors, fitted waist lining, full skirt with bounce on bottom, shirtwaist back, full around neck and shoulders, value \$1.50, sale price Saturday **\$1.00**

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Underskirts, Saturday \$1.00.

Ladies' White Underskirts, made of fine Lonsdale cambric, full gored skirt with deep flounce made of lace or embroidery insertion, and trimmed with deep lace or embroidery on bottom, value \$1.25 and \$1.50, sale price Saturday **\$1.00**

Ladies' Vests, 3 for 25c.

300 Fine Vests, ladies' size, in pure white or cream, short sleeves or long sleeves, lace trimmed or drawing string neck, value 15c, sale price Saturday **25c**

We have also a few garments left of Men's Underwear, mostly all sizes, value 45c, Saturday, garment **25c**

Ladies' Long Sleeve Cotton Vests, in pure white, lace trimmed, sale price **15c**

Tan Hose, Saturday 15c.

Ladies' Tan Cotton Hose, extra spliced heel and toe, seamless feet, shaped leg, perfectly stainless dye, sale price Saturday **15c**

Ladies' Collars 25c.

We have a splendid line of Ladies' Wash Collars, with silk ties attached in blue, brown and red, special sale price Saturday **25c**

Children's Summer Vests, all sizes, Saturday **5c** Soap, regular 25c, Saturday **15c** Just received a new line of enamel maple leaf Stick Pins, sale price Saturday, 15c and **25c**

25c Books, Saturday 15c

All Nicely Bound, Bride's Fate, Homestead on Hillside, The Hidden Hand, Only the Governors, Little Land Price, Rollo in Holland, Cousin Maude, Edith Lytle's Secret, Averil, Shadow of a Sin, A Mad Love, Maid, Wife or Widow, Her Only Sin.

We have a splendid assortment of Ladies' Lace Collars, in white or cream, beautiful patterns, sale price, 50c, 75c, 95c and **\$1.50**

10c Music for Saturday.

Pressy as a Picture (song and wait), In the Shadows of the Willows, Moon Winks, Sylvia, Ferns of the Forest (reverie), Sombrero (a Mexican serenade), Leader of the German Band, Laughing Waters (reverie).

Saturday's Bargains in the Basement.

We have a large quantity of fine English Lunch and Market Baskets, which we are anxious to clear out. None of them are worth less than 40c, and a good many of them are 50c baskets, but on Saturday they will be put on sale at, each **25c**

Another lot of Lunch Baskets, regular 25c, Saturday **15c** Big clearing sale of all our 5c and 10c Glass Salts and Peppers, Saturday, two for **5c**

7:30 to 9:30 Saturday Night Special.

20 dozen Fancy Decorated Glasses and Creams, very neat designs; regular 75c; 7:30 to 9:30 Saturday night sale price will be, per set **10c**

Visit our **WOODS' FAIR** See our Souvenir Candy Department. Postcards of London; 8 for 5c. Candy always fresh.

HOWLING FOR THE SPOILS

At Big Conservative Political Picnic at Port Burwell.

Port Burwell, Aug. 25.—The Conservatives of Oxford, Elgin and Norfolk held a monster political picnic at this place yesterday. It is said some 5,000 were in attendance. Throughout the speaking the note struck was "To the victor belongs the spoils," and it was demanded that Conservatism be at once placed in positions now held by Liberal appointees. Major Beattie, the W. O. C. A. president, and the irascible Robert H. Gurney were the bright particular stars of the occasion. Gurney went over the same old ground that he has traversed so frequently. He indulged in the same old abuse. The Manitoulin man is evidently feeling put out over something these days. Can it be the ministry of mines? At any rate, in the course of his address he went out of his way to remark that politics degraded all parties, and that the Conservatives would before long be as ripe for dismissal from power as he believed the Liberals to have been. Major Beattie touched on the topic in everyone's mind when he deprecated the agitation to remove Liberal officials with undue haste, but he opined that the good time would surely come when his regime as old Col. Tisdale, "We have better men in the Conserva-

Doctor Brigham Says

MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womanhood is not because it is a stimulant, nor because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curing disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass., writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female difficulties. My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for uterine troubles some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength."

I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all diseases to which women are subject, and give it honest endorsement."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling in, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. No living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and well.

