

Out of the Darkness

For a moment he had half a mind to retrace his steps, and was turning round for the purpose, but on second thoughts he restrained his impulse. The rain was coming down now with a steady downpour that would have drenched him to the skin, and he saw that the person, or lady, whichever it might be, was standing vainly trying to shelter herself under a broken buttress; more humanly prompted him to go to her assistance; Robert Ord was a gentleman both by instinct and education; in another minute he was beside her.

"You will get very wet if you stand under the ruined window," he said courteously, as though to a perfect stranger, but at his first word she turned round and looked at him.

It was Miss Maturin.

She had evidently seen him coming up from the road, for his sudden appearance did not startle her. She looked up at him half timidly, half wistfully, as though she hoped that he would greet her; she even made a movement as though she would put out her hand to him, but something of sternness in his face forbade this.

"You here, of all the places in the world, Miss Maturin," and now it was impossible for her to mistake the surprised displeasure of his voice.

"Yes, I was down on the river bank, and the rain overtook me," she faltered. "You have chosen a very poor refuge, then," he returned, "there is a better shelter over there," and he pointed to a low range of outbuildings that skirted the abbey.

But she hesitated a moment.

"Pray do not lose time, or we shall have the storm upon us," he continued impatiently. "You do not mind the wet grass, I suppose."

She shook her head, and mutely pointed to her dripping dress, which was clinging round her in lank folds, and in another moment he had hurried her across the wide green, and they were standing together under the doorway of a ruined dwelling house.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4150—PLEASING RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT.

Mothers everywhere who fashion children's frocks according to the Russian styles, because they are practical, being free and comfortable and an excellent advance toward trousers. The small blouse suit shown is developed in white flannel, with a red leather belt for contrast. The front is tucked to the waist line, the sleeves being finished with bollees instead of cuffs. The low standing collar is a trim neck finishing for boys, as it does away with the linen collar and tie, which are always becoming soiled and needing frequent changing. The knickerbockers are full and easy for all of the boyish pranks, and made without a fly. Any of the worsteds such as serge or chevrot, as well as linen, crash or another washing fabric, might be used. The medium size calls for 13-4 yards of 54-inch material. 4150—Six sizes, 3 to 8 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THIS ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

"What a desolate place," he muttered, as he relieved her of her wet cloak, and bade her shake out her dress, after which he proceeded to eject a coal-black huffer, evidently an occupant of the tenement. Several horned heads appeared from time to time, and seemed greatly astonished at being refused admittance.

"They have turned it into a cattle-shed, I suppose," he continued, looking round at the crumbling walls and the desolate interior of the tenement. He was a gentleman both by instinct and education; in another minute he was beside her.

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"Over? Well, no, I am afraid there is no chance of our leaving here for another three-quarters of an hour or so," he returned, moving his arm for a moment from the dripping window sill.

"Three-quarters of an hour!" she exclaimed, in a tone of such genuine dismay that he smiled grimly in spite of his own discomfort.

"I am sorry that you are so uncomfortable, but the fact is we cannot help ourselves."

"Mr. Tracy told me that he thought it would not rain, or I would never have ventured so far," she continued, as though distressed at the awkwardness of her position.

"Mr. Tracy was a bad prophet, then," he replied, coldly; and then he turned himself again as though to study the prospect. He had nothing to say to her; between them there was a gulf which he had determined nothing should induce him to bridge over. If they were to remain there an hour he would only address a curt observation or two. She had come between him and his lawful rights, and he was not likely to forget that for a moment; and, as he remembered his wrongs, the frown gathered darkly to his brow. No wonder her heart sunk within her as she watched him.

"I was right, and he hates me," she said to herself mournfully; "and he was so gentle with me yesterday before he knew all"; and then, with the courage of sudden impulse which comes sometimes to the weakest and the most timid women, she determined that at all cost she must speak to him. She had had a final interview with Mr. Tracy that morning, and had gathered much in spite of the lawyer's guarded speech. She knew that Robert Ord had been bitterly disappointed, that there had been hard words said, and harder things thought than were ever likely to come to her knowledge. And as she looked at the rigid lines of the handsome face before her, and remembered the few key words with which he had addressed her, she felt that her task would not be a pleasant one; but none the less she resolved that she would ask his forgiveness for being the innocent cause of his wrong. "I must meet him again and again, as I must meet all of them," she thought. "Oh! if I could only soften him, if but one of them would look kindly on me and be my friend, I think I could bear it better." And then in her impulse she moved a little closer to him.

