

Is Marion The Man?

Preliminary Hearing in the Toohy Murder Case.

Efforts to Connect the Slayer of the Policeman

With the Assaulter of Watchman Ross.

Strathroy Witnesses Positively Identify the Prisoner

As the Tramp to Whom They Gave Food and Water the Evening of the Murder.

The Skirmish Between the County Constables and the Peg-Leg Described—Watchman Ross Positive That Marion Brown Is the Man That Assaulted Him the Evening of the Murder.

Thursday Afternoon.

The court resumed at 2:30, and the usual crowd jammed into the court room.

HUGH TURNER.

Hugh Turner, lot 17, con. 9, Caradoc, was the first witness called. He remembered that on Sunday, June 26, a one-legged man came to his father's place, but he did not know where he came from.

Mr. Magee—Can you describe him? A.—He was a peg-leg, a mulatto, about 5 feet 7 inches in height.

Q.—Do you see him here? A.—I see a man who looks like him very much. Q.—Did you see any difference between them? A.—The man who called at my place had a little heavier mustache—a week or so's growth.

Q.—Any other difference? A.—He had different clothes on. Q.—As to features? A.—The features of the prisoner resemble very much those of the man that called. There may be another man who looks like him.

Cross-examined by prisoner's counsel, witness said he would not like to say positively that the prisoner was the man who called, but he looked very much like him.

Q.—How was the man dressed? A.—He had a dark suit on and a black hat—hat—at least, I think it was a hard hat, faded black.

Witness could not say which leg was off.

MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

Malcolm Campbell, of Brooke township, said he lived on lot 29, con. 9. He described the position of his land, but did not know how far it was from the railway. It was about four miles from Alvinston.

Q.—Do you remember Monday, the 27th of June? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did any stranger come to your house? A.—Yes, sir. Myself and daughters Mary and Margaret were at home at the time.

Q.—Could you describe this stranger? A.—He was like the man who sits there (pointing to the prisoner).

Witness said that the peg-leg came



MARION BROWN, alias "Tom Allen," now under examination for the murder of P. C. Michael Toohy on June 24.

there about 7:30 in the evening, and wanted something to eat. He sat and ate in the summer kitchen.

Q.—Did you have any conversation with him? A.—I asked him how far he had come, and he said from Wyoming, and that he was going to Hamilton. I told him he would get there quicker if he kept to the railway, and the prisoner replied that he had strayed there.

Witness then described the prisoner's position in the summer kitchen. He was near the south door, nearly opposite a north door, on a chair, but witness could not say who put it there. While there County Constables Duncan Gillies and another came to the north door, and asked if they had seen a peg-legged tramp going that way. Gillies talked very loud, and said that the peg-leg had shot a policeman in London. He was told that the peg-leg was in there, and then Gillies went and called Philip Fuller and Jack Shaw, who came toward the house. The peg-leg got out of the house while the men were going there, and went toward the fence.

Q.—Did you notice anything? A.—Yes, I noticed a gun, a long revolver, nickel-plated. It was a long one. Witness did not see the handle, because that was in his hand. He had it by the handle when he flourished it. Witness said Fuller came running back to his

house for a shotgun, and he directed him where to get one. He was sent across the concession to Mr. Dempsey's place. After Mr. Fuller went away, witness went back and got his shoes on. He went out and then saw the peg-leg going towards the bush, with Shaw following.

Q.—What pace was the prisoner going? A.—Not very fast. Q.—What pace was Shaw going? A.—Not very fast.

Q.—Was he walking backward or forward? A.—He went east and stood more than once and looked behind. Q.—How far was Shaw behind him? Witness could not answer this question, but said they were close enough to talk. Witness heard three shots fired, but didn't know who fired the first shot, as he was not near enough. Fuller and Dempsey followed the prisoner some distance with a rifle. The men did not follow the peg-leg into the bush, because it was no use, as it was getting dark. Witness said the man was dressed in dark clothes, and had a vest on. His hat might have been stiff once. It was rolled down, and didn't stand high on his head.

Cross-examined by Mr. McPhillips: Q.—Are you sure of the date? A.—I am telling you I think I am. Q.—You think it was Monday, the 27th of June? A.—Well, I didn't fix it

bring this man back? A.—Maybe I would have got shot. Q.—Had you any warrant in your possession that day? A.—No, sir. Q.—Had anyone with you? A.—No, sir.

Q.—I suppose you had heard through the papers that this was a dangerous man. How many revolvers had you with you? A.—Only one. Q.—You thought that was not sufficient, and started to hunt for a shotgun? A.—No, sir. The man ran across the field with one to us.

Q.—Your idea in getting the gun was because you could get a shot at him, and he could not at you? A.—Yes, sir. Fuller fired at the peg-leg, witness said, as he was retreating, and then the man turned and fired at Fuller from the west side of the fence.

Q.—Is there any possibility of your being mistaken as to the identity of this man? A.—There might, but I do not think there is. Q.—You saw this man four months ago at a distance of eight rods, only for a minute, and would swear positively as to the identity of this man? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—No question about it? A.—No, sir. Q.—You would still keep to that if dozens of people said he was hundreds of miles away? A.—Yes.

Q.—Are you claiming any of the reward? A.—No, sir. Witness said that if he had arrested the man there would have been \$150 in it for him.

Mr. McPhillips asked Mr. Shaw how it was that he did not see whether or not the prisoner was firing at him when the pistol was discharged in the bush.

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gun would shoot anything it was aimed at, and witness said he dropped the gun and told Dempsey that if he wanted to shoot the peg-leg he could do so—that he (witness) wouldn't. Witness said Shaw was the only man who followed the peg-leg to the woods. Witness was positive that the prisoner was the man.

JAMES ROSS. James Ross, the G. T. R. watchman, was the next witness. He was on duty on the night of June 24. His orders were to allow no one to walk on the track, and he ordered a one-legged tramp off the premises. The man was walking along the side of a freight that had just come in from the west. The tramp refused to go when ordered off, and struck witness in the face, and knocked him senseless. When asked his age, Mr. Ross said "Past 60 years."

Q.—Have you any doubt about his being the man? A.—No, sir, I have not. Cross-examined by Mr. McPhillips, witness said the man who struck him was dressed in a light-colored suit, which was very dirty.

Q.—Is there a possibility of your being mistaken about this man? A.—No mistake at all. The witness was asked this question in many ways, but his statement could not be shaken. Witness said the hat prisoner wore was a black one, pretty much like the one prodv ed.

L. W. STOKES. L. W. Stokes, of 12 Pearl street, was going along Adelaide street on the night of June 24, about 8:50, and saw the prisoner coming along the track. When ordered off he knocked Mr. Ross stiff on the track. He assisted Mr. Ross to the shanty, after securing help. The prisoner then went down the track and disappeared between the cars, about 150 feet away. The clothes he wore that night were much darker in color than those he had on today.

This witness was put through a very vigorous cross-examination, in which he swore positively that the black hat produced (the one that was found near the murdered policeman) was the one the prisoner wore on the night in question; and that he would know the coat again, if produced.

Witness said the man's wooden leg, witness said that it had been altered from the way it was on the 24th of June. The peg-leg was a solid piece then, and now it was in two pieces. There were no nails in the peg-leg then. Witness said the man who assaulted Mr. Ross had no mustache, and of this he was also positive.

Friday Morning. The scene at the police court this morning was similar to that of yesterday. All through the proceedings on Thursday the prisoner smiled at many things the witnesses said, and sometimes looked a little downcast. On the whole the air of Marion Brown for the past two days has been that of a man confident that no ill would befall him.

T. J. O'SULLIVAN. Mr. T. J. O'Sullivan, of 732 York street, was the first witness called this morning. He remembered the 24th of June last. On that day he saw a one-legged man standing in front of his place between 7 and 9 o'clock in the evening. He described the man as having a dark complexion, dark mustache and dark clothes; wore a light shirt, and a soft felt hat like the one produced in court, and wore it inclined toward his forehead. The tramp carried in his hand a short stick. Witness had only seen the peg-leg for a few moments.

Q.—Will you look at the prisoner and see if that is the man. A.—To the best of my knowledge that is the man. Witness then said that his wife and an old gentleman had called his (witness's) attention to the man, and asked if he were not "a hard-looking citizen." Witness had replied that he did not think so.

Cross-examined by Mr. McPhillips, witness said he was sure of the date, and that he was positive that the man was the same man who was seen on the 24th of June.

Q.—How long have you been a county constable? A.—Twenty years. Q.—Is that the way county constables generally do? A.—Yes, sir, when dealing with characters of that kind.