GENERAL TORN TO PIECES

Russian Brigade Takes Terrible Revenge for Killing of Corporal.

Odessa, Aug. 25.—A remarkable letter received from a soldier in the Seventy-first (Belavsky) Regiment, stationed at Novo-Alexandria, Province of Lublin, is reported to have been received here, relating how the commander of the brigade, Major-General Remis, was literally torn to pieces by the regiment after he had brutally murdered a corporal.

The general appeared before the regiment and acknowledged that the regiment is a pack of rascals, and that he could not accompany the corps to the front. He added, however, that he could not accompany the corps to the front.

Then there were cries of "Sound-reli" and "Coward!" from the ranks, approaching the company. The confiant stood the company commander and a corporal, he pointed his revolver immediately at the general, who shouted among your men."

"The corporal replied that nobody in our company had shouted. "You lie, you dog!" returned the general, and fired. The corporal fell dead.

"Not satisfied with this, the general aimed at him a second time and fired, but the bullet missed him, hitting instead, the company commander, who also stumbled and fell on the spot. It is impossible to comprehend what happened then. Like tigers the soldiers threw themselves upon him, and in less than a minute all that remained of the brilliant general was shapeless, mutilated flesh.

The commanders of the Seventy-first and Seventy-second Regiments called on the Cossacks, but when the latter fell upon the men the soldiers met them with a volley from nearly 1,000 rifles. When the dust had settled there were stretched on the ground about 30 Cossacks. Besides, also, the commander of the Seventy-second Regiment was killed, and our own commander was left wounded in the breast. He was removed from the scene by an officer, as not a single soldier would stir from his place."

Great Britain, between 1867 and 1889 lost 145,906 acres by encroachment of the sea. Even this loss is small compared with others in times past. Thus, according to a survey in the time of Edward I., the Duke of Cornwall had 1,500,000 acres, but a survey in recent years gives it only 329,500 acres. Whole villages in some cases have been slowly undermined and swept away, as in the case of Dunwich, whereof only a ruined church on the edge of a cliff

A SHINING MARK

She had grown almost as white as the injured man himself, white and wan, and the doctor had hard work to keep hope alive in her heart.

"Don't be afraid, Nellie," he said, more than once. "He couldn't be so ungrateful as to die after all you have done for him."

"If I could but save him," she murmured once in response. "He saved me, you know, doctor!"

"And we will save him," he had replied, doubtfully.

Day succeeded day, week slipped away into week. Everything that skill and careful—ah, what careful—nursing could do was done. The quarry was kept at silent as the grave. A watch, which never relaxed for a moment, was maintained. Nellie scarcely ever left the bedside, and the doctor—well; other patients grumbled terribly at this case in the quarry," which monopolized so much of his time.

But still Clifford Raven lay white and motionless and lifeless, baffling the doctor's science and Nellie's loving care.

One day old Wood came in, and after gazing at the sick man for a moment he said, sullenly:

"I can't find him anywhere!" "Find him—who?" said Nellie. "Who?" he retorted, darkly. "Why, Vyse."

Her eyes flashed and her teeth came together with a sharp click. "I shall find him—when I want him," she said slowly.

He looked at her. "You know he did it, then?" "She said nothing, but her little hands clenched as she leant over the bed."

"I say nothing till I am told," she said in a low voice. "If he does," he voice broke and she hid her face.

Christmas was near at hand, and rumors of great doings and merry-making at the Earl of Carr-Lyon's place—Lydcote—floated down to the quarry.

"It makes my heart sick to think of the goings on up there and my poor boy lying here so like death!" said Mr. Wood one day. "I wouldn't mind so much if the villain as did it was in jail, but with him going free and laughing at us, maybe—"

"Hush!" said the doctor suddenly, and he bent down.

Nellie started, and kneeling beside the bed, took Clifford's hand and pressed it against her heart as if to stay its throbbing.

"Is he comin' to?" asked Mr. Wood, huskily.

The doctor nodded. "Let no one speak!" he said, and he poured a little brandy through the dry lips.

They moved and a deep sigh escaped them; then they saw the eyes open and a gleam of intelligence creep into them.

The doctor held up his hand warningly. "He is going to speak. Whatever he says, do not either of you answer. Leave him to me."

