

STUDY THE SEASONS.



Each season has its special goods. The wall paper season will be here in a week or two. Our shelves are already loaded down with a very large stock of the most beautiful patterns. The prices are lower than ever. You may not want to buy just now, but it is a good time to see the designs and hear the prices.

E. N. HUNT, 190 DUNDAS STREET

LOVE AND LUCRE

But as he worked steadily, filling bag after bag, he found that, although he had reached at the outer edge of the floor of the mound what seemed to be a pavement of stone, there was still a considerable depth of gold in the center of the floor. Now he worked faster, telling Shirley, who was outside, that he would not come out until he had reached the floor of the mound, which was evidently depressed in the center after the fashion of a saucer. Working with feverish haste, the captain handed up bag after bag, until every little bar of gold had been removed from the mound.

The bottom of the floor was covered with a fine dust, which had sifted down in the course of ages from the inside coating of the mound, but it was not deep enough to conceal a bar of gold, and, with his lantern and his foot, the captain made himself sure that not a piece was left. Then his whole soul and body thrilled with a wild purpose, and, moving the ladder from the center of the floor, he stooped to brush away the dust. If there should be a movable stone there! If this stone should cover a smaller cavity beneath the great one which might he not discover within it! His mind whirled before the ideas which now came themselves at him, when suddenly he stood up and set his teeth hard together.

"I will not," he said. "I will not look for a stone with a crack around it. We have enough already. Why should we run the risk of going crazy by trying to get more? I will not," and he replaced the ladder.

"What's the matter there?" called Shirley from outside. "Who're you talking to?"

"The captain came out of the opening in the mound, pulled up the ladder and handed it to Shirley, and then he was about to replace the lid upon the mound. But what was the use of doing that, he thought; there would be some in closing it. He would leave it open."

"I was talking to myself," he said to Shirley, when he had descended. "It sounded crack-brained, I expect."

"Yes, it did," answered the other; "and I am glad these are the last bags we have to tie up and take out. I should not have wondered if the whole three of us had turned into lunatics. As for me, I have tried hard to stop thinking about the business, and I have found that the best thing I could do was to try and consider the stuff in these bags as coal; good, clean and sure. Whenever I carried a bag, I said to myself, 'Hurry, up now, with this bag of coal.' A shipload of coal, you know, is not worth enough to turn a man's head."

"That was not a bad idea," said the captain; "but now the work is done, and we will soon get used to thinking of it without being excited about it. There is absolutely no reason why we should not be as happy and contented as if we had each made a couple of thousand dollars apiece on a good voyage."

"That's so," said Shirley, "and I'm going to try to think it."

When the last bag had been put on board, Burke and the captain were walking about the caves looking here and there to take a final leave of the place. Whatever the captain considered of value as a memento of the life they had led here, had been put on board.

"Captain," said Burke, "did you take all the gold out of that mound?"

"Every bit of it," was the reply. "You didn't leave a single lump for manners?"

"No," said the captain. "I thought it better that whoever discovered that empty mound after us should not know what had been in it. You see, we will have to circulate these bars of gold pretty extensively, and we don't want anybody to trace them back to the place where they came from. When the time comes we will make everything plain and clear, but we will want to do it ourselves and in our own way."

"There is sense in that," said Burke, "and to the good of the world, I tell you, captain. I've been thinking a great deal about that mound, and it strikes me that there might be a sub-cellar under it, a little one, most likely, with something else in it—rings and jewels and nobody knows what not. Did you see if there was any sign of a trap-door?"

"No," said the captain. "I did not. I wanted to dig it out, but I don't know much, but I made up my mind it would be the worst kind of folly to try and get anything else out of that mound. We have now all that is good for us."

THE EXHIBIT

Of Pure Food Goods at Our Store a Decided Success.

The company have decided to continue the exhibit for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Ladies, avail yourselves of this opportunity and test these goods. They are perfect.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

169 Dundas Street.

to have; the only question is whether or not we have not more than is good for us. I was not sure that I should not find something if I looked for it, which would make me as sick as Shirley was the first time he looked into the mound. No, sir; we have enough, and it is the part of sensible men to stop when they have enough."