Q.—Well, you swear the prisoner is the man? A.—He looks like him. Q.—Are you positive that this is the man—yes or no? A.—That is the man (pointing to the prisoner).

Q.—You are one of those positive fellows who could not be mistaken? A.—Yes, sir.

P. FULLER. P. Fuller, of Watford, said he was one of those who went to Mr. Campbell's after the peg-leg. Gillies went in first, and they remained outside. When Gillies called to them they went up, and witness said he was on the opposite side of the house to the peg-leg. Mr. Shaw left witness and went toward the end of the house, where he caught sight of the peg-leg. Witness called to him and said, "I want you," but the tramp paid no attention. Shaw called again to the peg-leg, and said, "Come here, we want you; and we're going to have you." The peg-leg then said, "I'll tell you straight, that I'll never take me alive. I want to warn you to keep back. I have a better revolver than you have." Fuller saw a man coming (Dempsey, by name), and said to him, "Give me that rifle." Witness fired it in the direction of the peg-leg; but said it was more to scare him than to hurt him. The peg-leg kept on going. The prisoner put up his revolver, and Dempsey asked for the rifle, saying it would shoot anything it was sighted for. Dempsey fired a shot, and the tramp said, "Now, you can fire, you can't fire any more—you haven't any more cartridges." The tramp then went into the woods.

Q.—Have you any doubt about the prisoner being the man? A.—Not the least. Cross-examined by Mr. McPhillips, witness said he never saw this man before the 27th of June until today.

Q.—No. Witness said the nearest he got to prisoner on the night in question was about ten rods, and that was about 7:15. The prisoner turned and faced witness about 50 times, while he was retreating.

Q.—That was after you got the crack at him with the gun? A.—Yes, sir; it was after the shot was fired; but I told you I did not fire at him—I fired at the fence.

Asked to describe the tramp's dress, witness said he wore a dark serge suit. It was neither black nor blue, but gray, made so by dirt. He believed the man wore a plaid shirt, but had a vest on. The tramp had a mustache considerably longer than his hair. His hat was one with a hard rim, and once the prisoner took it off and waved it in the air. Witness corroborated the statement as to what he saw between Shaw and the peg-leg. Shaw had told the tramp that he wanted him, and that he was making things worse for himself. The tramp said that he knew what they wanted him for, and would never be taken alive.

Q.—He did not say what he wanted him for—or that it was for the murder of Policeman Toohy in London? A.—No, sir.

Q.—There was nothing said about any charge? A.—Nothing that I remember of. Witness explained again that when he fired in the tramp's direction it was to frighten the fugitive and get him to halt. Mr. Dempsey said the

witness said he had asked to be allowed to see the prisoner at the jail, and had been allowed to do so. He thought the prisoner was the same man, but would not be positive. After leaving witness' place on the evening of June 24, the man was going east, and did not walk as though he had committed a crime. Witness could not recognize the hat as the one which the tramp wore; was positive he wore a vest, and his clothes were pretty well worn; the man had a mustache longer than his beard.

Q.—Will you look at the prisoner and see if he is not a good-looking colored man, with an exceptionally pleasing countenance—nothing vicious about him? Witness said he was pleased enough looking in his present condition, but his wife thought the tramp saw opposite his place was a hard-looking citizen. Witness could not say whether the man his wife had called his attention to had a pleasing countenance.

MRS. THOMAS SHORT. Mrs. Short, 739 York street, was called. In answer to Mr. Magee, she said on June 24 she had seen a peg-leg man. He was dressed in dark clothes, with a wooden stump on the left leg.

Q.—Will you look at the prisoner and see whether or not he is the man? A.—He is the man.

Cross-examined by prisoner's counsel, Mrs. Short said she first saw the peg-legged tramp while standing and talking with Mrs. Johnston near her house.

Q.—Will you look at the prisoner and see if there is anything brutal, vicious, or hard-looking about him, but that on the contrary he is a very good-looking and pleasant looking man? A.—I'll say that he is good-looking but a bad man.

Q.—Will you point out what strikes you as particularly bad about the man.

Witness said, "He has a very bad eye."

The magistrate did not think that such questions were material. Mr. McPhillips—Well, all right, your worship, I suppose the ladies have their own opinion about men's eyes.

Q.—Would you swear positively, unquestionably and undoubtedly that this is the man you saw? A.—Yes; he is the man.

Q.—And if I have a hundred witnesses to say that he was hundreds of miles away from here at the time, would you still hold to your present story? A.—It would make no difference if you had 500.

Q.—Woman like, eh? A.—(With dignity)—Yes.

MARCUS SMITH. Marcus Smith, of 791 York street, said that while standing in the door of his house, on the night of June 24, a one-legged man passed his place. He described the man as short and stout, wearing dark clothes, with a black soft felt hat. The prisoner resembled the man very much.

Q.—What called your attention to him particularly? A.—By the house I heard him say to my little girl, who was playing outside, "You, what are you doing here—get out of this."

Q.—Have you heard him speak since? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—How does the voice of the prisoner correspond with the voice you heard that night. A.—It is very much like it.

Mr. McPhillips cross-examined the witness at length, regarding the expression that the tramp used to be witness' little daughter, and the witness became excited. Then the counsel got a little excited.

Mr. Magee objected to the proceedings, and the discussion dropped, without the witness taking anything. Witness would not say positively that the prisoner was the man, although he looked very much like him.

(Continued on page 5.)

CASTORIA

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The Tip-Top Batters

Ten Who Made the Best Record
in the National League.

Petrolia, Curlers in 'Good Trim
for the Coming Season.

Racing at Sandown Park, Eng. Wind-
sor and Other Points—Other
Sporting Events.

BASEBALL

TIP-TOP BATTERS.

President Young, of the National Baseball League, gives out the official batting averages for the past season of players who took part in 15 or more games. The ten who took the list are: Keller, Baltimore, .368 per cent; Hamilton, Boston, .367; Burkett, Cleveland, .345; Smith, Cincinnati, .344; Collins, Boston, .337; McGraw, Baltimore, .335; Tenney, Boston, .335; Delehanty, Philadelphia, .334; Mercer, Washington, .334; Clarke, of Louisville, hold the record for stolen bases, having 66 to his credit.

TURF.

CREEMORE'S FIRST MEET.
Creemore, Ont., Oct. 21.—The first annual meeting of the Creemore Driving Park Association was held on their splendid new half-mile track yesterday, and furnished a good day's sport. Summary:

Open trot:
Arlene Wilkes 3 1 2 1 1
Hal Forrest 1 2 1 2 2
Maggie Usher 2 3 3 3 3
Time—2:35, 2:36½, 2:29½, 2:34, 2:31½.
2:30 trot:
Topsy D. 1 1
Maggie Usher 2 2
Time—2:41½, 2:43½.
Three-minute trot:
Nitchie 1 1 1
Benedict 2 2 2
Campana 3 3 3
Time—2:59½, 2:49½, 2:49½.
Running race:
In Command 1 1
Lady Maher 2 2
Gladstone 3 3
Time—1:55½, 1:56½.

TROTTING AT COLUMBUS.

Columbus, O., Oct. 21.—The track was several seconds slow yesterday. Summary:
2:08 trot; purse \$500 (postponed from Wednesday).
Captain Jack, blk. g. 2 3 1 1 1
Pilot Boy, g. 1 4 1 2 2
William Penn, br. h. 4 1 2 3 3
Pilatus, ch. h. 3 3 3 4 4
Time—2:11½, 2:11½, 2:13½, 2:13½, 2:12½.
2:20 pace; purse \$700.
Bay Leaf, b. g. 3 3 4 1 3 1 1
Roady, b. m. 1 4 1 3 1 4 2 2
Lily of the Valley, 1 1 7 14 13 3 3
Time—2:13½, 2:13½, 2:13½, 2:13½, 2:12½, 2:15½, 2:17.

Birch Twig, Harry T. Dime, Gladys, Gov. Bushnell, Miss Edith, Fanchon, Minnie Young, Balmey L. Sany, Tat Violation, Lela Brooks, Rock and Miss Frances were ruled out.

KENTUCKY COLONEL SOLD FOR \$10,000.

New York, Oct. 21.—A number of race horses in training, the property of Mrs. E. O. Pepper and others, were sold at Morris Park yesterday. Messrs. A. H. and D. H. Morris paid the top price of \$10,000 for Kentucky Colonel, those bringing \$1,000 or over were as follows: Kentucky Colonel, b. c., 2 years, by Kanaka—Nocturn, to T. H. and D. H. Morris, \$10,000; Black Venus, b. f., 2 years, to Sydney S. Page, \$7,500; Sati Slipper, b. f., 2 years, to M. F. Dwyer, \$4,000; Greatland, ch. c., 2 years, to Tom F. Dwyer, \$2,600; Rhineland, b. c., 2 years, to J. W. Rogers, \$3,900; Kinnikinnie, br. h., 4 years, to T. J. Healy, \$3,000; Butler, King, ch. c., 2 years, to J. J. McCafferty, \$4,000; Bannock, c. c., 4 years, to Ed Hughes, \$1,500; Effervescent, b. f., 2 years, to J. S. O'Brien, \$2,100.

