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There is this point in favor of our clothing the care we take in the making of it.

You are judged by your clothes as you judge others by theirs. Refined clothing is the kind that stamps you as a person of fashion and taste.

Albert Sheldrick

Merchant Tailor
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

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Dr. Spinney & Co.

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Since 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, depondent, 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, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Tremors on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forgedings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Drops 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.

RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS of SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loose, pimples on the back and positively bring back Lost Power for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? **IMPOTCENCY** 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 a 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.

BOOK FREE.—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Office Hours—9 to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 9 to 11 a.m., also 2 to 4 p.m. Consultation free.

Dr. Spinney & Co.
800 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 13 E. Elizabeth St.

The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

er having heard of this crime. You could not know on what false grounds I had been separated from James. I had started to escape, but stopped just beyond the threshold of the door as she uttered these words. Philemon was not as ignorant as she supposed. This was evident from his attitude and expression.

"Agatha," he began, but at this first word, and before he could clasp the hands held helplessly out before her, she gave a great cry, and, staggering back, eyed both her father and himself in a frenzy of indignation that was all the more uncontrollable from the superhuman effort which she hitherto made to suppress it. "You, too!" she shrieked. "You, too, and I have just sworn to love, honor and obey you! Love you! Honor you, the unconscionable wretch who?"

But here Mr. Gilchrist rose, weak, tottering, quivering with something more than anger. He approached his daughter and laid his finger on her lips. "Be quiet!" he said. "Philemon is not to blame. A month ago he came to see me and prayed that, as a relief to his mind, I would tell him why you had separated yourself from James. He had always thought the match had fallen through on account of some foolish quarrel or incompatibility, but lately he had feared there was something more than he suspected in this break."

Something that he should know. So I told him why you had dismissed James, and, whether he knew James better than we did or whether he had seen something in his long acquaintance with these brothers which influenced his judgment, he said at once: 'This cannot be true of James. It is not in his nature to defraud any man, but John—I might believe it of John. Isn't there some complication here? I had never thought of John and did not see how John could be mixed up with an affair I had supposed to be a secret between James and myself, but when Philemon laid the matter before James he did not deny that John was guilty, but asked that you be not told before your marriage. He knew that you were engaged to a good man, a man that your father approved, a man that could and would make you happy. He did not want to be the means of a second break, and besides—and this, I think, was at the bottom of the stand he took, for James Zabel was always the proudest man I ever knew—he never could bear, he said, to give to one like Agatha a name which he knew and she knew was not entirely free from reproach. It would stand in the way of his happiness and ultimately of hers. His brother's dishonor was his. So, while he loved you still, his only prayer was that after you were safely married and Philemon was sure of your affection he should tell you that the man you once regarded so favorably was not unworthy of that regard. To obey him Philemon has kept silent, while I—Agatha, what are you doing? Are you mad, my child?"

She looked so for the moment. Tearing off the ring she had worn but an hour, she flung it on the floor. Then she threw her arms high up over her head and burst out in an awful voice: "Curses on the father! Curses on the husband who have combined to make me rue the day I was born! The father I cannot disown, but the husband!"

The next letter was in Agatha's handwriting. It was dated some months later and was stained and crumpled more than any others in the whole packet. Could Philemon once have told why? Were these blotched lines the result of his tears falling fast upon them, tears of 40 years ago, when he and she were young and love had been doubtful? Was the sheet so yellowed and so stained because it had been worn on his breast and folded and unfolded so often? Philemon, thou art in thy grave, sleeping sweetly at last by the side of her thou so idolized, but these marks of feeling still remain indissolubly connected with the words that gave them birth.

DEAR PHILEMON—You are gone for a day and a night only, but it seems a little letter. You have been so good to me, Philemon, ever since that dreadful hour following our marriage I feel that I am beginning to love you and that God did not deal with me so harshly when he cast me into your arms. Yesterday I tried to tell you this when you almost kissed me at parting, but I was afraid it was a momentary sentimentality and so kept still. But today such a warm wellspring of joy rises in my heart when I think that tomorrow the house will be bright again and that in place of the empty wall opposite me at table I shall see your kindly and forbearing face! I know that the heart I had thought impregnable has begun to yield and that daily gentleness and a boundless consideration from one who had excused for bitter thoughts and re-remembrance is doing what all of us thought impossible a few short months ago.

Oh, I am so happy, Philemon, so happy to love where it is now my duty to love, and if it were not for that dreadful memory of a father dying with harsh words in his ears and the knowledge that you, my husband, yet not my husband, are bearing ever about with you echoes of words that in another nature would have turned tenderness into gall I could be merry also and sing as I go about the house, making it pleasant and comfortable against your speedy return. As it is, I can put my hand softly on my heart as its beatings grow too impetuous and say: "God bless my absent Philemon and help him to forgive me! I forgive him and love him as I never thought I could!"

That you may see that these are not the weak outpourings of a lonely woman, I will here write that I heard today that John and James Zabel have gone into partnership in the shipbuilding business, John's uncle having left him a legacy of several thousand dollars. I hope they will do well. James, they say, is to all appearance perfectly cheerful, is full of business and this relieves me from too much worry in his regard. God certainly knew what kind of a husband I needed. May you find yourself equally blessed in your wife.

Another letter to Philemon a year later:

DEAR PHILEMON—Hasten home, Philemon; I do not like these absences. I am just now too weak and fearful. Since we knew the great hope before us I have looked often in your face for a sign that you remembered what this hope cannot but recall to my shuddering memory. Philemon, Philemon, was I mad? When I think what I said in my rage and then feel the little life stirring about my heart, I wonder that God did not strike me dead rather than bestow upon me the greatest blessing that can come to woman. Philemon, if anything should happen the child—I think of it by day, I think of it by night. I know you think of it, too, though you show me such a cheerful countenance and make such great plans for the future. Will God remember my words or will he forget? It seems as if my reason hung upon this question.

