

Just Think of It,

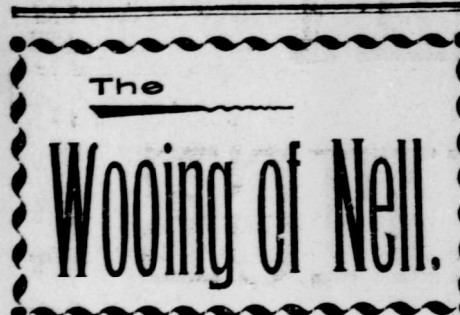
Then take your choice. Perspiring coolies, stripped to the waist, roll and twist Japan Teas by hand labor.

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25c, 40c, 60c, 60c.



For indeed, Jim Stickle's had made no secret of his admiration for the young lady, nor of his determination to "bring down the hussy's pride some fine day."

It was the intention of the detective to go to Shingle End, to interrogate Miss Bostal on the subject of the turn on Nell Clark's hand. But as he felt sure that Nell would try to outwit him by seeing the lady and preparing her for questions, he wanted to wait until she had started on her journey, so that he might be with Miss Bostal when the girl arrived.

His expectations were realized to the letter. He was waiting behind a clump of bushes not far from the garden gate of Shingle End, when he caught the first sight of the girl coming across the fields at a rapid pace. As she drew near, he could hear her panting breath, could see, even in the waning light of the December day, that she cast anxious glances round her as she went.

When she was within a couple of hundred yards of him, she stopped, with a little scream, as Jim Stickle's suddenly appeared at her side, springing up from the shelter of one of the numerous dykes with which the marsh was intersected in all directions.

The detective heard the fisherman's hoarse, hoarse laugh. Then he saw the girl start forward, with the evident intention of escaping her unwelcome admirer by means of foot. "That's the way," he thought, "which she got away from me!"

Thought the detective, as he saw the slight figure bend suddenly to the right, avoiding the rough touch with which she was threatened.

But Jim Stickle's knew with whom he had to deal. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he contented himself with barring her passage with his person, skillfully baffling each attempt she made to pass him. These attempts on her side, and the successful movements by which Jim frustrated them, brought both the young people near enough to the detective in his place of concealment for him to hear the words which the fisherman addressed to the girl.

"Look here," he said roughly, and in no very subdued voice, "you had better listen to what I've got to say, and so I tell you. For if you don't, I'll just take myself off and say it to somebody else instead."

"Indeed that is just what I want you to do," answered Nell indignantly. "You know very well that I don't wish to talk to you, now or any other time, but especially now!"

"What do you mean by 'especially now'?" asked Jim, who had evidently been drinking, although he knew what he was doing.

But for answer the girl turned suddenly, and started to run back to the inn. Jim, however, being prepared for some such attempt, soon caught her, and this time they were too far away for the detective to hear what they said, although he could distinguish the tones of their respective voices.

It was evident that the very next words uttered by Jim made a great and terrible impression on Nell. Her face, which had at first expressed nothing but loathing and disgust, became in a moment rigid with horror, as the young man, standing quite close to her, and speaking in a hoarse whisper, said something to her in an excited and earnest manner.

So anxious was the detective to learn what it was that produced so strong an effect upon the girl, that he crawled from his hiding place to the ditch which ran alongside the road, and crept along, sometimes in the water, and sometimes in the mud, until he was close enough to the two speakers to catch most of their words. When he stopped, the girl was refusing some request of the man's, with all the energy of loathing and detestation.

"Of course, I will not," she was saying, vehemently. "Of course, nobody would believe your stories for a moment. And I don't suppose you would dare to tell them to anybody else, for fear of being taken for a lunatic."

"Don't you. Oh, all right, then," sneered Jim. "I may tell that Henning, then, that's been spying round here lately, and that's put your uncle's

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—AND—

Pancake Flour

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160 DUNDAS STREET.

back up so by the questions he's been asking. I may tell him, eh, miss?"

The detective could not see the girl's face as she answered, after a pause: "You may come up with me to Shingle End, and tell your story to the colonel and Miss Theodore—that's what you may do—if you dare!"

There was another pause, and the detective knew, from the way she had uttered these words, as well as from the attitude in which she waited for the fisherman's answer, that she was less defiant than her words. At last the fisherman spoke again. And it was clear that the proposal was not to his taste.

"Look here, Miss Nell," said he in an argumentative tone, "do you really dare me to do that? Come, you know as I shouldn't have dared to have spoken to you so open if I hadn't got proof positive? Now come, should I? Why, your face told as how you knowed I knowed, and so what's the good of braving me. And knowing what I know, isn't it plain I mean no harm, when I could easily earn a pound or two out of peachin' to the detective chap? Come, now, you must see it, eh?"

