

(Continued from last week.)

me quitted the room as abruptly as he had entered it, and Erminie approached the bed to assist Ketura to dress. The gipsy lay like one stunned, her wild. hollow eyes solling vacantly, her hands so tightly elenched that the nails sank into the skin. It was evident she could set yet fully realize or comprehend what she had heard; the words had stunned her, numbing all sense and

Erminie lost no time in talking. Swiftly she proceeded to array the in a large wadded gown, gipsy comething like a gentleman's robe so chambre, of dark, soft woolen Ketura quietly submitted, breathing hard and fast, and glaring with her wild, unearthly eyes round the room, trying still to realize what she had heard-that her son still lived.

This done, Erminie ran stairs and apprised Ray. "Now, how is she to be Mown stairs?" she asked. ber, she has not left her room for

down the room, but paused when the low, sweet voice of Erminie fell on his ear. The Frenchwoman, Mar- tion, he arose, he approached him guerite, who was kneeling beside and said, hurriedly: her husband, gazing fixedly upon him, looked up for an instant, and resumed her unwavering gaze

"I will place he in her chair and carry her down," said Ray, as he

this; for the gaunt, powerful frame self looked up and beckoned once majestic gipsy-queen, to approach. wasted and worn by illness and old age was light, and easily lift- said with a feeble smile. ed, now. Ray took her in his surgeon enough to know it was strong arms and placed her gently mortal wound. How long does he her large elbow chair, and then say I may live?" proceeded to convey her below. She laid her hand on his arm, and in a choking voice. looked up in his face with a piteous

Reginald living still?"

hear her- that haughty, flerce pas- ther. sionate woman-speak in a tone like that, that quick tears rushed to the seems to have fallen into an ungentle eyes of Erminie. "Yes, he is living-he is down been too much for her."

stairs; but he is only come here answered Ray, hurriedly, "O Reginald! Reginald! O my had thank God for this!" she pas- worst crime was loving me sionately cried out.

sacred name had never crossed her well be said now." lips. It sent a thrill now through the heart of Ray, as he bore her into the room, where the wounded

Who shall describe that meeting? Long, long years of darkest crime "Mother, listen to me. I have wildest woe had intervened since that lowering, lamentable day which they had parted last. Years full of change and sorrow, and sin, and remorse-years that had changed the powerful, passionate, majestic gipsy-queen into the helpless, powerless paralytic she was now-years that had changed the been avenged. I have wrung drops youth into the bronzed, hardened, they wrung them from mine . Yes, guilty man lying there dying-pass- yes, I have avenged you! They, ing slowly out into the dead un- too. know what it is to lose a known. Yet, despite time, and child." change, and years, they knew each "Mother! mother! what have you other at the first glance. "Mother," said the smuggler, with a faint, strange smile.



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TAKE AND KEEP WELL

my "O my som! my son! was her Reginald! my only son!" "Has the great sea given up its dead, that

you again?" deceived, mother. When I am gone, will hear all. Mother, I have come here to die."

"Her feeble arms were clasped around him; she did not seem heed his words, as her devouring eyes were riveted on his face. lay breathing quickly and laborously, his face full of bitter sadas he saw the wreck of what once been his mother. The wo-Marguerite, had drawn back, stood gazing on Ketura with a sort of still amaze. Ray was leaning against the mantel, his elbow resting on it, and his face shaded by his dark, falling hair; and Erminie, crouched on a low seat, white trembling, sat watching all. So they remained for a long time, the dull, heavy ticking of the clock a death-watch on the wall, alone breaking the dreamy silence.

The quick, sharp gallop of horses' broke it, at last; and the next instant. Pet, flushed and excited, burst in, followed by the doctor and by Ranty. All paused in the doorway, and stood regarding with silent wonder, the scene before them. Ray lifted his head, and going over, touched Ketura on the arm,

saying, in a low voice: "Leave him for a moment; here is the doctor come to examine his

Her weak arms were easily clasped, and she permitted herself to be borne away. Of all the strange things that had occurred that night, none seemed stranger to Ray than this sudden and wonderful quietude that had come over his fierce. passionate grandmother. The doctor approached his pa-

tient to examine his wounds, and going over, began conversing in a low tone, with Erminie, telling her how she had encountered Ranty. Ray stood watching the with interest and anxiety; doctor and as, after a prolonged examina-

The doctor shook his head. "He may linger two, three days, perhaps, but certainly not longer. Nothing can save him.

Ray's very breath seemed to stop staircase almost at a as he listened, till it became painful for those around to listen for There was little difficulty in doing its return. The wounded man him-

"I knew I was done for," "Two or three days," said

said the smuggler, "So long?" dark shade passing over his face. "O Ray! what have you told me? did not think to cumber the earth such a length of time. How does It was so strange and so sad to she bear it?" pointing to his mo-

"She has not heard it yet; natural apathy. The shock has

"Poor mother!" he said in same tone of bitter remorse heard him use before; Bring her here; I have some-For many and many a year that thing to say to her which may as

