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Evaporated Apples..... 6c per lb.
Figs..... 5c per lb., 6 lbs. for 25c
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7 lbs. Rolled Wheat..... 25c
Ginger Snaps..... 5c per lb.
Salmon..... 10c per can
Sardines..... 5c a can
Baking Powder..... 10c per lb.
Our 25c Black, Green and Japan Tea are good quality.

We will clear out a quantity of Fine China, also a number of Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Glass Water Sets, a lot of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Bowls, Etc. at reduced prices.

John McConnell

Park Street East Phone 190



Dr. Spinney & Co

De'troit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Whose Successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves unstrung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Rashness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Painful of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Etc., forbidden, Bull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARIICOLE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

\$1,000 for Failure.
SUPPURATION and PISTULA CURED. The SIGNS of STYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and possibly being back to Lost Power, for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPO- TENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and warry growths. We cure these.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

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Office Hours—9 to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 9 to 11 a.m., also 2 to 4 p.m. Consultation free.

Dr. Spinney & Co
200 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 12 B. Elizabeth St.



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Acting Drug Co., Windsor, Ont., Can.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns,

The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

To Mr. Sutherland, suffering now from the reaction following all great efforts, much, if not all, of this quiet but significant display of public feeling passed unnoticed. But to Frederick, alive to the least look, the least sign that his story had not been accepted unquestioned, this passage through the town was the occasion of the most poignant suffering.

For not only did these marks of public suspicion bespeak possible arraignment in the future, but through them it became evident that even if he escaped open condemnation in the courts he could never hope for complete reinstatement before the world, nor, what was to him a still deeper source of despair, anticipate a day when Agnes' love and domestic happiness should make amends to him for the grief and errors of his more than wayward youth. He could never marry so pure a being while the shadow of crime separated him from the mass of human beings. Her belief in his innocence and the exact truth of his story (and he was confident she did believe him) could make no difference in this conclusion.

While he was regarded openly or in dark corners or beside the humblest roadside as a possible criminal neither Mr. Sutherland nor her father nor his own heart even would allow him to offer her anything but a friend's gratitude or win from her anything but a neighbor's sympathy, yet in bidding goodbye to larger hopes and more important desires he parted with the better part of his heart and the only solace remaining in this world for the boundless griefs and tragic experiences of his still young life. He had learned to love through suffering, only to realize that the very nature of his suffering forbade him to indulge in love.

And this seemed, even in this hour of public justification, a final judgment. He had told his story and been for the moment believed, but what was there in his life, what was there in the past as witnessed by others, what was there in his mother's letters and the revelation of their secret relationship to corroborate his assertions or to prove that her hand and not his had held the weapon when the life blood gushed from her devoted breast? Nothing, nothing; only his word to stand against all human probabilities and natural inference, only his word and the generous nature of the great hearted woman who had thus perished. Through a dozen of his fellow citizens had their verdict pressed their belief in his word and given into the benefit of a doubt involving his life as well as his honor, he as well as they knew that neither the police nor the general public were given to sentimentality and that the question of his guilt still lay open and must remain so till his dying day, for from the nature of things no proof of the truth was probable. Betsy being dead, only God and his own heart could know that the facts of that awful half hour were as he had told them.

Had God in his justice removed in this striking way his only witness as a punishment for his sins and his mad indulgence in acts so little short of crime as to partake of his guilt and merit its obsequy?

He was asking himself this question as he bent to fasten the gate. His father had passed in. The carriage had driven off, and the road was almost solitary, but not quite. As he leaned his arm over the gate and turned to take a final glance down the hillside he saw with what feelings no one will ever know the light figure of Agnes advancing on the arm of her father.

He would have drawn back, but a better impulse intervened, and he stood his ground. Mr. Halliday, who walked very close to Agnes, cast her an admiring glance, which Frederick was not slow in interpreting, then stopped.

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reluctantly, perhaps because he saw her falter, perhaps because he knew that an interview between these two was unavoidable and had best be quickly over.

Frederick found his voice first. "Agnes," said he, "I am glad of this opportunity for expressing my gratitude. You have acted like a friend and have earned my eternal consideration, even if we never speak again."

There was a momentary silence. Her heart, which had dropped under his greeting, rose again. Her eyes, humid with feeling, sought his face.

"Why do you speak like that?" said she. "Why shouldn't we meet? Does not every one recognize your innocence, and will not the whole world soon see, as I have, that you have left the old life behind and have only to be your new self to win every one's regard?"

"Agnes," returned Frederick, smiling sadly as he observed the sudden alarm visible in her father's face at these enthusiastic words, "you know me perhaps better than others do and are prepared to believe my words and my more than unhappy story. But there are few Agneses in the world. People in general will not acquit me, and if there was only one person who doubted—Mr. Halliday began to look relieved—"I would fail to give any promise of me if I allowed the shadow under which I undoubtedly rest to fall in the remotest way across yours. You and I have been friends and will continue such, but we will hold little intercourse in future, hard as I find it to say so. Does not Mr. Halliday consider this right? As your father he must."

Agnes' eyes, leaving Frederick's for a moment, sought her father's. Alas, there was no mistaking their language. Sighing deeply, she again hung her head.

"Too much care for people's opinion," she murmured, "and too little for what is best and noblest in us. I do not recognize the necessity of a farewell between us any more than I recognize that any one who saw and heard you today can believe in your guilt."

"But there are so many who did not hear and see me. Besides," here he turned a little and pointed to the garden in his rear, "for the past week a man—I need not state who or under what authority he acts—has been in hiding under that arbor watching my every movement and almost counting my sighs. Yesterday he left for a short space, but today he is back. What does that argue, dear friend? Innocence completely recognized does not call for such guardianship."