Burke shook his head. "If I'd been there," he said, "I should have looked for a crack in the floor."

When the brig weighed anchor, she did not set out for the open sea, but proceeded back to the Rackbirds' cove, where she anchored again. Before setting out the next day on his voyage to France, the captain wished to take on board a supply of fresh water.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

That night George Burke went off his watch at 12 o'clock, and a few minutes after he had been relieved he did something he had never done before—he deserted his watch. With his shoes and a little bundle of clothes on his head, he very quietly slipped down a line he had fastened astern. It was a very dark night, and he reached the water unseen, and as quietly as a cat. He had been out going fishing. He reached the shore, and as soon as he was on land, he dressed, and then went for a lantern, a hammer and a chisel.

Which he took to a convenient spot, without lighting his lantern, he proceeded as rapidly as possible to the caves. His path was almost invisible, but he had traveled that way so often, he knew it as well as he knew his own hand. He went in until he was inside the entrance to the caves did he light his lantern. Then he proceeded, without loss of time, to the stone mound. He knew that the ladder had been left there, and with a little trouble he found it, where Shirley had put it, behind some rocks on the floor of the cave. By the aid of this he quickly descended into the mound, and then, moving the ladder out of the way, he vigorously began to brush away the dust from the stone pavement.

When this was done, he held up the lantern, and carefully examined the surface of the floor, and very soon discovered what he had come to look for—a space about three feet square was marked off on the pavement of the mound by a very perceptible place. The other stones of the pavement were placed rather irregularly, but some of them had been cut to allow this single square stone to be set in the center.

"By George!" said Burke; "that's a trap-door!"

"There can't be any doubt about that," he said. "I have no doubt about that." And immediately he set to work to get it open.

There was no ring, nor anything by which he could lift it, but if he could get his heavy chisel under it, he was sure he could raise it until he could get hold of it with his hands. So he began to drive his chisel vigorously down into the cracks at various places. This was not difficult to do, and, trying one side after another, he got the chisel down so far that he could use it as a lever; but with all his strength he could not raise the stone.

At last, while working at one corner, he broke out a large piece of the pavement, eight or nine inches long, and found that it had covered a metal bar about an inch in diameter. With his lantern he carefully examined this rod, and found that it was not iron, but appeared to be made of some sort of bronze.

"Now, what is this?" said Burke to himself. "It's either a hinge or a bolt. It doesn't look like a hinge, for it wouldn't be of any use for it to run so far into the rest of the pavement, and if it is a bolt, I don't see how they got it in to move it. I'll see what it goes to." And he began to cut away more of the pavement toward the wall of the dome. The pieces of stone came out without much trouble, and as far as he cut he found the metal rod.

"By George!" said he, "I believe it goes outside of the mound. They worked it from outside."

Putting the ladder in place, he ran up with his lantern and tools, and descended to the outside floor. Then he examined the floor of the cave where the rod must run if it came, outside the mound. He found a line of flat stones, each about a foot square, extending from the mound toward the western side of the cave.

"Oh, ho!" he cried, and on his knees he went to work and soon forced up one of the stones, and under it he found the metal rod, lying in a groove considerably larger than itself. Burke now followed the line of stones to the western side of the cave, where the roof was so low he could scarcely stand up under it. To make sure, he took up another stone, and still found the rod. "I see what this means," said he; "that bolt is worked from clean outside, and I've got to find the handle of it. If I can't do that, I'll go back and cut through that bolt, if my chisel will do it."

He now went back to a point on the line of stones about midway between the side of the cave and the mound, and then, walking forward as nearly as possible in a straight line, which would be at right angles with the metal rod, he proceeded until he had reached the entrance to the cave. When he reached the outer caves, carefully counting his steps as he went. Then he turned squarely about, entered the passage, and walked along it until he came to the roof which he had once been occupied by Capt. Horn.

"I'll try it inside first," said Burke to himself; "and then I'll go outside."

Hints to Housekeepers.

