

London's Greatest Store (Departmental)

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas Street.

RUNNERS AND BUTLER

INTRODUCTORY

To the Residents of London and Surrounding Country:

On Wednesday, March 3rd, at 10 o'clock, we'll throw open our magnificent premises to the public for business, which will be found large, convenient, well lighted and equipped.

The Only Departmental Store in the West.

We simply remark we're here to stay. With unlimited capital and large experience, we have unbounded confidence in our ability to serve you in a general way, and give you a better store service than you ever had before. We locate in your beautiful city, and enter the mercantile arena under pleasant auspices.

Our premises are new, convenient and thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. The several stocks in the different departments are also new and bright, direct from the makers. We're here to do business on the latest lines and the newest plan, and we invite you to co-operate with us for our mutual benefit.

We don't propose to cater to any particular class. LONDON'S DEPARTMENTAL will be for the masses, a mart of magnitude, where you can purchase almost anything you want for the household at the minimum price. We recognize no middle-men. We import direct, and domestic goods we buy from the manufacturers, and in such quantities that enables us to supply our customers at jobbers' prices. In fact our facilities for retailing are on a par with the largest stores on the American continent, and you'll find our goods high-class and prices satisfactory.

OUR OPENING WEEK will be one grand carnival of bargains in every department, all over the Big Store, and everybody is invited. Many lines won't last long, but here you're sure to find the newest and the best at all times. We do not come to the Forest City empty handed—we have large interests at stake, and in London's growth and prosperity we want mirrored our own. When our doors open on Wednesday at 10 o'clock, the entire store will be packed with the latest and most desirable merchandise the market affords. Every article in the establishment will be marked in plain figures, and one price only. Our goods will be represented to you just as they are, and your money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

RUNNERS & BUTLER.



Our Competitors

Wonder How We Do It!

We expect our advertisement to attract attention, hence offer sufficient inducements to make it attractive. We have still a few of these

50c WALL PAPERS for 12c.
10c WALL PAPERS for 5c.
Call and secure a Bargain before they are all gone.

E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

The Wooing of Nell.

Clifford's cries, however, soon brought help and deliverance. From out of the darkness there appeared a figure which Clifford thought he knew; and a voice which he recognized called out in authoritative tones: "Now, then, stop that!" Clifford's assailant obeyed the rough command without a moment's hesitation, and when Clifford, feeling himself suddenly released, turned round, he only saw a glimpse of a man's figure as it plunged into the darkness again.

"Who was that?" asked the young man, in astonishment, as he perceived that his rescuer made no attempt to follow him. It was Hemming, the London detective, who stood before him, and he only shrugged his shoulders. "Only a man I've got to help me in this business," answered he, with a gesture in the direction of the colonel's house. "He made a mistake—that was all."

"What business do you mean?" asked Clifford uneasily. "Well, sir, I think you ought to know by this time," replied Hemming, evasively. Clifford, pondered for a few moments. Then he asked: "Have you been to the house?" "No, sir. I'm waiting for further instructions from the police, sir."

Clifford looked at the little weather-beaten dwelling, which had lights in two of the upper windows. He fancied he could detect a watching figure behind the narrow curtain of one of them. "I suppose it was your man," he said, suddenly, "who has alarmed the

poor lady so much by his knocks and thumps at the doors and windows?" Hemming's face could not be seen distinctly in the darkness; but Clifford had a fancy that he was smiling as he answered:

"Very likely, sir."

Clifford, who was growing more puzzled, more curious, every minute, turned abruptly away, and walked round to the back door of the kitchen, by which he had been admitted that morning.

He knocked two or three times with his stick against the door before he heard a window above his head softly opened. Looking up, he heard a whisper in Miss Theodora's voice:

"Is that you, Mr. King?"

"Yes."

"Why, yes, of course I am. I have just seen Nell."

As he had expected, this answer brought the little lady down in the twinkling of an eye. He heard the bolts drawn, and a minute later he found himself dragged inside the door, while Miss Theodora, panting with her exertions, hurriedly fastened the bolts again.

"I have seen your boy," said Clifford, "the man who torments you at night. He attacked me just before I came to the corner."

"Ah!" cried Miss Bostal, with a shake of her head. "I have found out who he is now. He is the man who is at the bottom of all these robberies, and of the murder of poor Jim."

"Indeed," said Clifford, politely, but without deep excitement. For he looked down upon the little lady's intelligence, which he thought was by no means so strong as her kindness of heart.

"The notion was so shocking that, improbable as it appeared, it made Clifford shudder."

"But why," he asked impulsively, "should Hemming let him come here and worry you?"

"Hemming!" echoed Miss Bostal. Then she was silent. They remained in the little stone passage for a few seconds, unable to see each other's face. Then she passed him, and running quickly to the dining room door, threw it open and entered, beckoning Clifford to follow.

"Papa," said she breathlessly, and in a little flutter of excitement, patting her little hands softly and rapidly the one against the other, "it is the detective Hemming who is sending this wretch to annoy us! Mr. King says so."

The colonel, who, as it seemed to Clifford, had aged since the morning, got up slowly from his chair and stared at Clifford with haggard eyes. "Hemming?" said he in a broken voice. "The detective? What is he here for?"

"You don't understand, papa," piped Miss Theodora's bright, shrill voice. "I didn't say he was here. But Mr. King tells me it is he who sends the man to knock at our doors and windows at night. Didn't you, Mr. King?"