WINDSOR RACES.

Race Track, Windsor, Ont., Oct. 21.—Yesterday's results:
First race, 6½ furlongs, all ages—Carliotta C. 1, Richmond F. 2, Sister Alice 3. Time, 1:58½.
Second race, 5 furlongs, 2-year-olds—Mr. Tip-Top 1, Sugden 2, Sir Casimir 3. Time, 1:06.
Third race, 11-16 miles, 2-year-olds, selling—Beau Ideal 1, Leonie 2, Jim Flood 3. Time, 1:58½.
Fourth race, 6 furlongs, 3-year-olds, selling—Samuel 1, Wanga 2, True Light 3. Time, 1:50½.
Fifth race, 6 furlongs, all ages—The Tarecon 1, Percita 2, Violet Parsons 3. Time, 1:19½.

ENGLISH RACING EVENTS.

London, Oct. 21.—At the first day's racing of the Sandown Park, Mr. H. E. Beddington's 4-year-old chestnut colt Buckstoot, by Gala Reid, out of Windsor, won the Hermitage plate of 200 sovereigns. Mr. J. A. Miller's Bar of Gold was second. The Lord-Lord-Beresford stables' chestnut filly Myakka, ridden by Tod Sloan, and Mr. D. J. Jardine's Heartsease ran a dead heat in the "Twentieth Year" of the Great Stapling plate of 1,000 sovereigns. Mr. T. Dewar's Fleshire was third. Eleven horses ran over the course; distance, 5

furlongs. The betting was 11 to 8 against Myakka.
The Orleans nursery handicap was won by J. A. Miller's Patching. The Lord-Lord-Beresford stables' Boomer, ridden by Tod Sloan, was unplaced in a field of sixteen horses. The race of 500 sovereigns. The Maiden handicap was won by Lord Scarborough's Wild Bay. Galatin finished second, and E. Foster's Mortlake, ridden by Sloan, the favorite in this race, was third. There were eighteen starters, and the betting was 5 to 2 against Mortlake.

WINNERS ON OTHER TRACKS.

Latonia, New York—McClary, Theory, Kitty B., Sauber, Raffaello, Mound City.
Harlem, Chicago—Andes, Jolly Roger, Sea Lion, Double Dummy, Don't Skip Me, Elidid.
Morris Park, New York—Banquo II., Greatland, Banister, George Keene, Meddlesome, Ecstasy.

A TIP.

Mr. W. P. Fraser, secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club, is now a beneficiary. His wedding with Miss Jones, daughter of Mr. Sidney Ford Jones, took place quietly on Tuesday, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser are now in New York on their bridal tour. The best wishes of a whole host of real friends will go with the young couple.

CURLING.

PETROLIA CLUB.
Petrolia, Ont., Oct. 21.—Much enthusiasm was manifested at the annual meeting of the Petrolia curling club Wednesday night. Additional interest is aroused by the donation of prize by Mr. W. F. Cooper, to be the three of stones contest. This competition will rank next to the Englehart trophy, for which an exciting contest always takes place. Following are the officers elected for the year: Patron and patroness, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Englehart; chaplain, Rev. A. Graham; president, A. McQueen; vice-president, Bloss Corey; secretary, J. C. Waddell; treasurer, John Walker; committee of management, A. McQueen, Bloss Corey and J. C. Waddell; representative members, A. McQueen, R. S. Bradley, skips, W. F. Cooper, J. C. Waddell, Robert Jackson, W. R. Noble, A. McQueen, C. Dempsey, W. G. Fraser, J. J. Bell.

RIFLE MATCHES AT THE COVE

Western Ontario Association
Favored With an Ideal Day.

A Successful Meeting—Some Big Scores
Made—Highest Honors to W. M. Goodwin of This City—Major Hayes Second on the List—Officers Re-Elected.

Sandwiched in the midst of the most disagreeable weather, an ideal day favored the Western Ontario District Rifle Association for their annual matches at the cove ranges. The shooting was kept up all day without a stop, and about six o'clock the annual meeting was informally held. The officers and council of last year were re-elected—Captain T. Robson as president, Lieut.-Col. Dawson as treasurer, and Major Hayes as secretary.

In the matches smokeless powder was used, and some of the biggest scores ever made at the range were attained. Towards the wind-up of the day a puff wind proved an inconvenience, but as an instance of the good shooting done, five possibilities were made at the long distance, which is smaller than heretofore, having been reduced 5 feet 10 inches, and the bullseye to 22 inches. London was a close second in the team competition, Guelph being only 5 points ahead. Messrs. C. R. Crowe, J. Ogg and J. H. Simpson represented Guelph, and Messrs. J. C. Ross, W. Robson and George Hay made up the London team. Toronto and Dundas were also well represented.

The meet was one of the pleasantest held, and for this the energetic secretary, Major Hayes, is in no small degree responsible. The scores:

FIRST MATCH.		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
W. M. Goodwin	34	\$7 00
W. S. Russell	33	5 00
A. Wilson	33	5 00
John Gordon	32	5 00
S. Holt, 19th	32	4 00
G. Hayes	32	4 00
W. Robson	32	4 00
J. M. Davidson	32	3 00
S. Warnock, 21st	32	3 00
W. F. Robertson, 21st	32	3 00
J. C. Ross	31	2 00
J. W. Smith, 21st	31	2 00
A. Robertson	31	2 00
W. Harvey	31	2 00
J. Ogg	31	2 00
Three scores of 31 counted out.		

SECOND MATCH.

500 yards, 7 shots:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
T. A. Bertram	35	\$6 40
J. Crowe	35	6 40
E. B. Oliver	35	6 40
J. H. Simpson	35	6 40
S. Warnock	35	6 40
T. Robson	34	5 00
W. M. Goodwin	34	5 00
W. Robson	34	5 00
E. S. Sales	34	5 00
J. W. Smith	34	5 00
G. Hayes	33	5 00
J. Ogg	33	5 00
W. M. Holt	33	5 00
D. J. C. Munroe	32	5 00
W. F. Robertson	32	5 00
C. R. Crowe	32	5 00
T. W. Brown	32	5 00
J. C. Ross	32	5 00
W. Harvey	32	5 00
J. Limpert	31	5 00
A. Robertson	31	5 00
C. T. Smith	31	5 00
J. M. Davidson	31	5 00
T. S. Bayles	31	5 00
W. S. Young	30	5 00
W. J. Davidson	31	5 00
W. S. Russell	30	5 00
C. E. Sleeman	29	5 00
P. E. Watt	27	5 00
W. Lumley	27	5 00
Mr. Kerr, 21st	27	5 00

THIRD MATCH.

600 yards, 7 shots:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
C. R. Crowe	34	\$7 00
W. M. Goodwin	33	5 00
George Hayes	32	5 00
T. S. Bayles	32	5 00
J. M. Davidson	32	5 00

W. Lumley	32	4 00
J. Limpert	31	3 00
W. J. Davidson	31	3 00
J. Crowe	31	2 00
W. S. Russell	31	2 00
W. Harvey	30	2 00
F. W. Brown	30	2 00
J. C. Ross	30	2 00
W. Robertson	30	2 00
One 30 counted out.		

AGGREGATES.

Name.	Points.	Prize.
W. M. Goodwin	98	\$7 00
George Hayes	97	6 00
T. A. Bertram	97	4 00
J. Crowe	96	4 00
C. R. Crowe	95	3 00
J. M. Davidson	95	2 00
S. Warnock	95	2 00
J. C. Ross	93	2 00
W. Harvey	93	2 00
The first man gets in addition the O. R. A. medal and the second also a medal.		
W. Robson counted out, 92.		

NURSERY MATCH.

500 yards, 7 shots:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
C. B. Oliver, 21st	32	\$5 00
W. F. Robertson, 21st	32	4 00
W. Harvey, 7th	32	3 00
J. Wilson, 7th	27	2 00
W. J. Kerr, 21st	27	2 00
J. N. Allen, London	27	2 00
Corp. Sutherland	24	2 00
H. Harper, London	24	2 00

TEAM MATCH.

Names.		
Points.	Prize.	
Guelph	190	\$7 00
London	188	6 00
Toronto	187	4 00
7th Batt.	186	2 00

EXTRA SERIES, NO. 1.

