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**LOST—A PEARLE**

(Continued from page 6)

These rooms were the ones occu-  
ied by Pearle and the Misses Fen-  
elsea, and at one of the windows  
ere could now be seen three white,  
rified faces looking down upon the  
xious crowd below.

"They are lost—they must die!"  
is whispered, with horror, from  
outh to mouth.

"Give me a ladder," cried a hoarse,  
ern voice from the crowd.

"The ladders are all in use," some  
e answered.

"A ladder! a ladder! By heaven, I  
ll have a ladder!" and a man dart-  
frantically out of sight.

In less than three minutes he was  
eck, panting and excited, but with a  
ng, strong ladder across his broad  
oulders.

Eager hands were ready to place  
or him, while he wet a handker-  
chief and tied it over his mouth and  
ears; then, with a command to the  
s to "hold it firm and steady," he  
rang up the rounds with the agility  
a cat.

While he is ascending, we will see  
e it has fared with our gentle her-  
ne.

We have said that sleep, quiet and  
eeful sleep, came to her: pleas-  
nt dreams—dreams of home and  
d friends, and of the bright, beau-  
tiful days when she was so happy and  
e-free at Ashton Manor.

Nothing of the confusion occasion-  
ed by the fire reached her until Miss  
Camilla and Francis rushed, terror-  
stricken, into her room, calling wildly  
on her to save them.

They had been awakened by the  
ry and confusion below, had rush-  
ed into the corridor, thinking to es-  
ape thus, but were driven back by  
the flames and smoke, and were only  
o glad to seek refuge in their own  
oom again. Then they had unfast-  
ened the door leading into Pearle's  
oom, to seek company in their mis-  
ery.

"What is the trouble?" she asked,  
sick startled; while, springing from  
er bed, she began to put on her  
olting.

"We are all afire—the hall is in  
ames, and there is no way for us  
o escape," exclaimed Francis, who  
as the calmer of the two sisters;  
Camilla having sunk down at Pearle's  
et, clinging to her in abject terror,  
nd shrieking with fright.

"Be quiet, Miss Fenelsea," Pearle  
d, authoritatively; "we shall be sav-  
d, do not fear," though as she said  
she grew sick at heart as she heard  
the sharp crackling of the flames out-  
ide the door, and saw the puffs of  
moke that came in through the key-  
hole and over the transom.

Then she went to the window and  
oked out, but all that she could see  
as a sea of agonized faces, and  
eople running wildly about.

A feeling of despair took possession  
of her. The room was growing  
hot and stifling; a few moments more  
and she knew the flames would burst

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within. Even if help was sent to  
them, she began to think it very  
doubtful if they all could be saved.

"One of us, at least, must perish,  
I fear," she thought, as she counted  
the chances.

She had been trembling, and her  
teeth chattering with excitement;  
but now, as this terrible thought forced  
itself upon her, she grew sudden-  
ly calm and collected. For one mo-  
ment she bowed her head in prayer.

"God help us!" she breathed. "Save  
these two who have home, happiness  
and friends to love them; and for  
Thy servant—Thy will be done!"

The next moment she turned her  
attention to the distracted girls  
clinging to her.

She put them forcibly from her,  
darted into their room and brought  
their clothing, bidding them dress  
themselves, while she assisted them  
with nimble but steady fingers, never  
once making a false movement. Never  
in their lives had they been more  
helpless, but never before had they  
been more quickly clad.

Pearle, on glancing from the win-  
dow, now saw that a ladder had been  
placed underneath, and this gave her  
a faint hope; but just at that moment  
the transom cracked, the glass tumbled  
to the floor with a jingling crash,  
and the flames and smoke poured in-  
to the room in volumes.

Camilla uttered a piercing shriek,  
and wound her arms about Pearle's  
form so that she could not move.

"Oh save me!" she moaned. "I can-  
not die—I am not fit to die!"

"Be still!" Pearle said, sternly, as  
she wrenched her clinging hands a-  
part. "If God wills, that you shall be  
saved, so it will be; if not, do not  
spend the little time that remains in  
useless wailing."

She gathered together their watch-  
es and jewels, and put them into

their pockets. Her own watch, two  
or three costly rings, ear jewels, and  
brooch, which she had forgotten to  
remove when she fled so hastily from  
Ashton Manor, she put into a little  
box and then gave it to Francis,  
who had been silently and wonder-  
ingly watching the strangely self-pos-  
sessed girl as she moved so quietly  
and swiftly about the rooms.