"Mr. Ord, I must speak to you," she began; but as he turned round she stopped, scared by the very sternness of his face.

"I am quite at your service," he returned, but not looking at her nevertheless.

"Yes, I know; but then there are some things so hard in the telling," "Some things—Well—yes."

"But none so hard as this. Do you know, Mr. Ord, when you spoke to me last night I was almost dumb before you?"

"I remember it well, Miss Maturin."

"You questioned me then, but I could not answer you; I felt almost desperate when I thought of all that there was to tell. Mr. Ord, shall I ever be able to tell you how grieved I am for what has happened?"

Then the blackest frown that had ever been seen on Robert Ord's brow gathered there again. She had dared to speak on that subject to him—to him!

"Oh, Mr. Ord!"

"Well, what now?" he asked haughtily. "Because I can see it in your face, because I can feel it here," putting her hand on her heart; "because I know, as well as though I had heard them, all the bitter things you have said and felt. Do you think I blame you? Not I. You have been cruelly wronged, you and all of them; but your suffering is nothing compared to mine."

She spoke passionately, but without any idea of defending herself; for the anger of his look stung her beyond endurance. Her spirit was fairly roused now.

"You know that if it had been in my power this thing should never have happened to you."

Then he remained absolutely silent.

"Oh, Mr. Ord, this is too cruel, when you know how wretched, how utterly wretched, all this terrible money has made me." And then she broke down and for a moment wept before him as though she were heartbroken. "Do you not think that if I could undo it I would? God knows that it is not my fault that all this trouble and wrong have come upon you."

"I accuse you of nothing, Miss Maturin."

"No; but your silence does; it accuses me terribly. Do you think I was to blame in anything? that I might have sent for you before?"

"No, I do not think that."

"Then in what have I failed?" she continued, her face growing paler, for it was impossible to mistake his manner. But again he hesitated.

He was wishing himself most earnestly away by this time. No appearance of innocence on her part could alter his opinion, so he told himself. But something of the hard bitter humor was oozing away. In reality he was gentle at heart, and he could not bear to treat her harshly. She might be what he thought her, but he could not bring himself to tell her his suspicions. Not at least unless she could drive him to it; but he silence was betraying him.

"Miss Maturin," he said, not unkindly; "this is a very unfortunate subject you have chosen; pray let us change it."

But she shook her head.

"Not till you have answered my question, Mr. Ord."

"I must decline to answer it."

"What! you decline to tell me where I have deserved blame; is that generous, is that fair?"

"You forget, I accuse you of nothing. The time for all such accusation is past. Let us consider the matter at an end. I may hold my own opinion, but I do not care to allude to it again."

"Allude to what?" she returned, looking bewildered. "What is at an end? Do you not see how hard all this is for me? You will not speak to me because I am the innocent cause of all this trouble."

"Pardon me, I do not regard you as the innocent cause, Miss Maturin. There, it is your own fault. I would have spared you this. You are compelling the truth from me."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Thus driven in a corner, he continued steadily:

"I cannot regard you as innocent. In my own mind I think there must have been undue influence at work, or my aunt would never have left you all her money. Ah, you shrink from me. Why did you make me tell you this?"

"You believe this? you believe this of me, Mr. Ord?"

"I have thought so, and I think so still; but I am grieved that you oblige me to speak so plainly. I do not wish to be harsh to a lady. I think that you were young and fondless and needed help, and the position was one of great temptation. We were strangers to you, and under a cloud; you were hardly aware of the moral wrong you were doing; you might only have coveted a small portion of my aunt's wealth. I can quite believe you are sorry now for what has happened, but how can I shun sorrow avert us?"

"You believe this of me?" she repeated in the same tone, but he never forgot the look with which she said it; it haunted him long afterward—there was no anger, but the incredulous sorrow in her eyes moved even him to compassion.

"Miss Maturin, do let say no more."