"Come and say it out then, before witnesses, if dare you to do it!" retorted Nell, with a little more assurance, as she noted the man's reluctance to take this step.

"No, I shan't!" he replied sullenly. "I shan't go to work my own way. And I say this—if you choose to speak civil to me—I don't ask for much more—and to ask me in to tea with you and your uncle, just as you asked the young swells as were down here three months back, why I hold my tongue, and I'll go no further than you do me. But if you don't choose to do this—"

"I don't choose," retorted Nell, quite fiercely. "I tell you the whole story you tell is absurd, and that nobody would believe it for a moment, and you can tell it to whom you please." And she suddenly sprang away from Jim, and gaining the road with rapid steps, walked quickly in the direction of Shingle End.

"All right!" shouted Jim threateningly, in stentorian tones, as he kept pace with her, walking towards the colonel's house by the fields, as she went by the road. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll make a clean breast of it to your grandfather, and see if they don't say you'd best keep in with me."

As he shouted the last words, Jim Stickle's passed the spot where the detective was hiding. Within a few moments the latter took the opportunity of leaving from his uncomfortable shelter, and following Jim at a quick pace, came up with him before he reached the fence which surrounded the colonel's garden.

"Is that you, Stickle's?" asked he, as if he were not quite certain of his man. "Here, I want to have a word with you."

He spoke in a low voice, not wishing to be heard by Nell, who had now got some little way ahead, still walking along the high-road. But Jim, who did wish to be heard, bawled out his answer at the very top of his voice: "Yes, Mr. Henning, it's me, right enough. And maybe I've got as much to tell you as you've got to ask me, sir!"

The detective saw that Nell, who was now at the corner of the road, and so to turn to go up to the front door of the house, stopped, hesitated, and seemed half-inclined to return to where Jim stood.

Perceiving this, Jim drew back a step, and appeared to wait for her. But Nell did not come back. After a few moments of indecision, she disappeared round the corner of the white house. Jim Stickle's, however, seemed to have changed his mind about telling the detective what he knew, or to have only meant to frighten the girl by pretending that he was going to do so. He stopped speaking again to Henning, he jumped over the fence into the garden, and running at full speed across the now bare flower beds, flattened his nose against the window of the kitchen, where a light was burning.

By moving a few paces to the left, the detective, from where he stood outside the fence, could see that there were people moving inside the kitchen, and could presently distinguish the two figures as those of Nell and Miss Bostal respectively. He could see also, although he could hear nothing that they said, that they were engaged in an excited manner, and that the elder lady was quietly listening.

"Ah! ah! ah!" the hoarse sound of Jim Stickle's derisive laughter suddenly startled the two young ladies, who sprang apart, and glanced at the window.

"Ah! ah! ah!" roared the young fisherman again.

The detective was on the point of leaping over the fence, with the intention of addressing Jim, when the back door of the house was suddenly opened, and Miss Bostal, well muffled up in a thick woolen shawl, so that only her little, thin, pinched nose and gentle eyes could be seen, addressed the fisherman in kindly tones from out of the woolly depths of her outward covering.

"Jim Stickle's! Is that you? What are you doing out there, frightening us out of our lives? If you have anything to say to us, come inside."

But the lady's voice, kindly, yet imperious, seemed to render the surly young fellow somewhat abashed. He would have slunk away, and got back over the fence into the field again, but that there was a tone of command in the prim little lady's voice, which made him pause.

To Be Continued.

Are You Tired?

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing, as it ought to be, and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

The worse thing that can happen to a man in Siam is to get into debt. There is never any escape for him, owing to the exorbitant interest charged.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing, and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

"The man who whistles hardly ever swears," says a paper. It is different with the man who hears him. THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parke's Pills as a cure for Liver and Kidney complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians and have taken many medicines that were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parke's Pills I was quite relieved and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Western Ontario.

The Slander Suit Growing Out of the Dutton Fire.

A Kinloss Man's Bad Fall—Black Erysipelas in Calisto-Lumber. Thieves Spotted.

The Yarmouth council has decided to reduce the number of hotels by one. Dr. Orchard has been appointed veterinary inspector at Windsor under the new quarantine regulations.

Several deaths have occurred recently in the township of Calisto from what is called black erysipelas.

Mr. Wm. Simpson, a prominent resident of Calisto, died at his house Wednesday morning from heart disease.

Mr. John C. Fletcher has bought the 100 acre farm of Mr. Alex. Douglas, near Melbourne. The price was upwards of \$5,000.

Richard Wigle, of Essex, was struck by the branches of a tree he was felling on Wednesday, and had his collarbone broken and his head cut.

Provincial Detective Mahoney has returned from Rochester, N.Y., where he investigated extensive timber thefts. Five or six persons will be arrested in a day or two.