The slight trace of the young girl bending so innocently toward him shuddered involuntarily at this, and her eyes, frightened and flashing, swept over the arbor before returning to his face.

"If there is a watcher there and if such a fact proves you to be in danger of arrest for a crime you never committed, then it behooves your friends to show where they stand in this matter and by lending their sympathy give you courage and power to meet the trials before you."

"Not when they are young girls," murmured Frederick, and, casting a glance at Mr. Halliday, he stepped softly back.

Agnes flushed and yielded to her father's gentle pressure.

"Goodby, my friend," she said, the quiver in her tones sinking deep into Frederick's heart. "Some day it will be good morning," and he had, turned back over her shoulder, took on a beautiful radiance that fixed itself forever in the hungry heart of him who watched it disappear. When she was quite gone, a man, not the one whom Frederick had described as lying in hiding in the arbor, but a different one—in fact, no other than our old friend the constable—advanced around the corner of the house and presented a paper to him.

It was the warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder.

CHAPTER XXVI.
SAVED.

Frederick's arrest had been conducted so quietly that no hint of the matter reached the village before the next morning. Then the whole town broke into uproar, and business was not only suspended, but the streets and docks overflowed with gesticulating men and excited women, carrying on in every corner and across innumerable doorsteps the endless debate which such an action on the part of the police necessarily opened.

But the most agitated face, though the stillest tongue, was not to be seen in town that morning, but in a little cottage on an arid hill slope overlooking the sea. Here Sweetwater sat and communed with his great monitor, the ocean, and only from his flashing eye and the firm set of his lips could the mother of Sweetwater see that the crisis of her son's life was rapidly approaching and that on the outcome of this long brooding rested not only his own self satisfaction, but the interests of the man most dear to them.

Suddenly from that far horizon upon which Sweetwater's eye rested with a look that was almost a demand came an answer that flushed him with a hope as great as it was unexpected. Bounding to his feet, he confronted his mother with eager eyes and outstretched hand.

"Give me money; all the money we have in the house. I have an idea that will save me."

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may be worth all I can ever make or can ever hope to have. If it succeeds, we save Frederick Sutherland; if it fails, I have only to meet another of Knapp's scornful looks. But it won't fail. The inspiration came from the sea, and the sea, you know, is my second mother."

What this inspiration was he did not say, but it carried him presently into town and landed him in the telegraph office.

The scene later in the day, when Frederick entered the village under the guardianship of the police, was indescribable. Mr. Sutherland had insisted upon accompanying him, and when that well loved figure and white head were recognized the throng which had rapidly collected in the thoroughfare leading to the depot succumbed to the feelings occasioned by this devotion and fell into a wondering silence.

Frederick had never looked better. There is something in the extremity of fate which brings out a man's best characteristics, and this man, having much that was good in him, showed it at that moment as never before in his short but overeventful life. As the carriage stopped before the courthouse on its way to the train a glimpse was given of his handsome head to those who had followed him closest, and as there became visible for the first time in his face, so altered under his troubles, a likeness to their beautiful and commanding Agatha a murmur broke out around him that was half a wail and half a shout from his father, whose hand he was secretly holding, and, taking the whole scene in with one flash of his eyes, was about to speak, when a sudden hubbub broke out in the direction of the telegraph office, and a man was seen rushing down the street holding a paper high over his head. It was Sweetwater.

"News!" he cried. "News! A cablegram from the Azores! A Swedish sailor!"

But here a man with more authority than the amateur detective pushed his way to the carriage and took off his hat to Mr. Sutherland.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but the prisoner will not leave town today. Important evidence has just reached us."

Mr. Sutherland saw that it was in Frederick's favor and faltered on his son's neck. As the people behind him had followed Frederick received him in his arms they broke into a great shout.

"News!" they shrieked. "News! Frederick Sutherland is innocent! See, the old man has fainted from joy!" And caps went up and tears fell before a mother's son of them knew what grounds they had for their enthusiasm.

Later they found they were good and substantial ones. Sweetwater had remembered the group of sailors who had passed by the corner of Agatha's house just as Betsy fell forward on the window sill and calling to the captain of the vessel at the first port at which they were likely to put in was fortunate enough to receive in reply a communication from one of the men who remembered the words he shouted. They were in Swedish, and none of his mates had understood them, but he recalled them well. They were:

"Hjelp! Hjelp! Frun haller på alb dodra sig. Hon har en knif. Hjelp! Hjelp!"

In English:

"Help! Help! My mistress kills herself! She has a knife! Help! Help!"

The impossible had occurred. Betsy was not dead, or at least her testimony still remained and had come at Sweetwater's beck from the other side of the sea to save her mistress's son.

Sweetwater was a made man. And Frederick? In a week he was the idol of the town. In a year—but let Agnes' contented face and happy smile show what he was then. Sweet Agnes, who first despised, then encouraged, then loved him, and who next to Agatha commanded the open worship of his heart.

Agatha is first, must be first, as any one can see who beholds him on a certain anniversary of each year bury his face in the long grass which covers the saddest and most passionate heart that ever yielded to the pressure of life's deepest tragedy.

THE END.

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be.
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light,
But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they never reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.
—Hartley Coleridge.

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Eddy Antiseptic Packages

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Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand.

Farmers' Feed ground on quick notice by three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

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We have the Latest and Nobbiest Suitings, Trimmings, etc., from the finest Worsteds to the cheapest Canadian Full Cloths. Prices to suit the times.

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Hugh McDonald, THE COMPLETE HOUSEFURNISER
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