"There is nothing more to be said," she answered, wearily, and she spoke dropped to her side as her hands. "I must bear it, I suppose. I cannot defend myself, for you would not believe my word; you have not believed all that Mr. Tracy has told you, of how I have worked and watched for you." Nothing could exceed the hopelessness with which she said this.

"I am sorry all this has occurred."

Then for a moment the color came into her pale face.

"Are you sorry, Mr. Ord? Well, that is something. No, I will not let this imputation crush me; I will not, I will not. I don't think you quite know what you have done, being a stranger, but I forgive you; you have almost broken my heart, but you have given me an object in life."

[To be Continued.]

THE GAYNOR-GREENE CASE.

New Orleans, March 5.—The celebrated case of Benjamin B. Greene and John F. Gaynor, charged with conspiracy against the United States Government, was called for argument today before the United States circuit court of appeals. Attorneys for Greene and Gaynor announced that the appeal is based on nearly 200 assignments of error, classified under 15 subjects, including the extradition proceedings, the statutes of limitations, the question of whether New York or Georgia courts have jurisdiction, and the claim that the jury which convicted was not legally qualified.

Headache? Then Try This Cure!

Headaches are caused by the accumulation of poisons in the blood, which congest the brain and irritate the nerves.

These poisons are absorbed into the blood from wastes that accumulate in the intestines.

The cure is not difficult.

First, cleanse the entire intestinal tract.

Second, stimulate the action of the kidneys and liver.

Third, regulate the pores of the skin.

Lastly, regulate the bowels and avoid constipation as you would the plague.

The remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which cures the dullest headache ever known.

In fact people who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills never have headaches, because they regulate the system so thoroughly that no chance is given for a sick condition to develop.

Away with your headache, be done with dizziness, languor and biliousness—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and enjoy the health that they alone can bring. Contain nothing but vegetable extracts and juices, and are absolutely safe for children, women, or men. Get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills in yellow boxes, 25c each, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers.

SUNDAY PAPERS IN B. C.

Vancouver Believes That Lord's Day Act Will Not Be Enforced.

Vancouver, March 5.—Premier McBride has invited the local Lord's Day Alliance to meet him in conference on the subject of the enforcement of the Dominion act, particularly as to the rights of the Attorney-General to grant or withhold sanction of prosecution of offenders. Lord's Day champions here contend he has no option and are asking enforcement against a local journal owned by Mr. Carter Co. Coon, a member of the Government, which issued on Sunday as usual. Feeling here is that the law will not be enforced.

DO NOT LET A COLD settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from taking hold in the lungs. Neglected colds are the cause of untold suffering throughout the country, all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25c per bottle, brings it within the reach of all.

Over 22,000 umbrellas lost in London are taken to police headquarters every year.

COL. LINDSAY DEAD.

Pittsburg, March 5.—Col. Homer J. Lindsay, assistant to the president of the Carnegie Steel Company, died here early today, after an illness of several months. He was one of Andrew Carnegie's "young partners," having entered the employ of the Carnegie company as a telegraph operator when but 15 years old. He was 37 years old, and married.

BOOTH PLANS GREATER WORK

Salvation Army Leader Has New and Novel Schemes to Help World's Needy.

New York, March 5.—Gen. William Booth, the aged leader of the Salvation Army, arrived in this city today on the steamer Minneapolis from London. He will spend two days here as the guest of his daughter, the Commander, Eva Booth, and then will leave for Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver and Seattle, whence he will sail for Japan. After a short stay in that kingdom, he will go to India, and thence return to England. In the fall he will again come to the United States, this time for a general tour of the country, during which he will hold a number of public meetings in the larger cities. His present visit is purely a private one, and he will make no public address. During his stay in Ottawa he will be the guest of Earl Grey, the Lieutenant-governor.

General Booth was enthusiastically greeted on his arrival here by Commander Miss Booth and her personal staff, together with a large number of the leaders and soldiers of the movement, which the venerable divine regarded as the greatest honor of his life. Waste, East London, in July, 1865. He showed a remarkable vigor for a man of his age, on April 10, will celebrate the 78th anniversary of his birth. When reporters accosted him on the steamer, General Booth declared that he was in perfect health, and that he had enjoyed his voyage.