200 yards, prone, 10 shots:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
T. Ogg, Guelph	49	\$10 00
J. H. Simpson, Guelph	49	8 00
C. R. Crowe, Guelph	49	6 50
Geo. Hayes, London	49	6 00
A. Robertson, Dundas	49	5 00
W. Harvey	48	4 00
D. J. C. Munro, Thorold	48	3 50
W. Robson, London	48	2 00
J. Gordon, Woodstock	47	2 00
W. S. Russell, Berlin	47	2 00
W. F. Robertson	47	2 00
J. Crowe, Guelph	47	2 00
J. W. Smyth, Merlin	47	2 00
J. C. Ross, London	47	2 00
S. Warnock, 21st Battalion	46	1 50

EXTRA SERIES, NO. 2.

200 yards, 10 shots, kneeling:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
D. J. C. Munro, Thorold	49	\$10 00
J. H. Simpson, Guelph	47	7 00
W. Robson, London	47	7 00
W. J. Davidson, Toronto	47	5 00
J. Ogg, Guelph	47	5 00
J. Crowe, Guelph	46	4 00
A. Robertson, Dundas	46	4 00
C. R. Crowe, Guelph	46	4 00
F. N. Allen, London	46	2 00
Geo. Hayes, London	46	2 00
J. Limpert, Hespeler	46	2 00
J. Murphy, London	44	2 00
W. Harvey, Merlin	44	2 00

EXTRA SERIES, NO. 3.

10 shots, at 50 yards:		
Name.	Points.	Prize.
D. J. C. Munro, Thorold	49	\$10 00
J. Ogg, Guelph	49	7 00
J. W. Simpson, Guelph	48	5 00
A. Wilson, Seaforth	48	5 00
J. Limpert, Hespeler	48	4 00
J. W. Smith, Stewart	48	4 00
Geo. Hayes, London	48	3 00
E. C. Sales, Merlin	48	3 00
A. Robertson, Dundas	48	2 00
W. J. Davidson, Toronto	47	2 00
W. F. Robertson, 21st Batt.	47	2 00
J. C. Ross, London	47	2 00
J. Crowe, Guelph	46	2 00
C. R. Crowe, Guelph	46	2 00

NO FAITH CURE

About Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

They Cure Stomach Troubles and Indigestion Anywhere, Whether You Have Faith in Them or Not.

More faith will not digest your food for you, will not give an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do these things, because they are compounded of the elements of digestion, they contain the juices, acids and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a jar or bottle in water heated to 98 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will or not.

They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves, in the only way that nature can do it, and that is, plenty of wholesome food well digested. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that does us good. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by nearly all druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package, by mail from the Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

The Tibetans have a week of five days, named after iron, wood, water, feathers and earth. We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief, and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

More than 8,000 varieties of postcards have been issued in the world within the past 35 years.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE.
BLOWER INCLUDED. 25c. acts magically and cures quickly. One application allays pains, clears the passages, reduces inflammation and gives comfort. Cures Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Rhine Fever, Catarrh, Deafness and all head and throat affections which, if not taken in time, will lead to chronic catarrh and later consumption. It is sure cure and harmless. Easily applied.

The land occupied by olive orchards in Italy is estimated at 1,300,000 acres and the quantity of olive oil annually produced at from 70,000,000 to 75,000,000 gallons.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effective. If your drug list none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The sea coast line of the globe is computed to be about 136,000 miles.

DELICACIES TO FRIENDS IN CAMP. Do not omit a bottle of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGSTURIA BITTERS, your package for the boys. Safest preventative of fevers, colic, etc.

"ALWAYS TAKE THE G. T. R. WHEN YOU CAN. S. S. S.—SAFETY SCENERY AND SPEED."

This is the weather for Phys. 84 ft

Big sale now on at Cole's Cut Rate Store. Be on hand for snags. 5412

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We don't want to boast of being the leaders in the trade,
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We've got the goods, we've got the men,
And our prices are right, too.

Quick Selling on... Friday and Saturday

Our productions are everything that the word "fine" implies—the acme of style, the perfection of fit and the highest standard of make and finish.

English Beaver Overcoats

Heavy tweed linings, velvet collar—

\$4 50, \$5, \$6 50, \$8 50

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—Of fine all-wool tweed, new fall colorings, lined with fine Italian cloth, thoroughly stayed, beautifully tailored throughout—

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WESTERN SCHOOL OF ART

Spencer Block, Dundas Street,
Will Open Monday, Oct. 3

Evening Classes—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 7 to 9 p.m. For 38 lessons. Freeland, model drawing, modeling in clay, oil and water color painting. Afternoon Classes—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Oil, water color, and china painting, crayon drawing, etc. For circulars apply to
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MISS A. E. PROUDFOOT—TEACHER OF PIANO (elementary and advanced students) at the LONDON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

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CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 374 Dundas street, Phone 1,101.

MR. CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST at St. Andrew's Church—Instructor of piano, pipe organ, singing and harmony. Teaching resumed Sept. 5. Address 315 King street.

W. H. HEWLETT—ORGANIST DUNDAS Central Methodist Church, conductor London Vocal Society, teacher of piano, organ, harmony and composition. Telephone 1,313, 418 Queen's avenue.

J. T. WOLCOTT—ORGANIST FIRST Methodist Church, teaches piano, organ and composition. 5 Prospect avenue.

London Advertiser.

(ESTABLISHED BY JOHN CAMERON IN 1863.)

Manager and Director John Cameron
Editor

London, Friday, Oct. 21, 1898.

Great Britain's Latest Acquisition.

A cablegram announced the other day that Liwanika, the king of the Barotseland, in South Africa, had given the Chartered Company the administrative control of his great country, which means that Barotseland becomes absolutely a British possession. Truly the Chartered Company is a great imperial agency. It gained King Liwanika's gratitude in 1890, when it undertook to defend his territory against outside attack. In return, he granted Mr. Rhodes and his colleagues mining privileges, but Liwanika became dissatisfied when he learned that he was dealing with the Chartered Company instead of directly with "the great white queen"—Queen Victoria—whom he holds in awe and admiration. The company set about to mollify the dusky monarch, and appointed Mr. R. T. Coryndon as their representative at his majesty's capital. The successful result is seen in the agreement just announced.

Thus the mighty expansion of the empire continues in the Dark Continent, north and south. In Barotseland, Great Britain, silently and peaceably, annexes a territory as large as the German Empire. It lies between latitudes 12 and 18 south, and embraces the whole basin of the Upper Zambezi west of and including the Kafre River. It stretches from the outskirts of the Kalahari desert on the south to the watershed between the Congo and Zambezi systems on the north. It is one of those native empires, now very rare, which have hitherto maintained their independence. Liwanika has authority over 25 tribes. In character he is much superior to the average African chief. Mr. Coillard, the French missionary, who knows him well, describes him as very intelligent and nobly ambitious of seeing education, industry and civilization, as far as he understands them, develop among his people. Capt. Gibbons, the English explorer, took a particular fancy to the Marotse—as the people of Barotseland are called—and says they are for the most part a tall, well-set-up race, very black in skin, courteous in manner and dignified in bearing. The Barotse Valley affords in winter excellent pasture for cattle, but in the summer time the river overflows and converts the plain into a vast swamp. The villages are built on mounds, which stand high and dry above the flood. But the valley is only a small part of the Barotse kingdom. Capt. Gibbons has traversed the whole country and speaks enthusiastically of the portions occupied by the Matoka and Mashikolombwe. He says: "High above the swamps of the Lower Umgezi and the Kafukwe huge plateaus rise to a height of 4,000 feet and upwards. These are broken, well-watered and picturesque. In the open valleys of the numerous rivulets which intersect the forest, the soil is rich and productive, the air is bracing, and the temperature is comparatively low, seldom exceeding 95 degrees Fahr. in summer or 55 degrees in winter, while the nights are cool throughout the year." So far as soil, altitude, and climate are concerned, the country, he asserts, is capable of producing wheat, oats, coffee, indiarubber, many kinds of fruit, rice, and other agricultural products. Unfortunately, locusts frequently eat up the crops, though in 1896, when disease broke out among the locusts, there was an abundant harvest. The mineral resources of the country are practically unknown, though both iron and copper are worked by the natives. In course of time, no doubt, steps will be taken to ascertain more definitely the resources of the country, but enough is already known to make it clear that the new region of which the Chartered Company has just obtained administrative control is an interesting addition to the British Empire.

A Striking Contrast.