Clifford opened his lips, and some words issued in a faint murmur. Then, as Nellie laid her face against his, he spoke again.

"I am the Earl of Carr-Lyon!" he said.

The doctor's face, which had lightened, grew grave and disappointed.

"He is delirious!" he said, moodily. "There will be fever. Silence, both of you."

"I am the real Earl of Carr-Lyon!" said Clifford, and his eyes sought each face appealingly. "Do you hear? Carr-Lyon—Carr-Lyon—I am the earl!"

Then his eyes closed, and he seemed to fall asleep.

The doctor got up, looking troubled and perplexed.

"I didn't expect this," he said. Nellie, without moving, turned her eyes upon him with anxious questioning.

The doctor frowned, thoughtfully. "His mind is wandering," he said. "I had hoped that he would wake with a sound mind. Poor fellow!"

CHAPTER XX.

It was the morning after the ball, and Lord Carr-Lyon, in a gaudy and elaborate dressing gown, reclined in the depths of a luxurious chair.

He looked pale and used up, very much indeed like a sick monkey, and smoked his cigar in the half-hearted fashion which a man displays who has spent the preceding evening "not wisely but too well."

He looked unhappy as well as seedy, and every now and then he turned over in his chair and swore under his breath.

The ball had been a great and a tremendous success, and not until the sun had threatened to invade the brilliant rooms, had the last guests taken their departure; a great success which would remain a vivid memory for years to come, and yet the lord and giver of the feast looked back upon it with a moody brow and a feeling of utter disappointment.

For Kate, the loveliest woman in the room, the woman he had bought had, notwithstanding she was pledged to him, seemed further than ever from him.

Not one word, or smile of tenderness had she bestowed upon him. She might have been one of his valets, or a hanger-on, an ordinary friend, judging by her manner, rather than his plighted wife; and her coldness, her frigid, studious smile, and at the end of the evening she had made him so angry that he had almost sworn to leave her.

He got up from his chair at last, after brooding for half an hour, and, taking the dead cigar from him with a spiteful gesture, went out on to the terrace.

Confound her!" he muttered; "if I don't care for her so much, if I wasn't so badly hit, I'd throw her off. I would, if it was only to rile the major. How beautiful she looked last night. There wasn't another woman in the room to hold a candle to her. And she looks so proud and haughty, too; like a countess born and bred. And yet she can smile and be so soft when she likes."

And he sighed. "But never to leave her once since we've been engaged. I wonder"—he stopped short and his pale face flushed painfully as he put the torturing question—"wonder whether there has been any other man?"

He could not go on, for the mere idea, the bare thought, was maddening.

"Not!" he said, musingly, himself. "There's no one else; who should there be? I should have seen it if there had been! There is no one else. It's her nature to be cold and—stand-offish, even with her future husband."

But he sighed, even as he laid the hattering unction to his soul.

It was a lovely morning, almost the beauty of earth and sky brought no peace, either to his racking head or his unsatisfied heart, and he went and leant against the stone railings, almost in the same spot where Kate had leant, and looked over towards Sandford.

Suddenly something white flew past his face and fell at his feet.

He was in so shaky and nervous a condition that he did not see it.

It was a lovely morning, almost the beauty of earth and sky brought no peace, either to his racking head or his unsatisfied heart, and he went and leant against the stone railings, almost in the same spot where Kate had leant, and looked over towards Sandford.

Suddenly something white flew past his face and fell at his feet.

He was in so shaky and nervous a condition that he did not see it.

It was a lovely morning, almost the beauty of earth and sky brought no peace, either to his racking head or his unsatisfied heart, and he went and leant against the stone railings, almost in the same spot where Kate had leant, and looked over towards Sandford.

Suddenly something white flew past his face and fell at his feet.

He was in so shaky and nervous a condition that he did not see it.

A HOT WEATHER IDYL.



THE STEAMING ONE.

Geel! But it's hot, old man, to-day! I've fainted till my hair's most blown away. My house seems as hot as an oven here. And I thought I'd come over and sit with you. Somehow or other you always seem

As cool and calm as an Eskimo's dream. And over the signs of an iceberg here; How do you do it? New brand of beer? I drank two bottles an hour ago.

And I never had anything stew me so. How do you do it? Put me on Before I frizzle and, f-a-t! I am gone!

THE COOL ONE.