A note this time in answer to one from John Zabel:

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Philemon thinks only of me. We understand each other perfectly, now that our greatest suffering comes in such other's pain. My load I can bear.

out this—Come and see me, John, and tell James our house is open to him. We have all done wrong, and are caught in one web of misfortune. Let it make us friends again.

Below this in Philemon's hand: My wife is superstitious. Strong and capable as she is, she has felt that this sudden taking off of our firstborn as a sign that certain words uttered by her on her marriage words uttered by her to you and as I take it, to James also, have been remembered by the righteous God above us. This is a weakness which I cannot combat. Can you, who alone of all the world beside know both it and its cause, help me by a renewed friendship, whose cheerful and natural character may gradually make her forget? If so, come like old neighbors and dine with us on our wedding day. I feel God sees that we have buried the past and are ready to forgive each other the faults of our youth, perhaps He will further spare this good woman. I think she will be able to bear it. She has great strength except where a little child is concerned. That alone can henceforth stir the deepest recesses of her heart.

After this a gap of years. One, two, three, four, five children were laid away to rest in Porchester churchyard, then Philemon and she came to Sutherlandtown, but not till after the certain event had occurred, best made known by this last letter to Philemon:

DEAREST HUSBAND—Our babe is born, our sixth and our dearest, and the reproach of its first look had to be met by me alone. Oh, why did I leave you and come to this great blight. I have no friends but Mrs. Sutherland. I think I could break the spell of fate or Providence by giving birth to my last darling among strangers?

I shall have to do something more than that if I would save this child to our old age. It is borne in upon me like fate that never will a child prosper of my breast or survive the clasp of my arms. If it is to live, it must be reared by others. Some woman who has not brought down the curse of heaven upon her by her own blasphemies must nourish the tender frame and receive the blessing of its growing love. Neither I nor you can hope to see recognition in our babe's eye. Before it can turn upon us with love it will close in its last sleep, and we will be left desolate. What shall we do, then, with this little son? To whose guardianship can we intrust it? Do you know a man good enough or a woman sufficiently tender? I do not, but if God wills that our little Frederick should live he will raise up some one by the pang of possible separation already tearing my heart. I believe that he will raise up some one.

Meanwhile I did not dare to kiss the child lest I should blight it. He is so sturdy, Philemon, so different from all the other five.

I open this to add that Mrs. Sutherland has just been in with her 5 weeks' old infant. His father is away, too, and has not yet seen his boy, and this is their first after ten years of marriage. Oh, that I had such confidence as she in a future of endless delight in this babe!

The next letter opens with a cry: Philemon! Come to me, Philemon!

To be Continued.

"Hush!" It was Mr. Gilchrist who dared her fiery anger. Philemon said nothing.

"Hush! He may be the father of your children. Don't curse!" But she only towered the higher, and her beauty from being simply majestic became appalling. "Children," she cried. "If ever I hear children to this man, may the blight of heaven strike them as it has struck me this day. May they die as my hopes have died, or, if they live, may they bruise his heart as mine is bruised and curse their father as!"

Here I fled the house. I was shaking as if this awful denunciation had fallen on my own head. But before the door closed behind me a different cry called me back. Mr. Gilchrist was lying lifeless on the floor, and Philemon, the patient, tender Philemon, had taken Agatha to his breast and was soothing her there as if the words she had showered upon him had been blessings instead of the most fearful curses which had ever left the lips of mortal woman.

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To be Continued.

RAIN.

There is nothing that sounds better, When I lie in bed at night, Than to hear the rain pattering.

When I know the rain is right, To hear the lukewarm splashes That would fairly sprout a stone, And I get up in the morning Just to see how things have grown.

I don't go much for thunderstorms; They're apt to lodge the grain. My taste is for the steady, Pouring, downright, all day rain That spoils the small potatoes Because it makes them grow Till they nod and say, "Boil over!" And bulge out of the row.

I own I like to idle When I do it for a shower That earns more in a second Than I can in an hour. For it's good to sit and listen To the seeds a-pushing through, And, besides, there's always cheering For the hired man to do.

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900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS' CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Signature of Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

See Similar Signature of Dr. J. C. FLETCHER, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Dr. J. C. FLETCHER is on every wrapper.

Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

By All First Class Dealers

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc., use

Eddy Antiseptic Packages

Wanted Immediately

The Canadian Flour Mills Co.

Successors to the Kent Mills Co., Limited, Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans.

USE KENT MILLS FLOUR THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting system takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour.

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.

The Woolen Mills

Are Offering **LADIES' DRESS GOODS**

Homespun, Frieses, Flannels, etc., in the latest designs, shades and effects; also Mantling, Blanket Goods, etc. SEE THEM before purchasing. We are offering Blankets, Sheetings, Shirtings and Yarns, all new goods of this year's clip.

For Gentlemen

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

Beaver Flour THE CHEAPEST because it is THE BEST on the market. Bran, Shorts, Crushed Oats, Corn or Barley.

FARMERS try our new chopping device. It grinds your grain RIGHT and STOCK do better on this chop.

The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited

You Buy Furniture

Most everybody requires Furniture. We are headquarters for all kinds; we have Furniture to suit the rich, the middle class and the poor. The most exacting taste cannot fail to find what they want in our show rooms. When you are looking around for any of the following lines, just pay our store a visit—

Parlor Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, Bedroom Furniture, Office Furniture, Carpets and