Canada is taking her place among the nations of the earth as a great trading country. In a recent address, Mayor Prefontaine, of Montreal, conclusively proved this. He submitted the following striking statistics, which, he very properly argued, go to show that our country occupies a very enviable position in the world as regards its foreign trade, taken in proportion to its population:

Great Britain, in 1896—Population, 40,000,000; imports, \$2,209,044,000; exports, \$1,481,896,000; total foreign trade, \$3,690,940,000, or \$92 per head.

United States, in 1898—Population, 70,000,000; imports, \$816,005,000; exports, \$1,231,330,000; total foreign trade, \$1,947,335,000, or \$28 40 per head.

German Empire, in 1896—Population, 62,500,000; imports, \$1,139,500,000; exports, \$938,450,000; total foreign trade, \$2,077,950,000, or \$34 per head.

France—Population, 38,500,000; imports, \$759,720,000; exports, \$680,180,000; total foreign trade, \$1,439,900,000, or \$37 50 per head.

Canada, in 1898—Population, 5,500,000; imports, \$144,605,350; exports, \$158,485,770; total foreign trade, \$303,091,120, or \$55 30 per head.

That is a showing of which any country might well be proud. And yet the development of the Dominion is but beginning. Those of us who live through the next ten years will see with what strides this young giant will forge to the front in all that goes to make a people truly great and happy.

Church Lesson From Toronto.

Toronto has been not a little excited over incidents connected with the "translation" of Rev. W. J. McCaughan, of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, to Chicago. The first rift in the lute was a financial scolding of his congregation in public, without previous intimation of impending storm. Among other things, he stated that the usual experience of a minister was to be idolized the first year, criticised the second, and crucified the third. Such a remark could hardly apply to a congregation that had given support of an unusually loyal kind for a quarter of a century to his predecessor, the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. As to the financial imputation, the managers clearly show by splendid facts and figures that neither Mr. McCaughan's assertions nor his inferences were in accordance with the truth. To enter upon pastoral relations with an important congregation, and then lightly to break it up after only an eighteen months' tenure, thus leaving St. Andrew's so soon again "to face a vacant pulpit," seems to have struck the membership as treatment of an unexpected kind; but to have unfounded statements ruthlessly published in the pulpit, to be repeated in the press, appears to have been regarded as adding raucous rhodomontade to inexactness of statement. In accordance with the feeling thus aroused, a resolution was on Wednesday night unanimously adopted by the congregation, that, at the oncoming meeting of presbytery, the representatives of the congregation be instructed to "offer no objections to the translation of the Rev. Mr. McCaughan." At the presbytery meeting, next day, also, no objection to his removal was offered by the presbytery.

The incident suggests many lessons; among others the necessity for caution on the part of important churches in their choice of spiritual overseers. No Canadian-trained minister seemed to be thought good enough for St. Andrew's—though Mr. McCaughan's brilliant predecessor had been a Canadian from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. We do not say that if the best available man happens to be from across the sea, or across the lake, he should not be chosen; but the superiority in each case should be manifest. In this particular instance, we make bold to say there are fifty men in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, either native or adopted Canadians, who are no whit inferior in any desirable respect, to the departing clergyman, whose transplantation from across several thousand miles of sea was thought necessary to the proper filling of a vacancy in St. Andrew's congregation.

The Ward System Scored.

The Windsor Record summarizes neatly and effectively the abuses of the ward system and the arguments for its abolition, as follows:

"The opinion in favor of doing away with the ward system in towns and cities, and reducing the number of councilors, is increasing. Wherever the question has been submitted to the electors a favorable opinion has been expressed."

"This change, while not urged as a panacea for all municipal ills, is regarded as one well calculated to raise the administration of our municipal affairs to a higher level. Under the present ward system a narrow and local view of his duties is liable to be taken by an alderman. He is being constantly reminded by the electors of his ward that he is the representative of that ward at the council board and his value as a representative is measured largely by the amount of money he can have expended in his ward, and the other advantages he can secure for his constituents. This influence constantly operating upon the alderman, it is contended, narrows his views of public duty. The tendency of the ward system is to create parties in the council. There is a natural tendency under the ward system for the representatives to combine in order to secure largest share of the civic expenditure for their particular locality. In other words it encourages what is known as log-rolling in the council."

"With the whole city to select from it is believed that a better class of citizens would be available and that better men could be induced to offer themselves for election. Men elected by the electors of the whole city would be more likely to look at questions coming up for consideration from the standpoint of the interests of the whole city and not a particular part of it."

"That our present municipal system is somewhat clumsy, extravagant, and in some respects unsatisfactory, is generally admitted. The doing away with the ward system and reducing the number of aldermen are worthy of consideration."

The financial muddle at the city hall is getting worse and worse.

A contemporary is right in saying that library books may spread disease. The danger is in that class of trashy novels which spread mental, not physical, debilitation.

We repudiate the Ottawa Citizen's mean insinuation that the smallness of the military parade here on Sunday was due to the Czar's peace encyclical. Watch the parade next year.

The estate of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski yields the Ontario Government \$25,000 in succession duties. This is the law which Mr. Whitney opposed, as he has opposed nearly every progressive measure of the Legislature.

The Episcopal House of Bishops in the United States has refused to declare the marriage tie indissoluble, and the church will continue to sanction the re-marriage of divorcees. Had the attack on divorce been sustained there would have been a decided divergence between the Episcopal Church and many

of its members who move in the swell social circle of the Republic.

The average ratepayer under the present system may vote for only three of the eighteen aldermen elected. He has nothing whatever to do with choosing the other fifteen, who are supposed to serve him. The principle is absurd.

The London Advertiser tells us that some men of literary note dislike Kipling, thinking he is "too raw." We feel obliged to admit that Kipling is somewhat rare.—Hamilton Spectator.

If you will insist on verbal trifling, then Kipling's poetry is both rare and well done.

Mr. H. H. Norwood, the Government Inspector of mines in the Yukon, has arrived at Ottawa. He left Dawson City on Sept. 17. Mr. Ogilvie, the new commissioner, had then been there two weeks, and though he had made searching inquiry, could find no instance of wrongdoing on the part of any officials. This will be a sad blow to the Conservative press.

The Toronto Mail and Empire volunteers the statement that the world's destiny is at present in the hands of seven women. The declaration is not well founded. There are a few millions of wives and mothers in this and other continents who consider that they have a good deal to do with the destiny of the world in these advanced times. There is yet much truth in the poet's declaration that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

The Cape Colony Government—the Afrikaner Bond—is trying to take the wind out of Cecil Rhodes' sails by promising to contribute to the British navy. It would seem that the stigma of disloyalty which Rhodes tried to fasten on the Bond party was unjustified and undeserved. But the Bond stands with Dutch obstinacy in the way of South African federation, and Rhodes will never be happy until he gets that. No doubt he will some day.

The English coroner who refused to take the testimony of passengers on the steamer Mohegan until the following week should have been more sensitive of English justice and honor. Most of the passengers cannot remain there a week at their own expense, and the coroner's action will be interpreted as showing a desire to exclude their evidence for fear it might reflect upon the conduct of the crew, in view of the attack made upon the latter by one Kelly. Already some foreign newspapers are sneering at British seamanship. No obstacles should be thrown in the way of a full investigation, which we are sure will prove to the world the falsity of these attacks.

An American contemporary, in noting the fact that a woolen mill is being erected at Tien-Tsin, China, and will be fitted up with American machinery, adds the inquiry: "When the rice and rat-fed labor of the middle kingdom is awakened and equipped with the best industrial appliances known, what is to become of the awakens, whose statute books are already loaded with alarmist enactments against the competition of Chinese labor?" However much we may oppose Chinese immigration, it seems unnatural to suppose that the awakening of China, which is increasing her commerce by leaps and bounds, is to be an evil for other countries. If China, when aroused, is so much to be feared, why do not other countries combine to keep her in sloth and ignorance instead of hastening her development with almost feverish energy?

Lloyd's shipbuilding returns, which have just been issued for the quarter ended September 30, 1898, show that, excluding warships, there were 598 vessels of 1,364,250 tons gross under construction in the United Kingdom at the close of the quarter. This compares with 455 vessels of 884,336 gross tonnage at the corresponding period of last year. Since December, 1896, the returns have shown a steady increase. By the end of 1897, the work in hand reached a total of 1,013,000 tons. These figures—themselves almost certainly without precedent in the history of the shipbuilding industry—are now exceeded by no fewer than 351,000 tons. The warships under construction are given as fourteen vessels of 110,140 tons displacement under construction at royal dockyards, and 78 vessels of 266,295 tons displacement building at private yards. Of those building at private yards, 44 vessels of 155,660 tons are of British nationality, while the remaining 34 vessels of 110,635 tons are of foreign or unspecified nationality.