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Clifford did not immediately answer. He saw that he was upon the threshold of a mystery, to which the staring eyes and trembling limbs of the unhappy old man before him seemed already to give him the clue. Without waiting for Clifford's answer to her question, Miss Theodora suddenly went on again:

"You said you had just left Nell, Mr. King. Where was that?" He hesitated. He was overwhelmed with a feeling akin to pity for these two forlorn people, shut up and barred

within their poor, tumble-down house. So that, although he certainly had a vague belief that the old colonel was in some unknown way involved in the crimes which had made so great a stir, yet he longed for his escape almost as much as he longed for Nell's. So he answered in a troubled voice:

"I left her—in the hands of the police."

There was the warning, if the colonel needed it. The old man shook so much as he heard the announcement that Clifford began to fear the "stroke" which the police sergeant had predicted.

Miss Theodora turned pale, and clasped her hands.

"The police!" she exclaimed, as if scarcely able to grasp the dreadful fact. And she twisted round, as if moved by a spring to her father. "Papa!" she almost screamed, "if the police have arrested Nell, I shall be called to give evidence against her! I will never do it! Never! I would die first!"

(To be Continued.)

THEY WORKED WONDERS

Two Years of Bladder Torment—Had Attacks of Inflammation—Cured by a Few Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Owen Sound, Feb. 22.—The people of this town are talking again of another cure credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is the case of Mr. W. Cruse, caretaker of town buildings, who, when seen, had this to say of the matter:

"For over two years I have been an intense sufferer from kidney disease, with occasional acute attacks of inflammation of the bladder. This has been under doctor's treatment, and have been compelled to resort to instrumental relief many times."

"I have taken eighteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and am satisfied with results, being perfectly relieved of all suffering."

From the Ottawa Journal.

Mr. David Moore, a well-known and much-esteemed farmer living in the county of Carleton, some six miles from the village of Richmond, Mr. Moore has been an invalid for some years, and physicians failed to agree as to his ailment. Not only this, but their treatment failed to restore him to health. Mr. Moore gives the following account of his illness and eventual restoration to health. He says: "My first sickness came on me when I was 60 years of age. Prior to that I had been a healthy man."

"Was under doctor's treatment, and I had a bad cough, and was growing weak and in bad health generally. I went to North Gower to consult a doctor, who, after examining me, said: 'Mr. Moore, I am very sorry to tell you that your case is very serious, so much so that I doubt if you can live two months.' He said my trouble was a combination of asthma and bronchitis, and he gave me some medicine and some leaves to smoke, which he said might relieve me. I took neither, because I felt sure I had neither trouble he said, and that he did not understand my case. Two days later I went to Ottawa and consulted one of the most prominent physicians there. He gave me a thorough examination and pronounced my ailment heart trouble and said I was liable, in my present condition, to drop dead at any moment. I decided to remain in the city for some time and undergo his treatment. He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, giving my name and a place of residence and trouble, to carry in my pocket in case I should die suddenly. I did not seem to be getting any better under the treatment, and finally left the city, determined to consult a doctor nearer home. I was again examined, and the doctor, who had heard of my case, was so much surprised that he made no charge. He remained under the treatment of this doctor for a long time, but got no better. Then my case was made worse by an attack of la grippe, which left behind it a terrible pain in my neck and shoulders. This became so severe that I could not raise my head from my pillow without putting my hand to it and lifting it up. I doctored on until I was trying my sixth doctor, and instead of getting better was getting worse. The last doctor I had advised me to was an old man, a Quaker, whose name was over, when he would blister me for the pains in my neck

and shoulders, which he felt sure would relieve it. I was on my way to Richmond to undergo this blistering when I met Mr. George Argue, of North Gower, who told me of the wonderful cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought in him, and advised me strongly to try them. I went on to Richmond, but instead of going to the doctor's, I bought some Pink Pills and returned home and began using them. Before I had finished my second box there was no room to doubt that they were helping me. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and my malady, which the doctors had failed to successfully diagnose, was rapidly leaving me. The pain also left my neck and shoulders, and after a couple of months' treatment I became strong and healthy. I am now in my 77th year and thank God that I am able to go about with a feeling of good health. I still continue taking the pills occasionally, feeling sure that for a person of my age they are an excellent tonic. After the failure of so much medical treatment, I feel sure that nothing else but Pink Pills could have restored me to my present condition."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposture by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

An Ottawa dispatch says: The Canadian national fund for the relief of India reached \$80,000 today.

The Bishop of Huron has appointed Rev. C. A. S. J. Anderson as incumbent of St. John's Church, Brussels.

That the blood should perform its vital functions, it is absolutely necessary it should not only be pure but rich in life-giving elements. These results are best effected by the use of that well-known standard blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Representative Kenner's bill, introduced in the Utah Legislature, to legalize prize-fighting, was defeated in the House.

Keep up hope. There are thousands of cases where recovery from Consumption has been complete. Plenty of fresh air and a well-nourished body will check the progress of the disease. Nutritious foods are well in their way, but the best food of all is Cod-liver & Oil. When partly digested, as in Scott's Emulsion, it does not disturb the stomach and the body secures the whole benefit of the amount taken. If you want to read more about it let us send you a book.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Sellers, Ltd., Ont.

No bird can fly backward without turning. The dragon fly, however, can accomplish this feat and outstrip any swallow.

A turkey dinner—Commendable. 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.

Mina's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

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Office of

COLORADO GOLD MINING & DEVELOPMENT CO.,
22 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

J. GRANT LYMAN, Managing Director.

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