Beer! No wonder you're seething now, With a can of iced down your brow. Cut it out, old chap, and

This draught for the gods if they were dry. A brimming pot of the glorious brew OF CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, true, And brown and rich as Roman gold, Ice till the pot sweats with an open fire.

A bit of sugar and dash of cream. A sip, and then you'll lie and dream OF Polar bears and the chill North Pole, And peace will descend on your simmering

Away with beer! It's a steaming brew! CHASE & SANBORN'S 's the stuff for you.

condition that he started back and uttered an oath, starting at the object with fearful gaze for a moment, then he saw it was an envelope, and, stooping, he picked it up gingerly between his finger and thumb.

It was addressed in an illiterate and scrambling scrawl to "Lord Carlton," and his lordship eyed it suspiciously, as if it were some venomous snake.

"Now, where the devil did this come from?" he muttered, with angry suspicion, and he ran to the terrace and peered over the shrubbery, into which anyone who had thrown the letter had had plenty of time to disappear.

He thought for a moment that he would call the servants, and send them out to search the grounds, but he stopped himself half-way to the window, and slowly and suspiciously opened the envelope.

It contained half a sheet of soiled note-paper, upon which was written, in the same untaught hand, these words: "Ask your young lady, Miss Kate, whether she knows Miss Clifford Raven? You'd better keep a look out on her. Tell her she ain't the only one he's foolin' with, but there's one as has his eye on him, and Nellie Wood, too."

For some two or three minutes Lord Carr-Lyon stared at the ill-written, and almost illegible words, dazed and bewildered, but suspicion and jealousy will sharpen the duldest brain, and suddenly the meaning of the note flashed upon him.

Someone was warning him that Kate was flirting with another man, with a certain Clifford Raven.

"Clifford Raven!" He repeated the name between his closed teeth, until it became mumbled. "What was it? Where was he? and this Nellie Wood, too; who was she? What did it mean?"

He went back to the room, and dropping into a chair, he opened the half-sheet of note-paper on his knee, and pondered over it until each word seemed to burn itself into the brain.

He tried to remember whether he had ever heard the name; he was certain that Kate had never mentioned it.

"For a sufficient reason, no doubt," he thought. "The reason, you see, passed between her and this unknown man. After all, then, there was someone else, and her coldness to his, her betwixting of the pot with a vicious fury. "And it's known too! Who threw this thing? One of the servants? No, not a servant; it couldn't dare! It's someone outside."

He sprang to the bell and rang it violently.

"Send—go—go and search the shrubbery—over there!" he gasped, pointing to the window. "There, you fool!" he shouted, as the bewildered footman shuffled backwards and forwards. "Two or three of you go and let the dogs loose! There's some fellow lurking about! You idiot, don't you understand?"

"Yes, my lord," said the footman, and was hurrying off, when Lord Carr-Lyon called him back.

"Stop!" he said, sullenly. "It's too late now to go and search off by this time. Why didn't you come when I rang, you fool?"

"I came directly, my lord—" "Get out!" shouted his lordship; and the man left the room.

Lord Carr-Lyon paced up and down biting his nails and swearing under his breath.

What should he do? At first he thought he would ride over to Kate, confront her with the letter, overwhelm her with abuse—and such abuse—and then fling her over. Yes, that was what he'd do. He'd punish her and her rascally father, the major, too!—and make for the door. Then he pulled up and shook his head.

No! There was a better way of revenge. "I'll myself. He'd say nothing, not a word to anyone, until after the marriage."

"Then, my proud and haughty lady, it will be my turn! I'll turn the tables on you, the major came in, sleek and smiling as usual."

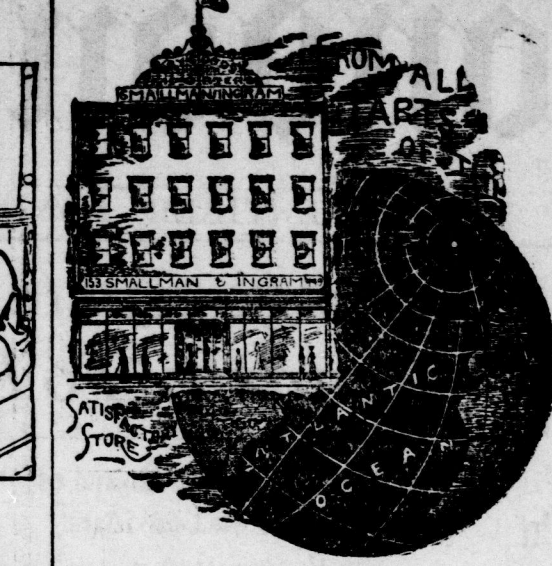
"Ah, my dear boy!" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "Thought I'd just run over and see how you were this morning."