"We met with troubled waters, troubled winds, snowstorms, all sorts of storms—just as we do through life," he said. After outlining the plans for his present visit, he turned to the subject of war for the amelioration of the condition of those who have failed in the struggle of life.

"I have three great schemes on hand," he declared. "First, I hope to complete my experiment of putting the people in possession of small land holdings—say, of five or six acres, near market towns, where they can support themselves. I have one tract, near Colchester, Eng., and have given \$500,000 for the work there. Next, I have a great colonization scheme with Rhodesia, South Africa, as the location. We shall have a center of the center of South Africa. My third scheme is to create two institutions, one in London, and the other in New York, to teach suitable persons the proper way to deal with the vices, sins, misfortunes and miseries of mankind generally."

The general then dwelt enthusiastically upon the success which already has attended the founding of anti-slavery bureaus in many cities of England. The first five weeks of the work in London brought 500 cases. "They represented every walk and circumstance of life, and we helped most of them," he asserted.

General Booth said he would need \$500,000 to accomplish all he outlined in his three plans, and that he would "accept anybody's money, regardless of whether it was tainted."

ESSEX'S SENIOR JUDGE

Bar Association Will Ask That Local Man Be Appointed.

Windsor, Ont., March 5.—Members of the Essex Bar Association met yesterday to discuss the appointment of a successor to the late Judge Horn, senior judge of Essex county. It was finally agreed by resolution to ask the government to appoint a local man. The government has been always adverse to appointing a local man for senior county judge, but it is thought by local lawyers if Junior Judge McHugh gets the promotion, the position can be filled by a local man without the government's breaking its precedent.

JAPS STILL PROTESTING

Now See Attempt of California to Bar Them as Landowners.

Tokio, March 5.—The Nichi Nichi in a leader this morning protests against the "persistent determination of the people of California to persecute and exclude the Japanese" from that state. In the proposed law, limiting aliens to a five years ownership of land, the Nichi Nichi says that the intention is to deny the land-owning rights to Japanese. The paper advises the Government to take steps "to counteract such an outrage against the Japanese," and expresses the belief that an efficient solution may be reached by the removal of the disability of Japanese to attain naturalization in the United States.

AN EVENING OF HARMONY

A Pleading Recital by Pupils of Mr. J. O'Donnell.

Last evening a recital of unusual interest was given at the Masonic Temple by the harmony pupils of Mr. J. O'Donnell, of the London Conservatory of Music. The programme consisted entirely of vocal and instrumental numbers, compositions of the pupils, except in the case of the songs, which were sung by the vocal pupils of Miss Katherine Moore and Miss Belle Brown. Long before the time appointed for the recital to begin the hall was filled.

Before the programme commenced, Mr. O'Donnell spoke briefly of the work accomplished by his system of teaching harmony, and the need of reform in the old system, which gives little results for the student. The compositions on this occasion ranged from the simplest forms to the highest, and gave ample proof of the Canadians' ability to express themselves in sound. There were many charming songs and instrumental numbers, and the large audience showed its appreciation by its hearty applause.

The songs, "O Sleep, My Babe," sung by Miss Bessie Moore; "Little Bo Peep," and "Dear Little Chum of Mine," compositions of Miss Marian Dickson, St. Marys, were sung by Miss Bessie Larch, and "The Miller of the Dee," by Mr. George Robinson. The song "A Raly Day," a composition of Miss Howard, St. Marys, was sung by Miss Myrtle Garner. The young ladies and gentlemen who contributed piano numbers were: Miss Grace Maxwell, St. Marys; Miss Howard, St. Marys; Miss Francis, London; Miss O'Meara, London; Miss Lucy Cade, Ramoth; Miss Muriel Dobson, Shelburne; Miss Charles E. Wallinger, St. Thomas; Miss Inez Campbell, Belmont, and Mr. Bert Weir, London.

Can Consumption be Cured?

There is plenty of indisputable evidence to prove that Consumption has been cured even after the symptoms were well defined and the lungs actually involved.