"If you are saved, and I am not,  
will you see that this little box is  
sent to the Earl of Radcliffe, of Ash-  
ton Manor, Leicester, Leicestershire  
County, with my love; and—"

the pale, beautiful lips quivered  
slightly—"tell him not to mourn for  
me, for earth's pains will all be over  
for me."

The girl looked at her stupidly.

"Do you understand me?" Pearle  
asked, giving her a little shake.

"Yes; I understand. Did you say  
the Earl of Radcliffe?" she asked,  
astonishment getting the better of  
her fright for the moment.

"Yes, he is my brother."

"Your brother!" she repeated, so  
blankly that Pearle smiled slightly.

In spite of her consciousness of their  
desperate situation.

"Yes; I will tell you now, dear,"  
she said, gently. "I am Margaret Rad-  
cliffe, and I was obliged to go away  
from my home on account of trouble  
for which I was in no way to blame."

"And they—mamma and Camilla—  
have treated you like a slave! Cam-  
illa, do you hear? This is Miss Mar-  
garet Radcliffe, of Ashton Manor,"  
and she shook her sister roughly, to  
make her understand.

"Never mind," Pearle interposed,  
and drawing her toward the window,  
as she saw that help was near; "we  
have no time to lose. God bless, my  
dear girl; you have been very kind to  
me."

She kissed her tenderly, and began  
to help her out of the window.

"I must go first! I am the oldest; I  
must be saved first," shrieked Cam-  
illa, as she saw the act; and spring-  
ing from the floor, she rushed fran-  
tically to the window and began to  
struggle to get out.

"No," Pearle answered, firmly, and  
she dragged her back by main  
strength. "Francis is the heavier,  
and whoever comes to our rescue  
must take the greater burden first."

"Come—I have come to save you,"  
said a voice at the window, and reach-  
ing out his arms to Pearle.

"No; take her," she answered,  
pointing to Francis, "I shall not go  
until they are both safe," and her  
firm, undaunted look plainly told that  
she would no yield.

With a smothered oath, the man  
seized Francis, helped her out upon  
the ladder, and conducted her down  
the dizzy height in safety to the  
ground.

She did nobly, silently and quickly  
obeying his every command, intent  
on getting down as quickly as pos-  
sible, in order that the others might  
be saved.

Then the brave man sprang nimbly  
back over the steep pathway again.

The smoke was pouring out of the

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mia are only so in name. Their mak-  
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window now, the flames were forc-  
ing their way into and all about the  
room, clutching everything within  
their reach, hurrying in a mad gallop  
toward those two girls at the window.

"Come," said the man again, as he  
reached them, and he laid his hand  
firmly on Pearle's arm this time.

"No," she answered, steadily; "I will  
not go until she is safe, and she forced  
Camilla toward his outstretched hand.

Had she recognized him she might  
have shrunk from going with him un-  
der any circumstances, but his hair  
was disheveled under his slouched  
hat, his face blackened by smoke and  
cinders, and with the handkerchief  
tied over his mouth and nostrils, he  
was as effectually disguised as if he  
had worn a mask.

"I will not take her," he cried; "you  
or no one," and his hold tightened  
upon her arm.

"Do not, as you value human life,  
waste one single moment. I will not  
leave this room until I see her safe  
upon the ground; and with a strength  
that was almost superhuman, she tore  
herself from his grasp, and almost  
lifted her now fainting companion  
over the window sill.

A look of despair leaped into his  
eyes, then he grasped his unconscious  
burden, and went slowly and labori-  
ously down the swaying ladder.

Pearle was now the only inmate of  
that burning building; every one else  
had been rescued, and no one now  
had any hope that she could be sav-  
ed.

The room was enveloped in flames,  
all but a little circle where she stood;  
nearer and nearer they came, rolling  
out their forked tongues, as if hun-  
gry and eager for their prey. The hot  
red smoke, itself almost a flame, and  
the cinders poured over and around  
her, as they rushed from the window.  
She stood leaning far out, brave and  
calm, never faltering, though she  
knew there was but very little hope,  
if any, that she could be saved; and  
there was no trace of fear on her  
marble face, no look of weakness in  
her solemn eyes.

She was nearly suffocating with the  
dense atmosphere; she was panting  
and gasping for breath.

Her wash-basin and pitcher were  
near where she stood. She reached  
out her hand and dipped her hand-  
kerchief into the water, but her deli-  
cate hand was scorched, and bliste-  
red, and blackened when she drew it  
out.

She bound the wet linen about her  
face and leaned still further from that  
fiery furnace, seeking for air—air,  
Oh! if she could but breathe a little  
longer.