While Robert Magahy was watching the curlers in the Listowel rink the other evening, one of the stones struck his foot, and he fell heavily on the ice, breaking his collarbone.

Knox Church, Chatham, is entirely free of debt, and has a balance of \$45 in the bank. The report of the session showed a considerable increase in membership during the year.

Exeter Advocate: "Out of the 25 gentlemen students who passed the model examination in Huron county not one had secured a school for 1897 when the school term had closed."

The water commissioners of Windsor have instructed the secretary to collect all arrears of taxes at once, and to put bailiffs in possession where payment was refused. Many accounts are several years old.

At a meeting of the executive of the Guelph Humane Society, a committee was appointed to confer with the city council and city mission in a proposed home for aged people. The matter of organizing a county laundress' union was laid over until next meeting.

It is not likely that the crown will proceed in fresh charges against Quinn, of Guelph, for setting on fire at present, as the prisoner has pleaded guilty to setting fire to Mr. Hadden's barn, and has been sent for trial for firing Mr. Hall's barn.

Hensall Observer: "The following shipped horses to the old country from Hensall station on Friday, Feb. 2: Mr. James Bell, Robert Bell and James Horton, in all 66 horses. They were a fine lot. Mr. Ballantine also shipped a carload of cattle on the same day."

Three stores owned by John D. McDonald, of Port Lambton, were burned the other night, together with a large amount of stock and furniture, by H. W. Vaddell and a portion of the household goods of Mrs. Jackson. The houses supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

A very sudden death occurred in Galt on Tuesday. Andrew Muirhead, watchmaker, was at work at his store all Monday, and at night and died next morning. Deceased had been a sufferer from locomotor ataxia for a long time, and was suffering excruciating pain. He was 51 years old.

Mr. A. B. Stennett, who has been accountant of the bank of branch of the Bank of Hamilton for seven years, has been transferred to Toronto. The other night a number of leading citizens met at the Battery House and presented Mr. Stennett with a bag of gold (\$200) and a complimentary address.

Hensall Observer: "A large number attended the session of the South Huron Farmers' Institute, held here on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The addresses of R. Thompson, of St. Catharines, D. D. Wilson, of Seaforth, and others were very interesting and instructive. The concert was a grand success."

Ingersoll Chronicle, Feb. 3: "The home of Mr. N. M. McNeil has been sadly afflicted with the past month. A short time ago two of the children died, and this morning a third was taken away. The little one, who was in her 17th year, was a victim to spasmodic group, which terminated fatally within 24 hours."

St. Marys Journal: "It is to be hoped that the farmers of Blanshard, Nissouri, Downie and other adjacent townships will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. W. Campbell, provincial road instructor, on the question of 'Making Roads,' on his coming visit to St. Marys on Tuesday, Feb. 16."

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Guest, widow of the late T. B. Guest, M.P.E., St. Marys, on Wednesday afternoon, when her daughter, Miss Lena, was married to A. W. Ramsey, cashier of the First National Bank, Chesham, Mich. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. J. Taylor, rector of St. James'.

Geo. J. Orr, who lives with his brothers in the Kinloss township, fell down the stairway leading from Dr. Lowler's office, at Wingham, on Wednesday evening, and was killed. He was against the door-casing with such force as to cause concussion of the brain. It is difficult to say at present how serious the hurt may prove to be.

Stratford Herald: John Ross, of Kincaid, relates a very strange experience which he had recently at Cargill. John went out to the camp of Mr. Cargill to work in the black-smith shop. Not being capable of taking charge of the shop he was sent out to the bush to cut logs, but coming in contact with a bear he had a very close call. John says he was chased four miles by the bear, when it gave up the chase and returned to its hole.

On Wednesday morning Wm. Simpson, of Guelph, was sitting in a chair at the dining room window. His wife approached him to ask him a question. As she did so he raised up in the chair, threw up his arms, then fell back and expired. The deceased was about 47 years of age. He had been suffering from heart trouble for the past two years, and had attended to his duties as usual. He was a baker by trade. He leaves a widow and three children.

Before Judge Birmattinger, at St. Thomas, on Thursday, Dr. Cascaden, of Dutton, moved to have the plaintiff's action set aside for want of due diligence in the case of Cascaden v. Dutton. At request of plaintiff's solicitor an enlargement of ten days was granted. The action arose out of the fire at Dutton, in connection with which A. D. Uplin and his son George were arrested, tried and acquitted. The plaintiff, Dr. Cascaden, entered action against Dr. Cascaden for alleged slander.

Ridgetown will get the next 12th of

To the Public:

For the purpose of putting in an electrical plant to generate power sufficient to operate a twenty-stamp mill, hoists, electrical drills, and light the mines, THE COLORADO GOLD MINING & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY offer 100,000 shares of treasury stock at \$1.00 per share, on which a dividend at the rate of 1 per cent. a month is guaranteed for five years.