On the other hand, there has always been a point beyond which the disease has been considered incurable. Until a comparatively recent date this point had a place at a very early stage of the malady, but modern scientific discovery and common-sense methods of treatment have gradually moved the hopeless point further and further back, until now the Consumptive is not "given up" until the very last stage of the disease is reached.

Nothing in recent years has done so much to improve the chances of Consumptives as the advent of

FERROL

In fact, it is claimed that, with plenty of fresh air, sunlight and comfortable surroundings, FERROL has pushed the hopeless point to the limit, that is to say, where these fail the chances of cure are very slim indeed.

FERROL does not kill the germs of Consumption (anything that will do that will kill the patient), but FERROL does the work by repairing the waste tissue, enriching the blood, toning the nerves, in short, by building up the whole system and thus enabling nature to expel the disease.

The only possible chance of curing Consumption is by proper nutrition, and FERROL is the only perfect nutrient, because it combines in palatable and easily digested form the very essentials of life—Oil, Iron and Phosphorus.

We feel some diffidence in claiming that FERROL will cure Consumption, lest we be misunderstood, but we have not the slightest hesitation in stating that it is an infallible cure for BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC COUGHS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, SCROFULA and all wasting diseases.

For restoring lost weight and building up the run-down system FERROL is absolutely without an equal.

—FOR SALE BY—

Cairncross & Lawrence, Druggists, 216 Dundas Street

Get Your Black Voile Now, and Buy It Here

Of late, Black Voile has not only been an extremely fashionable fabric but a very scarce one as well. Better get what you want now while our present stock is so very complete. It will pay you to buy your Black Voile here, too. Just compare qualities and prices and you'll see the reason why.

Plain Black Voiles—a host of different lines, at 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1, \$1.35, \$1.75

Fine Silk Embroidered Voiles. Elegant fabrics, and just, a yard.....\$1.00

Three superb costumes in Black Voile. Nice, heavy weight—stripe and overplaid effect. Each.....\$12

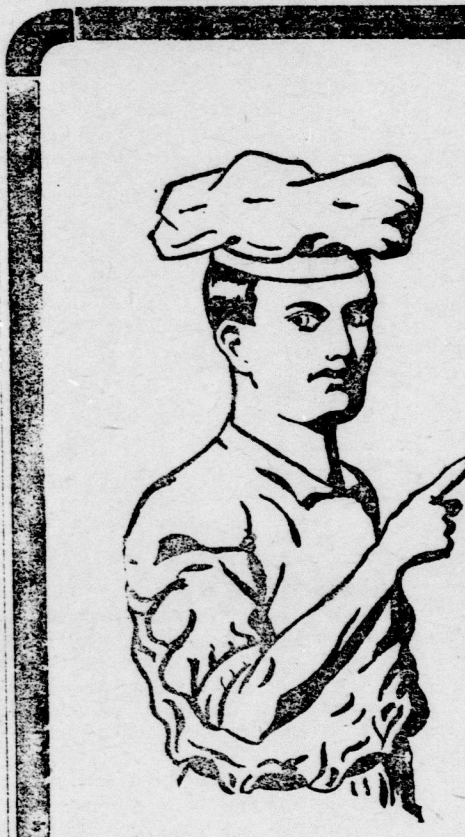
Fine, sheer Voiles in eight-yard costume lengths, per yard.....\$1.00

Black Panamas are getting more popular as the season opens up. We have them in beautiful fine weaves not the usual coarse kinds. Priced.....75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50

Black Cheviots. Strong, durable and very handsome materials for suits, coats and separate skirts. Per yard.....\$1.00

Fine Venetians at.....\$1 and \$1.25

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling



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the series of advertisements which will appear in this paper every other week, pointing out the many points in which our brands, "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN," are superior to any ordinary bakers' flour, you will see that it will pay you to use these brands.

All we ask you to do is to read the series carefully from first to last—weigh the statements made—compare the advantages you can obtain by using our brands with the worry and anxiety you must have with ordinary flour—consider the reputation we have already established for uniformity and purity in flour, and then send us a trial order—and you will be pleased, and will realize that the time spent in considering the matter has been by no means wasted.

We want your trade. You want our brands—though you may not know it. Can't we get together through the medium of these advertisements and do business to our mutual benefit?

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,

MONTREAL. Limited.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

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