DAILY BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST—Oranges. Browned Wheat. Boiled Fish. Potatoes. Prunes. Warm Rolls. Coffee.

DINNER—Beefsteak Pie. Chicken Salad. Boiled Rice. Stewed Parsnips. Grape Jelly. Corn Bread. Squash Pie. Cheese.

SUPPER—Cream Toast. Browned Potatoes. Canned Berries. Bread and Butter. Cake. Tea.

CRACKED WHEAT.

Grains should never be stirred. Into a double boiler, for a half pint: white cracked wheat, put nearly a quart of boiling water and a tea-spoon salt. Keep boiling three hours: or more. Each grain should be light, porous and jelly-like. Leave in inner boiler over night and heat in the morning. Dry the outer shell. Pour into a dish. What is left from one breakfast may be cut in slices, dusted with flour and browned in butter, for another.

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier. Ethel—Have you any very expensive tastes, Charlie? Charlie—Well, I don't know—I'm very fond of you.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Sarsaparilla. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Power of the Press.

Talmage Preaches on a Popular Theme.

Printing Press the Front Wheel of the Lord's Chariot.

The Duty and Power of the Newspaper—The Great Educator of the Masses.

Washington, March 23.—"Newspaper Row," as it is called here in Washington, the long row of offices connected with prominent journals throughout the land, pays so much attention to Dr. Talmage that they may be glad to hear what he thinks of them, while he discusses a subject in which the whole country is interested. His text today was: "And the wheels were full of eyes." Ezekiel, x, 12. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—Acts, xvii, 2.

What is a preacher to do when he finds two texts equally good and suggestive? In that perplexity I take both. Wheels full of eyes? What but the wheels of a newspaper printing press? Other wheels are blind. Every roll on, pulling or crushing. Every moment of every hour of every day of every month of every year there are hundreds of thousands of wheels of mechanism, wheels of enterprise, wheels of hard work, in motion, but they are eyesless. Not so the wheels of the printing-press. They are full of optic nerves, from axle to periphery. They are like those spoken of by Ezekiel as full of eyes. Sharp eyes, near-sighted, far-sighted. Eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes that twinkle with mirth, eyes glowering with indignation, eyes tender with love, eyes of suspicion, eyes of hope; blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, holy eyes, evil eyes, sore eyes, political eyes; eyes that see everything. "And the wheels were full of eyes." But in my second text is the world's cry for the newspapers. Paul describes a class of people in Athens who spent their time either in gathering the news or time either in spreading it. Why especially in Athens? Because the more intelligent people became, the more inquisitive they are—not about small things, but about great things.

This question then most frequently is the question now most frequently asked. What is the news? To answer that cry in the text for the newspaper the centuries have put wits to work. China first succeeded, and has at Pekin a newspaper that has been printed every week for 1,000 years. Printed on silk. Rome succeeded by publishing the Aeta Diurna, in the same column printing fires, murders, wharves and tempests. France succeeded by a physician writing out the news of the day for his patients. England succeeded under Queen Elizabeth in first publishing the news of the Spanish Armada, and going on until the battle of Waterloo was fought, deciding the destiny of Europe, to give one-third of a column in the London Morning Chronicle, of our day gives of a small fire. America succeeded by Benjamin Harris' first weekly paper, called Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1689, and by the first daily, the American Advertiser, published in Philadelphia in 1784.

There is nothing that despotism so fears and hates as a printing-press. It has too many eyes in its wheels. Austria could not endure Kosuth's news, and pleading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I, trying to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said: "Editors are the regents of sovereigns, and the tutors of nations, and are worthy for prince. But the battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court-rooms of England and America, and decided before the century began by Hamilton's eloquent plea for J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America and Erskine's advocacy of the freedom of publication in England. These were the Marathon and Thermopylae in which the freedom of the press was established in the United States and Great Britain, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put on the handcuffs and hampers of literary and political despotism. It is notable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the declaration of American independence, wrote also: "If I had to choose between a Government without newspapers, or newspapers without a Government, I should prefer the latter."