A few days ago there appeared in a number of the Canadian Opposition newspapers a severe attack on the Galician settlers in the Northwest, and on the Dominion Government for permitting them to settle there, because a man and his four children had been murdered in the settlement. It was alleged that the murderer was the wife of the murdered man. It turns out that the terribly bereaved woman has been done a great injustice to by the circulation of these reports, and that so far there is no evidence to connect either her or any of the Galician settlers with the dreadful deed. A coronor's jury have entirely exonerated the woman, and they have been unable to discover the perpetrator of the crime, though there is a strong suspicion that the object was robbery, as a considerable sum of money which the murdered man was known to have in his possession was missing. The result of the inquiry shows on what slim foundation the libelers of the Galicians and of the Dominion Government are

accustomed to base their attacks. Nothing pleases a certain class in Canada because the management of public affairs is no longer in the hands of the Conservative leaders.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

Congenial Surroundings.

[Detroit News.] It's natural for Emperor William to get along well in the orient, where the prevailing ideas of government are in harmony with his.

The Valet Doubtless Thinks So

[Hamilton Spectator.] Fate is no respecter of persons. A whole family on board the steamer Mohegan perished, but their valet was saved.—London Advertiser.

That does not prove that fate is no respecter of persons. The valet might easily have been the best of the lot.

A Pointer for Uncle Sam.

[Hamilton Times.] The fact that many Spanish officials in Porto Rico are moving to secure naturalization as United States citizens is a hopeful sign for the future of the island. Now if the United States would make commerce with Porto Rico as free as Britain makes commerce with her acquisitions, the little island would enjoy to the full the benefits of the newer and better Anglo-Saxon civilization. But if Dingleyism is to apply to it, then it will enter the race hobbled.

Public Debts.

[St. James Gazette.] The public debts of all civilized nations have been estimated by a statistician at \$9,806 millions of dollars, which are divided among the prominent countries as follows: France, 6,120; England, 3,224; Austria, 3,082; Italy, 2,546; Germany, 2,498; British Colonies, 2,376; Russia, 1,975; Spain, 1,415; United States, 993; Portugal, 631; German Empire, 551; Egypt, 553; Brazil, 518; Netherlands, 462; Belgium, 458; Japan, 444; Turkey, 399; Greece, 49 millions. The balance of 2,543 millions is shared by the other countries.

Kipling's Mistake.

[Boston Herald.] Rudyard Kipling, who was so splendidly sane as regards England's public affairs in his "Recessional," has printed another poem, which has been elicited by the czar's proposed disarmament of the nations. It is deplorably in contrast with his earlier effort, being a brutally savage attack upon Russia and her ruler, and more like ravings of insanity than the fruit of a well-ordered mind. Mr. Kipling is unquestionably a poet, and with a large number of people he is the most popular author of the day in his prose, but those who hoped he was something more are in a way to be disillusioned by his latest effusion. It is a heavy setback to his reputation for good sense in the minds of thinking people.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

The Old and the New.

It isn't the new woman, but the old woman who has upset things in China.—Cleveland Leader.

The Soprano.

A sweet little lady sat in the choir. Whose powerful voice rose hoir and hoir, Till it reached such a height It was clean out of sight, And they found it next day on the spoils.—Scraps.

Exit.

Life, we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear. Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear, Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not good night, but in some brighter clime Bid me good morning.—Mrs. Barbauld.

His Indignant Protest.

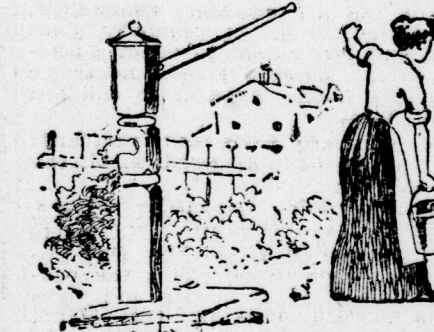
"We find him guilty of stealing the hams," said the pompous foreman of

A Chatham Lady's Case.

CARRYING A PAIL OF WATER OR OTHER HOUSEHOLD WORK MADE HER HEART BEAT VIOLENTLY.

She's been Restored to Perfect Health by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

There are many women in this land who find household duties a drag and a burden. The least exertion tires them,



gives them a pain in the back and side, makes their heart palpitate and their head ache. To solve this would commend for consideration the following statement made by Mrs. James Ranken, Baldoon Street, Chatham, Ont.:

"I saw by the advertisement of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, that they were a specific for weakness of the heart and nerves, general debility, dizziness, fluttering, palpitation, etc. I was so weak that I could not go to the Central Drug Store to get them myself, so I sent my son for a box."

"When I commenced taking these pills I was dreadfully nervous, suffered a great deal with weak heart action, sometimes my heart almost stopped beating. Carrying a pail of water or other similar exertion, while performing my household duties would make my heart beat violently. I did not obtain restful sleep, and was easily startled and frightened."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have toned up my nerves, caused my heart to resume its healthy action, and invigorated my entire system."

Get a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Constipation and Dyspepsia. They do not grip, sicken or weaken. Price 25c., all druggists.

the jury, "and sentence him to one year in the penitentiary, but in view of mitigating circumstances, your honor, we recommend him to executive clemency." "All I've got to say about that," exclaimed Uncle Rastus, with deep feeling, "is that you'll be executive clemency in an incontinent man!"—Chicago Tribune.

Point of View.

Once upon a time a chicken ran to its mamma in much agitation. "That man over there," exclaimed the chicken, "insists that he is a worm!" "Yes, the conceit of some people!" sneered the hen.

This fable teaches that poultry, while doubtless meaning well, do not necessarily understand all the figurative terms in dogmatic theology.—Detroit Journal.

THE AMERICAN WIFE

Very Much in Evidence in Great Britain—They Get the Spoils of the Empire.

The American wife is certainly very much in evidence at present. The seat vacated by the husband of Mary Leiter at Southport was immediately captured by his political opponent, Sir H. Naylor Leyland, who, differing from Mr. Curzon in every other respect, resembled him in having contracted an American alliance by marrying a famous American beauty. The spoils of the Empire are falling to the husbands of American wives almost as thickly as police captaines in New York are distributed to the partisans of Tammany. An American girl queens it in the great palace at Blenheim, and another American girl who married a scion of the same house came within an ace of being wife to a prime minister. The leader of the opposition in the House of Commons married an American. So did Mr. Bryce, one of his most influential colleagues. Mr. Chamberlain, who reigns and rules over an empire from which a population so numerous as that of the Philippines could disappear without being noticed, also went to the States for a wife. He is this month directing our colonial policy from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Balfour is not married—probably because he has never been to America. But wherever we turn, whether in the peacocks or in parliament or in the high places of our colonial and imperial administration, there we find evidenced as the better-half of the British officeholder, the American wife.—Review of Reviews.



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Blank Books—any kind made to order. Periodicals, Art Works, Music, Bibles, etc., bound any style desired. Also repairing. . . .

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Superior To any Silverware Made in America.

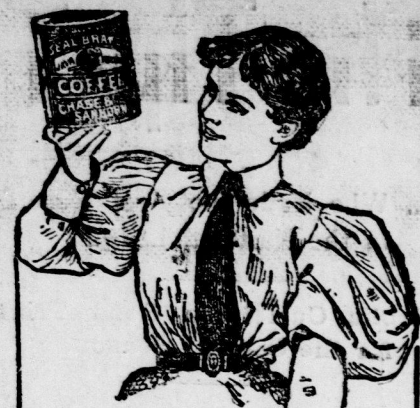
Hobbs Hardware Company, London - Ont.

Electric Light and Bell Wiring

Electric Bells, Medical Batteries and all Electro-Medical Apparatus Repaired.

R. M. MILLAR, 434 Talbot Street.

The Fly is a bald-headed fact. 34 1/2



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

Chase & Sanborn, contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha, in one and two pound cans.

HINTON & RUMBALL THE UNDERTAKERS. 360 Richmond Street. Private residence, 48 Beecher. Telephone—Store 440; House, 432. ERY

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Apple pickers should use a reliable Extension Ladder.

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Thousands have become converts to the daily use of



through this medium, as a "Tea Pot" test, sets doubt at rest. Ask your Grocer for a packet.

THE BRIDE OF THE DARRAN

The Darran stood on the side of the Grayling, a mountain in a land of mountains. Peak rose behind peak, hill was folded behind hill. Rather a desolate district. Nature here showed herself in a wild, fantastic mood. It was her pleasure, oftentimes, to wrap herself in mist, and the great hills loomed through—melancholy in their grandeur on sunless November or drear December days.

The valleys between were wooded with trees of the hardier kinds; oak, larch, pine.