Alas! her brave rescuer had not  
yet reached the ground with his oth-  
er burden.

A hush like that of death had fallen  
upon the multitude without, as, with  
staring eyes and horror-stricken faces  
they watched that slight form above.

Still on and on the fire demons  
danced. They had reached her very  
feet now, her garments were singed  
and smoking, and again her hand  
was badly burned as she reached  
down to smother the flame that had  
caught her skirts!

She knew she could not live five  
minutes longer in that heated,  
strangling air; already she was gasp-  
ing for breath, the handkerchief about  
her face was steaming and drying,  
and she dare not reach to wet it  
again.

Again she bent far out of the win-  
dow and looked down; the flame from  
the window beneath had scorched  
and blackened the ladder; in a min-  
ute more it would be ignited. A  
thought came to her.

Dare she step out upon that frail  
support and begin that perilous de-  
scent by herself? The height made  
her dizzy and faint; she might fall  
and be dashed in pieces; but she  
must make the attempt or die where  
she was. There was not an instant  
to be lost, or she would be hopelessly  
enveloped in a sheet of flame. Al-  
ready her feet and ankles, her hands  
and arms, were badly burned, and  
the pain nearly drove her wild.

One earnest, despairing cry she  
raised to Heaven, then, gathering  
her smoking skirts around her, she  
crept out side the window and swing-  
ing slowly, carefully around, touched  
her feet upon the first round of the  
ladder. A mighty sigh swelled up  
from the multitude as they saw the

daring act of the brave girl; then it  
was instantly hushed by a great fear.

The man with his burden just at  
that moment stepped to the ground,  
and the sound of that sigh made him  
turn and look back.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Water—give  
me water!"

A bucketful was held before him.  
He deluged his face, and then turned  
once more to battle for human life.

Every breath was again hushed,  
every heavy heartbeat was almost  
held in check as the throng watched  
that slender, swaying form slowly de-  
scending, and that other springing so  
wildly to meet it.

They could see that her strength  
was waning; that every time a little  
foot was put down upon a round its  
touch was less decided and secure,  
and a terrible fear began to take pos-  
session of each heart that the hero  
would be too late.

No! no! On he went, nerved to  
greater exertions by what he himself  
saw and realized. A step more and  
he was beside her; but not a moment  
too soon, for her strength failed,  
her nerveless hands relaxed, just as  
he put out his arms to receive her.

Uttering a wild, hoarse cry, he  
gathered her close to him with one  
arm, while with the other he steadied  
his descending steps.

A new danger menaced them now—  
an angry flame had seized upon the  
ladder. The little demon had been  
hiding, and glowering, and watching  
as it were, in that charred and smok-  
ing spot that Pearle had seen from  
the window above, and now burst in-  
to a lively flame, fiercely darting out  
its fiery tongues, stretching up and  
wreathing around the slender sup-  
port, as if maddened by the sight of  
the escaping captive.

Would it bear the double weight  
as the two passed over it? Faces  
blanched, lips quivered, knees trem-  
bled; but the danger was safely passed.

But hark! a snap! a crack! the lad-  
der settled a little, and every heart  
stood still.

For an instant that resolute man  
hesitated, and his body seemed to  
sway dizzily; the next, he seemed to  
have gathered up his failing forces;  
steadily and surely every step was  
taken, until at last his foot touched  
the solid ground once more.

A wild, triumphant cheer burst from  
every grateful throat; eager arms were  
outstretched to take his unconscious  
burden, and then, with a deep-drawn  
sigh of weariness, the hero of the  
hour dropped exhausted to the earth.

Continued next week.

**THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY**

(Continued from page 2)

property with them have never been  
secure. But from this time on, and  
on, and on they will have a national  
home and "Jacob shall rejoice and  
Israel shall be glad." "The testi-  
mony of Jesus is the spirit of prophe-  
cy," and this what the spirit of  
prophecy declares.

A good deal of speculation is abroad  
now as to what will be the future of  
Russia. Many writers are trying to  
persuade themselves that a great de-  
mocracy is about to come forth in  
Russia. Also comparisons are being  
made between the democracy of the  
United States and Russia. But there  
is no ground for such comparison.

Before the United States became a  
republic the people had a very fair  
knowledge of self-government. They  
had also strong capable leaders such  
as Washington, Franklin and others  
whose names are to be found on the  
Declaration of Independence. There  
are no such leaders in Russia. We  
can save Russians, but Russia no na-  
tion can save; and there is no sign  
that they are going to try to save  
themselves. The nation will probably  
divide into west and east, as did the  
old Roman Empire, and there  
may be other divisions. The govern-  
ment of the Romanoffs was not very  
good, but the czar was the only figure  
who could hold Russia as a unit. He  
has been driven away and now—chaos!