The printing-press is the skill, the precision, the boldness, the vigilance, the strategy of a commander-in-chief. To edit a paper requires that one be a statesman, an essayist, a geographer, a statistician, and, in addition, a philosopher. To edit a paper to govern, to propel a newspaper until it shall be a fixed institution, a national fact, demands more qualities than any business on earth. First of all newspapers make known the news of the world to the multitude. The public library is a hay-mow so high up that few can reach it, while the newspaper throws down the forage to our feet. Public libraries are the reservoirs where the great floods of knowledge are stored high up and away off. The newspaper is the tunnel that brings them down to the pitchers of all the people. The chief use of great libraries is to make newspapers out of them. Great libraries make a few men and women very wise. Newspapers lift whole nations into the sunlight. Better have 50,000,000 people moderately intelligent than 100,000 Solons. A false impression is created by the newspaper knowledge is ephemeral because periodicals are thrown aside, and not one out of five thousand people files them for future reference. Such knowledge, so far from being ephemeral goes to the very structure of the world's heart and brain and decides the destiny of churches and nations. Knowledge on the shelf is of little worth. It is knowledge afoot, knowledge harnessing knowledge, knowledge projected, knowledge winged, knowledge projected, knowledge thunder-bolted. Adams and Hancock, and Otis used to go to the Boston Gazette and compose articles on the rights of the people. Franklin, Franklin, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Quincy, were strong in newspaperdom. Many of the immortal things that have been published in book form first appeared in what you may call the newspaper.

odical. All Macaulay's essays first appeared in a review. All Carlyle's, all Ruskin's, all McIntosh's, all Sydney Smith's, all Hazlitt's all Thackeray's, all the elevated works of fiction in our day, are reprints from periodicals, in which they appeared as serials. Tennyson's poems, Burns' poems, Longfellow's poems, Emerson's poems, Whit-tier's poems, were once fugitive pieces. You cannot find ten literary men in Christendom, with strong minds and great hearts, but who are or have been connected with the newspaper printing-press. While the book will always have its place the newspaper is more potent. Because the latter is multitudinous, do not conclude it is necessarily superficial. If a man should from childhood to old age see only his Bible, Webster's Dictionary and the newspaper, he could be prepared for all the duties of this life and all the happiness of the next.

Again, a good newspaper is a useful mirror of life as it is. It is so because it compels that newspapers report the evil when they ought only to report the good. They must report the evil as well as the good, or how shall we know what is to be reformed, what guarded against, what fought down? Keep children under the impression that all is fair and right in the world, and when they go out into it they will be as poorly prepared to struggle with it as a child who is told to learn how to swim. Our only complaint is when sin is made attractive and morality dull, when vice is painted with great headings, and good deeds are put in obscure places. Sin is painted up in great primer and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome, make it loathsome. Virtue is beautiful, make it beautiful.

It would work a vast improvement in all our public-religious, political, literary—should for the most part drop their impersonality. This would do better justice to newspaper writers. Many of the strongest and best writers of the country live and die unknown, and are denied their just fame. The vast public never learns who they are. Most of them are on comparatively small income, and after a while their hand forgets its cure, and they are without resources, left to die. Why not, at least, have his initials attached to his most important work? It always gave additional force to the article when you occasionally saw added to some significant article in the old New York Courier and Enquirer J. W. W., or in the Tribune H. G., or in the Herald J. G. B., or in the Times H. J. K., or in the Evening Express W. C. B., or in the Evening Express E. B. While this arrangement would be a fair and just thing for newspaper writers it would be a defense for the public. It is sometimes true that things damaging to private character are said. Who is responsible? It is the "we" of the editorial or reportorial columns. It will be a long step forward when all is changed, and newspaper writers get credit for the good and are held responsible for the bad. I do not put this truth too strongly when I say the most potent influence for good on earth is a good editor, and the most potent influence for evil is a bad one.