There were meadows where cattle fed, but no orchards, and but few gardens.

The village of Pontivior consisted mainly of square stone cottages, with strong, unpicturesque, slated roofs. There was a church, of gray stone, built near the river, which ran through the valley. The parsonage stood near. In the main street were two general shops, a large school-room, a chemist's shop, and three or four public houses.

Many of the mountain sides that shut in this valley were pierced here and there, and yawning black and ugly at the passers-by, for Pontivior village lies in a mining district; levels and pits of coal abound. What the land lacks in fertility it makes up in mineral treasures.

We begin this story by saying that the Darran stood on the side of the Grayling.

The Darran was a large and elegant mansion, surrounded by exquisite gardens, which again were fringed with rich plantations. The Darran woods were the glory of the bare and bleak village; and the gardens, with their hot-houses, greenhouses, orangeries, pineries, were the pride of their owner's heart. The house was furnished in exquisite taste, and in the costliest manner. Nothing was too expensive or too rare for the rich man who dwelt there.

Mr. Crosby owned the chief mines in the neighborhood. His wealth was enormous. He was counted a just but a hard man; one who would neither give you a farthing or give you one of his wife's gold and haughty dame; her family was superior to her husband's, but she had brought him no fortune; this he had never cared for, for his wife was fair and accomplished.

But as year followed year, and no heir to the Darran was born, Mr. Crosby began to feel disappointed, and at last he told his wife that he intended to adopt a boy.

"Mrs. Crosby" was not willing. We will give her reasons in her own words: "Boys are so tiresome, so noisy, wear such thick shoes. A boy will be no comfort whatever to me."

"You can make him wear slippers in the house, Anna."

But Mrs. Crosby shook her head. "No," she said, "if you adopt a child let it be a girl. I should take pride in a pretty, elegant girl, but she must be well-born and very pretty. Surely we might easily find a child of gentle, poor parents, who would be thankful to us for adopting her."

Mr. Crosby submitted to his wife. They advertised, and received many answers to the advertisements. At last, from a long, low, parsonage house, in beautiful North Devon, the Crosbys brought home a little treasure.

Catherine Hillard was just 2 years old; her mother had died a few days after this, the youngest of seven children, was born.

The Rev. Mr. Hillard was a poor parson; the Norman blood in his veins did not warm him on wintry days, when his overcoat was thin. He found it hard lines with his seven young and motherless children; and he married a brisk, bustling second wife, with money.

Just a month after her marriage, the new Mrs. Hillard saw the Crosbys' advertisement. Believing that the infant Catherine answered in every respect to the demands of the advertisement, she was well-born and a marvel of beauty—the vicar's wife answered the advertisement. The Crosbys came, were delighted with Catherine, and at once took her away from her motherless home to the luxurious Darran, where she was immediately installed as their daughter and heiress.

The child soon won her adopted father's love. With her adopted mother she was less fortunate. Mrs. Crosby was a woman with a terrible heart, to use an old figure of speech. This lady

loved nothing—never had loved anything in her life. She was a blonde, and had been a brilliant belle—flaxen-haired and blue-eyed. Mrs. Crosby was proud of Catherine's beauty, elegance, and spirit; also she admired the child's cleverness and capacity for learning, and accomplishments; but it was out of her power to give her what would not grow in her marble heart—love. Catherine went to a London school to "finish," after having had a governess, foreign and English, for years in the house. She returned at 18 an accomplished young lady, and then commenced such a round of visiting as the neighborhood of the Darran afforded.

There were county families who did not disdain to visit at the Darran, notwithstanding that Mr. Crosby owned collieries; and the ambitious heart of Mrs. Crosby beat high with joy when a certain Mr. Oliver Leslie, the son of a Sir James Leslie, and heir to the baronetcy, called with his two sisters one morning, and went through the conservatories after Catherine, listening to her gay remarks, and joking with her merry laughter, as if he had never heard or seen a fairer enchantress in his life.

Oliver had been abroad. He spoke two or three languages; he had seen foreign cities, and mixed freely with men. He was clever, accomplished, handsome—so handsome, and noble, and striking, that people turned in the street to look after him and admire him. He was tall, and dark, and slender, with piercing, loving eyes and a winning smile.

Catherine thought him the ideal of a hero. Within a month he had proposed, and was accepted. Oliver Leslie and Catherine Hillard were affianced to the delight of all their friends.

Eighteen happy months followed, and then came clouds over the sunny landscape—clouds followed by storm and sorrow. It is a universally received axiom that blessings and misfortunes never come singly. Misfortunes gathered thickly over the handsome head of Oliver.

In the first place, a half-brother of his, whom he did not remember, and who was supposed to have perished by shipwreck fifteen years before, returned from his long, forced captivity in Central Africa, and was at once acknowledged by Sir James Leslie as his eldest son and heir. He had always, indeed, been the favorite son.

Oliver, then, to begin with, was no longer heir to the baronetcy; and Mrs. Crosby was actually overheard by Catherine regretting to her husband that the young girl had not waited till James Leslie returned! Now, James was a robust man, nearly 20 years older than Oliver. He was unpolished, practical, ugly, so Catherine said, and his girlish anger for her passionate, pure love was given to Oliver, and would not be given to another as long as she lived.

Oliver would still have a small fortune—a thousand a year or so; but he was ambitious. He did not wish to owe so much to his wife, and he began to read hard for the bar. Then came a terrible crash. Sir James Leslie had been secretly speculating in shares. One after another of these speculations failed. He then incurred fresh risks in the hope of regaining what he had lost; and the result was complete, overwhelming ruin.

So far the story has dealt with the retrospect. We now introduce to the reader Catherine and her adopted parents at the Darran, and they shall speak and act for themselves.

An exquisite breakfast-room, paneled in dark, polished wood, with here and there a landscape by Birket Foster, or a genre painting by some living artist, lighting up the wall. All the furniture was oak, and dark green velvet. The table was laid sumptuously; it glittered with crystal and silver and porcelain, as if it had been prepared for a royal visitor.

Mrs. Crosby, a fair, haughty dame in purple, presided. Mr. Crosby was reading the Times, and the vase of not-house flowers in the center of the table hid him from Catherine, who was opposite. Catherine—the one too many in the poor parsonage house, now the heiress of a splendid fortune—how shall we describe her?—was not very tall, but exquisitely formed; the head small, large dark gray eyes, with long, black lashes; a complexion of "milk and roses"; so the old nurse said. For the rest, Catherine's gray eyes were full of soul; in a moment could their expression change from grave to gay, and then soon back again to grave. At the present moment she was smiling brightly, talking to a little pet dog at her side, and giving him morsels of bread-and-butter, which he caught with avidity.

Catherine wore black; her white collar was fastened by a plain gold brooch; she usually wore sober colors and few ornaments; her beauty was so brilliant that it needed a foil rather than extra adornment. The food brought Catherine a plate of muffs and some coffee, and then she began her breakfast. Scarcely a word was spoken by anybody during the meal. As soon as it was over, Catherine crossed the room and went and stood in the bay window. She looked straight across the park to where it sloped towards the woods. The woods were not visible from that wing of the house, but Catherine could see the face of the opposite mountain, large and grim, and snow-crowned. At the foot of that mountain was a deep coal-pit.

[To be Continued.]

The gas meter's claim to the champion of the bicycle is disputed by the bicycle cyclist.

Footsteps of God

As Seen in Creation—Characteristic Discourse by
Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Washington, Oct. 16.—Dr. Talmage, in this discourse, takes us with him on a journey to the Pacific, and finds "the footsteps of the Creator" everywhere, as Hugh Miller found them in the Old Red Sandstone. Texts: Isaiah xxxv. 6: "Surely in the desert shall there be a highway, and it shall be called the way of holiness." Psalm civ. 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalaya, or the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Nevada, poured through canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, or an orange grove, or a vineyard—streams in the desert. My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park, or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors. He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated and fertilized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitol Hill said to the American senate in regard to the center of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of rocks, of sand, of snow, and of prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts, or these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the water-courses, the rock-bound, treeless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

But now, when the great statesman said that, the American senate in regard to the center of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of rocks, of sand, of snow, and of prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts, or these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the water-courses, the rock-bound, treeless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

Do you know what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the Mount of the Holy Cross. A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line to the base of the mountain are so straight, and so bold, and so significant, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, but an accident of the mountain, the work of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there, and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time before that, I do not know. I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of this continent, as a sign to the people, and for this nation is in the cross on which the Immanuel died.