In the *Keyes, Keyes Extension and Three Chimneys* the Company has three splendid properties from which it is now taking pay ore, and negotiations have just been concluded for the fourth, which gives it four great properties in the Keyesville District, Kern County, California, a county which has produced gold to the value of more than a hundred millions of dollars since its discovery.

This group of mines presents a combination of seven full mining claims, making an aggregate extent of two miles with a full width throughout of 600 feet. The body of ore is enormous in quantity and of high grade. It is free milling, and more than ninety per cent. can be saved.

The Kern River, the second largest river in the State, is about one mile from the mines, and it is the intention of the Company to introduce a system of undershot wheels in the river, thereby generating sufficient power to operate the dynamos for the electrical plant as above outlined.

When the proposed improvements are completed, the cost of mining and milling will not exceed \$2.50 per ton; and as the average value of the ore is \$40 per ton, it is believed our net earnings will average One Thousand Dollars a day, which will insure dividends of at least 3 per cent. a month on the par value of the shares.

So well satisfied is the Managing Director with the feasibility of the proposed plan of operation and of the increased earnings that would accrue from the material reduction in the cost of mining and milling, that I have personally guaranteed dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum until February 15th, 1902, on such an amount of stock as it may be necessary for the Company to sell in order to provide for the machinery necessary to enhance its earning power to what is believed will prove 36 per cent. per annum. I am moved to do this, being confident that the Company's earnings will protect me against personal loss, and enable it to realize a fair amount for its treasury stock, so that it need not dissipate its assets by selling at an unnecessarily low figure in order to provide for the improvements already mentioned.

At the price the shares are now offered, with the present rate of dividend, we are justified in saying they are by far the best investment offered in the Dominion to-day, combining as they do perfect safety with a high rate of interest.

After the sale of this 100,000 shares no more stock will be offered, and there will remain in the treasury 1,300,000 shares of stock, 1,000,000 of which will be retained in the treasury for future use. The remaining 300,000 shares of stock will be allotted among the shareholders of record, to be disposed of as they see fit.

In order to insure investors of the absolute stability of the investment offered, Messrs. Lownsbrough & Co., Bankers, together with the Managing Director, J. Grant Lyman, personally and jointly guarantee dividends at the rate of one per cent. a month on the par value of the shares for five years.

The same shares offered by the Company carrying the same dividend, but not guaranteed by Messrs. Lownsbrough & Co. or J. Grant Lyman, we are offering for 75 cents.

It goes without saying that the Company, in order to pay dividends on part of its stock, must pay dividends on all, as there is no such thing as "preferred stock"; but in personally and jointly guaranteeing these dividends we make assurance a positive fact, and, of course, such stock is worth more money.

Intending purchasers of mining shares will please note the following features of this enterprise:—

FIRST—The company is not in the experimental stage, but an established enterprise with an assured earning capacity, extending its operations.

SECOND—Our proposition is purely a business one, as we buy only such properties as show a profit over our investment and do not buy "prospects."

THIRD—Every shareholder stands on the same basis, no shares being given away or set aside for an officer or director, except as they are paid for the same as by other shareholders.

FOURTH—The payment of the dividends is assured beyond all question.

Subscription books are now open at the office of LOWNSBROUGH & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 22 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., where J. Grant Lyman, Managing Director, will be pleased to receive your subscription for such number of shares of the above Company as will be agreeable to you. Price \$1.00 per share, par value \$1.00, full paid and non-assessable, being subject to no further call. Correspondence invited.

INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS MAY, IF DESIRED, APPLY FOR SHARES THROUGH JAMES MILNE, 88 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

July celebration in that district. The election of officers for the county L. O. L. resulted as follows: County master, Wesley Shaw, Thamesville; deputy county master, George Craig, Dresden; county treasurer, Rev. J. J. Haylock, Fargo; county secretary, George Bedford, Bothwell; county financial secretary, John E. Richardson, Keith; county lecturer, John A. Syssons, Fargo; director of ceremonies, Adam Irwin, Dresden; lecturer, Wm. J. Wilson, Chatham; deputy lecturer, Nelson Leeds, Wallaceburg, and Richard Hill, Fargo.

Mrs. Williamson, who died at her home in Blandford this week, would have been 97 years of age in May. Mrs. Williamson was a native of Worcestershire, England, and came to Canada in 1833. She first settled in Hamilton, and when the VanSittarts moved into the Oxford settlement, Mrs. Williamson was a trusted servant of the family. About 60 years ago she married John Williamson. The couple settled and lived alone on the farm in Blandford, having no children. About seven years ago Mr. Williamson died, and the old lady lived alone four years, doing the housework and attending to everything around the place. Late in George Whitehead has been managing the place, Mrs. Williamson being forced to retire from any active work.

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