Another blessing of the newspaper is that it lays for accurate history for the time in which we live. We, for the most part, blindly guess about the ages that ante-date the newspaper, and are dependent upon the prejudices of this or that historian. But a hundred or two years what a splendid opportunity this historian will have to teach the people the lesson of this day. But what a field for the chronicler of the great future! He will open the files of a hundred standard American newspapers, giving the minutiae of all things occurring under the social, political, ecclesiastical, international headings! Five hundred years from now, if the world lasts so long, the student looking for stirring, decisive history will pass by the misty corridors of other centuries and say to the libraries: "Find me the volumes that gave the century in which the American Presidents were assassinated, the civil war enacted, and the cotton-gin, the steam locomotive and telegraph, and electric pen, and telephone, and cylinder presses were invented."

Once more I remark that a good newspaper is a blessing as an evangelistic influence. You know there is a great change in our day taking place. All the secular newspapers of the day for I am not speaking now of the religious newspapers—all the secular newspapers of the day discuss all the questions of God, eternity and the dead, and all the questions of the past, present and future. There is not a side doctrine of theology but has been discussed in the last ten years by the secular newspapers of the country. They gather up all the news of all the earth bearing on religious subjects, and then they scatter the news abroad again. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinder of the printing-press will be the front wheel of the Lord's chariot. I make the music of the day, and do not mark it diminishing—I mark it crescendo. A pastor on a Sabbath preaches to a few hundred, or a few thousand people, and on Monday, or during the week, the printing-press will take the same sermon and preach it to millions of people. God speed the printing-press! God save the printing-press! God Christianize the printing-press!

When I see the printing-press standing with the electric telegraph on the one side gathering up material, and the lightning express on the other side waiting for the tons of folded sheets of newspapers, I pronounce it the mightiest force of our civilization. So I command you to pray for all those who manage the newspapers of the land, for all type-setters, for all reporters, for all editors, for all publishers, that, sitting or standing in positions of such great influence, they may give all that influence for God and the betterment of the human race.

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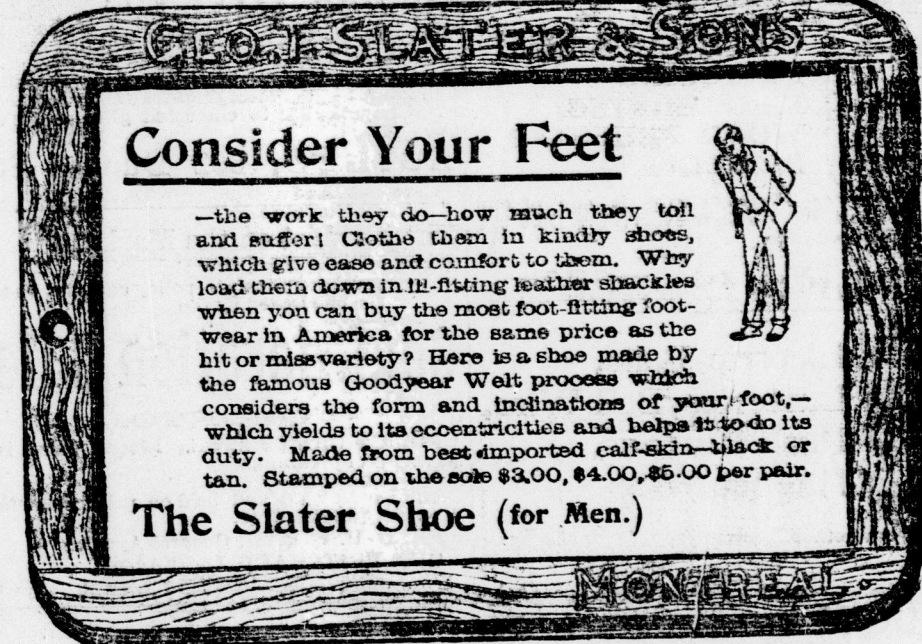
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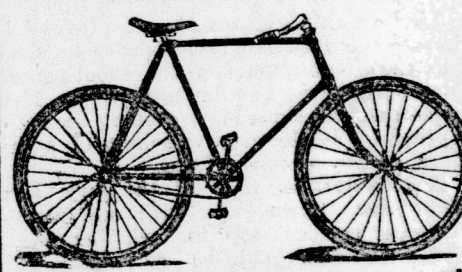
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