"Thanks," said the "dear boy" sullenly, and too fully occupied with a fresh cigar to take the major's fat, soft hand.

"And how are you, eh?" said the major. "A little—er—seedy?—hem! Just pulling yourself together, dear boy?"

Suddenly a splendid affair it was; wasn't it? As I told Kate this morning, upon my word, I never knew anything go off like it, and I've seen a ball or two in my time, my boy."

"Yes, I suppose so," mumbled his lordship, looking at him sideways, and smiling in a wullen, moody fashion. "You think it was a success, do you?"



THE WEATHER TODAY—Fine and a little cooler.

Clearing Sale of Print Wrappers.

BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY MORNING.

A good Print Wrapper at such a low price is a rarity. We want to make Saturday a big day. We want many women in need of Wrappers to visit this department, learn our methods and profit by these values. Saturday morning there should be a purchaser for every Wrapper to be sold at such tempting prices.

All our \$1.00 to \$1.25 lines in navy, red and black and white Prints, were good values at regular prices, will be placed on sale Saturday morning at, each **69c**

All our \$1.50 to \$2.00 Good Heavy Percal Wrappers, splendid variety of light and dark shades, all sizes. Go on sale Saturday morning at, each only **\$1.39**

August Bedding Sale Bargains.

A few of the special value to be had at this sale, and as quantities are becoming limited you should come at once to secure them.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 White Quilts, suitable for 3/4 and double beds; regular value \$1.00 and \$1.25. At our August Bedding Sale only, each **89c**

90c White Quilts, size 66x90. August Bedding Sale price, only **78c**

60c White Quilts for single and 3/4 beds. August Bedding Sale price, each **45c**

The best \$1.00 Quilt to be found anywhere, size 80x88. Our August Bedding Sale price, each **\$1.00**

Have You Seen Our Special Values in Eiderdown Comforters? SEE WINDOW.

\$4.50 Eiderdown Comforters **\$3.75** | \$ 8.50 Eiderdown Comforters **\$6.75**
\$6.50 Eiderdown Comforters **\$5.00** | \$10.50 Eiderdown Comforters **\$8.00**

Our special Feather Pillow, filled with steam-dressed feathers; a very comfortable Pillow. At only, pair **\$2.00**

Others at, pair **\$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$6.50**

New Colored Chiffon Taffeta Silks, 50c Yard.

This is a wonderful announcement. You've no doubt seen splendid Taffetas at 50c yard, but never was such value in CHIFFON TAFFETA sold in London at 50c yard. These come direct from manufacturer to this store, and are marked at this special price as a leader. Remember this particular silk, and when in need of a dress length or a lining be sure and see them, or write for samples; shown in colors of light blue, mid navy blue, tobacco brown, cream, white. Price, yard **50c**

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street.

DON'T FORGET TO ORDER

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

England's Most Famous Worcestershire.

HOW IS THIS FOR NERVE?

Detroit Will Raise British Warships Despite Canadian Govt.

Detroit, Aug. 24.—An Ottawa dispatch says that the Canadian Government will not permit some Americans to raise and remove the hulls of three British warships sunk at the mouth of the Thames River, Lake St. Clair, during the early part of the last century.

Mr. C. M. Burton, of this city, who is an authority on the history of the section of the country on both sides of the boundary line, is one of the number interested in these relics.

He says they are on private property, and he has the permission of the owners to remove the hulls, and that the removal will cause no regard of any order of the Canadian Government touching the matter.

SUMMER COLDS.

Laxative Bromo Quinine, the world wide Cold Cure, removes the cause. Call for the full name and look for signature of E. V. Grove, 25c.

The total number of bankrupts in England and Wales last year was 4,515, an increase of 256 over the previous year.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

Belgium, where public libraries are almost unknown, has 190,000 public drinking-houses. That