First, consider the immensity of this continental possession. If it were only a small tract of land, capable of being cultivated, it would be a small thing. But it is not a small thing. It is a vast land, with ability only to support prairie dogs. I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and abundance of resources, and the fact that it has traversed it.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are unproductive. They are dry, and barren, and bad lands of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within 25 years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific a cross of dry land, and the people who live there when and where the people want them.

We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table, and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty, and never think of drinking a pitcherful at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the water from the great rivers, and take up all the waters of the great rivers, and great pitchers of reservoirs and refresh the land whenever they will. The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over 100 lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed, and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them.

But this continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tinged? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Caesar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter! There are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the great sea of the world.

That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long, a half-mile wide, and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to carve out a seat of pleasure for the silent worship of the mountains! Yonder, is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the Stars and Stripes, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain, turbaned with stars and stripes!

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times

greater descent than that of Niagara. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. Only two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Monida route, as we did this summer, and save 250 miles of railroading, your stage coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone Park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning Yellowstone Park, and all the Morans and Blerstadts, and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvases, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be related. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise.

In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills that cryal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every thirty minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 155 feet in the air, and then descending into swinging rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But after you have wandered along the spectacle of the elements, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandness, the Grand Canyon. Here there it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and held down, and spread abroad, are all the elements of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel.

Standing there in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed across me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbow at the foot of it! Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agonies of the day, what place they would make for the shining feet of the Judge of the quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a door on which the nations of earth might stand, and all up and down those galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpets there would be to tell all that stood from these caverns, and all over these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built!

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent, and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders, to let you know the comprehensiveness of Christ's dominion when he takes possession of this continent. Besides that the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only 35 miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Bering Straits separates us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge.

The American-Asiatic bridge which will span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So, you see, America evangelized Asia will be evangelized, Europe taking Asia from one side and your children will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled, "there shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all geospatial? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore in Santa Maria, and his second brother, Alonzo, when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother, Vincent, when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of the country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocketbook. But how is this continent to be geospatial? The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harness—these will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of



The Story Teller. In eastern countries, writers, they have professional story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There's a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of every woman should read or hear. To have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband.

The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite healthy, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of constipation and diseases of the liver passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by giving him a bottle of it when he feels out of sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen, of Buffalo, N. Y., think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great forbidding passion caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick.

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.



Follow the crowd tomorrow and it will lead you here. Come as early as possible. No matter how early you come there will be some ahead of you. We are busy as soon as the doors are open at 8 a.m.

Housefurnishing bargains of wondrous magnitude as to choice and values on our basement floor.

COAL HODS—Now is the time to look out for a good COAL HOD. We keep the best. They are not made of tin, gotten up to look nice, but are made of the most substantial iron, japanned and gilded, extra heavy iron handles, with or without hoods, 20c and 35c. Galvanized Hods, with hoods, 45c.

One lot of Granite Saucepans, in three sizes; bargain prices for Saturday and Monday only:
40c Saucepans for25c
35c Saucepans for20c
25c Saucepans for15c

Lamp Shades
Wire frames, covered with fancy paper, all complete, 10c.

Glassware
Cut Glass Fruit Dishes, large size, 15c each or 2 for25c
15c each or 2 for25c
35c each or 2 for55c
40c each or 2 for60c
50c each or 2 for75c

Best Electric Cut Glass Fruit Dishes, 12c each or 2 for24c
25c each or 2 for50c
A lot of 15c Glass Nut and Candy Dishes, to be cleared out at 10c each.
Large size Glass Jelly Molds for 10c.

Teapots
Best white Porcelain Teapots, nothing the matter with the goods, only we are clearing out the line; regular price 35c and 40c; sale price 15c.

Plates
Pale Pink Bread and Butter Plates; regular price 5c each; Saturday and Monday price, 3 for 10c.

Bread and Cake Plates, with fancy gilt tracing, to match bread and butter plates, 10c each.

Salad Bowls
Best White Mosaic Porcelain Salad Bowls, three sizes:
First size, regular price 10c, for 5c.
Second size, regular price 15c, for 7c.
Third size, regular price 20c, for 10c.

China—Basement
Six-Piece Toilet Set, best porcelain ware, assorted colors; sale price, per set, \$1 50.

Japanese Tableware
A shipment of the new Japanese Tableware called "Migoto," (in English it means beautiful); the decorations are very handsome; some colored floral figure and other designs on a delicate landscape background. The general effect is one of exceeding richness, mingled with exquisite artistic taste. Among the articles are cups and saucers, bread and butter plates, five o'clock tea sets, bon bon dishes, trays of every kind, teapots, cups and saucers, from 5c up.

SPECIAL HOUR SALE—From 9 to 11 in the morning, from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, Saturday and Monday.

JELLY GLASSES—Best Jelly Glasses, with tin tops, regular price 5c each, for Special Hour Sale we will sell six for 10c.

JARDINIERS—Large size Jardinieres, different shades, sold everywhere for 50c; our price was 35c, and for special hours we will sell them for 25c.

PURE CASTILE SOAP—Shell Brand, the purest Castile Soap made, called 3-pound bar, but actual weight is only 2 1/2 pounds; the bar only 15c.

cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am not of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of old denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology, and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia River we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. After we went to fish for men we could only have right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Associations of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awakening to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian Association possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated it will cost about \$100,000,000 to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Look out for the Fly.

Saturday and Monday

BARGAIN DAYS.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

Read this list of prices for Ladies' Long Sleeve Woolen Vests:

15c each or 2 for25c
25c each or 2 for45c
30c each or 2 for50c
35c each or 2 for55c
40c each or 2 for60c
50c each or 2 for75c

Another lot of those All-Wool, Long Sleeve Ladies' Vests; regular price, \$1, for 75c.

LADIES' WOOL DRAWERS.

25c a pair, 2 for45c
30c a pair, 2 for50c
35c a pair, 2 for55c
40c a pair, 2 for60c
50c a pair, 2 for75c

Three dozen Ladies' Hygiene Combination Suits, regular price, \$1 25; Saturday and Monday price, 90c.

Ladies' and Children's Combination Suits, all sizes and qualities.

Hosiery and Gloves

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hosiery, in black, with double heel and toes; our special leader, 25c a pair.

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hosiery, in black, with merino heels and toes; one that will give excellent satisfaction in wear; every pair is full; regular made, at 35c a pair, or 3 pairs for \$1.

Men's Black Cashmere Half-Hose, double heel and toes, in plain or ribbed; worth 35c a pair, our price 25c.

Men's Extra Fine Natural Wool Hose, sale price, 25c.

Men's Socks, best gray knit socks, extra heavy; regular price 15c a pair; Saturday and Monday price, 8 pairs for 25c.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed School Stockings; Children's Stockings; all sizes.

Mittens and Gloves

Almost every day new shipments are arriving—Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, Ladies' Ringwood Gloves, Men's, Ladies' and Children's Mittens.

Brooms

Best Green Corn Brooms; regular price 10c; Saturday and Monday price, 3 brooms for 25c.

Is Still Strongly Marked in Old Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 21.—The Grand Lodge of Kentucky Masons, at its annual session here, unanimously adopted the resolution reported by its special committee, which recommends non-intercourse between the grand lodge of this state and the grand lodge of Washington, because of the action of the latter in recognizing negro lodges.

The motion to adopt was seconded by 50 master Masons. It was also decided to build a home for the aged and infirm Masons, \$40,000 of the necessary \$50,000 for this purpose having been raised, \$10,000 within the last year. The grand lodge pledges itself to donate \$1,000 for ten years in order to secure the remaining \$10,000.

Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard street fire hall, Toronto dated March 4, 1897, states, "Am subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I do not say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

As early as the year 47 B. C. the great Alexandrian library contained over 40,000 valuable books.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What is has done once it will do again.

Old-fashioned stones are much in vogue; the carbuncle, amethyst and topaz are seen on every hand.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back, and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public confidence.

The United States manufacturers can make steel 25 per cent cheaper than it can be made in Glasgow.

"ALWAYS TAKE THE G. T. R. WHEN YOU CAN. S. S. S.—SAFETY SOENERY AND GFED."

Look out for the Fly.

Fine Groceries

—PROMPT DELIVERY
—TO ALL PARTS
—OF THE CITY.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

169 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE
IN
TRADING
STAMPS

pain in the chest

Should always put you on your guard. Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Consumption are giving you warning. Head them off with

Dr. Wood's

NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It takes out the pain in the chest, and the breathing easy and natural. Nothing like it for Lung, Throat and Bronchial Troubles. From Mayfield, Ont., Miss Lizzie Hardy sends word that she has often had coughs and colds as well as Bronchitis, and

Dr. Wood's

NORWAY PINE SYRUP

cured her every time.

50c. a bottle at all dealer