It is by no means certain that some  
member of the czar's family will not  
out their royal house and Cromwell  
ruled for a number of years; but the  
day came when Parliament was glad  
to invite the son of the dead king  
back again. Here again "the spirit of  
prophecy" speaks. In the latter days  
there is to be "the king of the north";  
and there is no country north of Rus-  
sia or Siberia which is the more prob-  
able, Russia is the "Rosh" of the time  
of Ezekiel (see ch. 39:1-2, Rev. Ver.)  
in the British museum there is a map  
of Europe 800 years old and on that  
map Russia is named Russ (easily  
connected with "Rosh") Moscow is  
marked "Mashchek and Tobolsk is marked  
Tubal. That is quite enough to  
enable us to locate the nations and their  
lands mentioned in Ezekiel 39:  
1-2.

What shall fire  
Why shall fire and destruction come  
upon "Rosh" (Russia) in no land  
have the Jews been so cruelly perse-  
cuted as in Russia. The things that  
are happening there now show us (and  
it is true to prophecy) that God has  
begun to deal in judgment with that  
nation. Both ethnology and ethnog-  
raphy show us that Russia is the mod-  
ern continuation of Babylon. When  
Babylon flourished Jerusalem was  
humiliated in the dust and there in  
Babylon the Jews pined out the 70  
years of captivity. The day has come  
for Jerusalem once more to enter

**A POWERFUL AID**

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and nervous, tired and  
indifferent, you have the  
first symptoms of declin-  
ing strength and your  
system positively needs the  
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power, enliven its circulation and  
bring back the snap and elasticity  
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the correct building-food  
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drugs, pills or alcoholic  
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upon anera of life and prosperity,  
and, behold! Russia (the successor of  
Babylon) goes down. This may not  
make popular reading but it is true  
to "the spirit of prophecy" and the  
events of to-day sustain this view. It  
was not an accident that Russia drop-  
ped out of the war at a time to pre-  
vent her having any part in the tak-  
ing of Jerusalem from the Turks. The  
hand of God was in that matter, too.  
"Behold I am against thee, O Gog,  
Prince of Rosh."

MACH CLOTE

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed tenders addressed to the  
Postmaster General, will be received  
at Ottawa until noon, on Friday the  
Twenty-ninth day of March, 1918, for  
the conveyance of His Majesty's  
Mails, on a proposed Contract for  
four years, six times per week on the  
INGERSOLL No. 1 RURAL ROUTE  
from the Postmaster General's pleas-  
ure.

Printed notices containing further  
information as to conditions of pro-  
posed contract may be seen and blank  
forms of tender may be obtained at  
the Post Offices of Bayham, Corinth,  
Brownsville, Culloden, Verschoyle,  
Stratfordville and Ingersoll, and at  
the office of the Post Office Inspec-  
tor, London.

CHAS. E. FISHER,  
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Department, Canada,  
Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, Feb-  
ruary 15th, 1918.

21-28-7

MAIL CONTRACT

Sealed Tenders addressed to the  
Postmaster General, will be received  
at Ottawa until noon, on Friday the  
Eighth day of March, 1918, for the  
conveyance of His Majesty's Mails,  
on a proposed Contract for four years,  
six times per week on the Springfield  
No. 2 Rural Route from the 1st of  
April, 1918.

Printed notices containing further  
information as to conditions of pro-  
posed Contract may be seen and  
blank forms of Tender may be ob-  
tained at the Post offices of Spring-  
field and Aylmer, and at the office of  
the Post Office Inspector, London.

C. E. H. Fisher,  
Post Office Inspector.

Post office department, Canada,  
Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, January  
25th, 1918

Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any  
male over 18 years old, who was at  
the commencement of the present war  
and has since continued to be a Brit-  
ish subject or a subject of an allied  
or neutral country, may homestead  
a quarter section of available Dom-  
inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan  
or Alberta. Applicant must ap-  
pear in person at Dominion Lands  
Agency or Sub-Agency for District.  
Entry by proxy may be made on cer-  
tain conditions. Duties—Six months  
residence upon and cultivation of  
land in each of three years.

In certain districts a homesteader  
may secure an adjoining quarter-  
section as pre-emption. Price \$3 per  
acre. Duties—Reside six months in  
each of three years after earning  
homestead patent and cultivate 60  
acres extra. May