Ray carried over the almost motionless form of the aged gipsy. "Mother," said the smuggler, taking the withered hand in his, looking sadly in the vacant face,

kept your vow of vengeance, made long ago against Lord De Courcy." "I have! I have!" she exclaimed. rousing to something like her old fierceness. "O Reginald! you have like one suddenly awakened from a high-spirited, gallant of blood from their hearts, even as

done?" "I stole their child! their fant daughter! The heiress of all the De Courcys, the last of her line! Yes, I stole her!" She fairly shricked now, with blazing eyes. "I vowed to bring her up in sin and pollution, and I would have done so, if I had not been strickwith a living death. Oh, Reginaldf your mother avenged you! A child for a child! They banished

you and I stole their heir!" "Oh, mother! mother! what is this you have done-where is that

child now?" "Yonder!" cried the gipsy, with a sort of fierce, passionate cry, "there she stands; Erminie Seyton heiress of the Earl and Countess De Courcy. The daughter of an Earl has toiled like a menial for your mother, Reginald, all her life. There she stands the lost daughter and

heiress of Lord De Courcy. An awful silence fell for a moment on all, broken first by the impetuous Ranty Lawless. "Lord and Lady De Courcy! why

they are here in America-in Baltimore, now. Good heavens! can our Erminie be anything to them? Oh, I knew she was: I saw the likeness the very first time we met." "Who says Lord and Lady De Courcy are here?" cried the smug-

gler, half-arising himself in his ex-"I do!" said Ranty, stepping forward, "they came out in our ship, and I was with them as far as Washington city. Last night I learned that they had arrived in Baltimore, where a friend of Lady

De Courcy's, an Englishman is re-All he had heard, all that had passed before, nothing had affected

him like that. "So near! Can it be that I will see her once more? And her child, where is she? I must see her!" Ray, who had listened like transfixed, to his grandmother's revelations, made a motion to Erminie to approach. Unable to realize

what she had neard, she came ever and sank down on her knees be

side him. He took her hand in his, and pushed back the pale, golden hair off her brow, and gazed long and earnin her pale but wondrously

lovely young face. "Her father's eyes, and hair, and features: her mother's form expression; the noble brow and regal bearing of her father's spiritualized and softened. Yes, true De Courcy, and yet like her mother, too. Ray, come here." He went over and took his place

beside Erminie. "Do you know she is your sister, your mother's child?" asked the wounded man.

"I know it now; I did not before," was the awe-struck answer, "You have heard she is in Baltimore."

"Then go there, immediately; ride as you never did before in your life, and tell them all. Bring her here; you are yourself— her son; is ing germs in the body without killing the Ozone attacks the disease directly and the I would see her again before I die." Ray started to his feet. "Tell her who you are yourself— her son; se ing germs in the tody that kills germs is results are inevitable. their long lost daughter is here, they a poison to you and it cannot be taken inwill need no incentive to make them ternally. Medicine can never reach the rendered before I die."

find them. Saints and angels, where to vegetable matter. This fact seems a will the revelations of this night

end?" There was no reply from Ray; he could make none; his brains were whirling as if mad. He sprang on his horse, Ranty following, and in another instant they were flying on like the wind toward Judestown.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In an elegantly furnished room, in a most elegant private mansion, a lady, still young, and exceedingly beautiful, sat with her head leaning on her hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully and somewhat sadly on the floor. A little paler the noble brow, and a little graver and sweeter the lovely face, and a little more passive and less proud the soft, dark eyes; but in all else Maude, Countess De Courcy, was unchanged. The rich black hair still fell silken ringlets round sweet, moonlit face; the tender smile was as bright and beautiful, and graceful form as superb faultless as ever. There was dreamy, far-off look in her dark, beautiful eyes, as she watched the setting sun-a look that seemed to say her thoughts were wandering in far-off regions of the shadowy

The lady was not alone. Half-buried in the downy depths of a velvetcushioned lounge reclined a proud, haughty, somewhat supercilious-looking young lady, most magnificently dressed. She was handsome, too very handsome - despite her tossy, consequental air; but Lady Rita, only daughter and heir of Lord Courcy, might be pardoned for feeling herself somebody above common. Her form was slight and girlish, but perfect in all its proportions, and displayed to the best advantage by her elegant robe; her complexion was dark as a Spanfard's, but the large, black eyes and shining black hair, of purplish lustre, were magnificent. Diamond pendants flashed and glittered in her small ears, glaring through the shadowy masses of rich, jetty hair whenever she moved, like sparks of fire. In one hand she held a richly inlaid fan, and with the other she languidly patted a beautiful little but a short time to live, and I Blenheim spaniel that crouched at cannot die till I learn if you have her feet and watched her with soft, tender, brown eyes.

"Mamma," said the young lady, looking up, after a pause. The countess gave a slight start,

reverie, drew a deep breath, turned round. "Well, my dear," she said. "What was that papa and Mr.

Leicester were saying this morning about smugglers, or outlaws, or some other kind of horrors, that were near here?" "Oh, Mr. Leicester was only tell-

ing your papa that there were some of these people hidden down in a ceived you. That child did not country town, but a considerable die!" distance fram this. It seems they forcibly abducted a young lady not stood on her feet. long since, quite a celebrated beauty, too, and most respectable."

"Dear me! what a dreadful place That child lived!" this must be where such things are don't think there is any danger of their attacking us, mamma?" "No, I think not," said Lady

Maude, smiling; "you need not hear? My son-my child lives still! alarm yourself, my dear; those des- Heaven of heavens! You wear the perate people are a long way off. face and form of Reginald Gerand are probably arrested before this.

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where that blood goes. haste. One act of justice must be cause of a germ trouble. Ozone kills "Let me accompany you," said very source of vitality. But germs are Ranty, as Ray started from the vegetable and this excess of oxygen, "I know exactly where to while the very life of an animal, is deadly

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There was a tap at the door at this moment, and the next, a servant entered to announce:

"Gentlemen down stairs, wishing to ly. see Lady De Courcy." "Did they send up their names?" said the lady.

wanted to see you on most important business, but he did not send her here at the same time she his name." "On important business? Who can it be?" said Lady Maude, somewhat Lady Maude half started to her surprised. "Very well, I will be feet.

down directly." Ten minutes after, the drawingroom door opened, two gentlemen, both young, arose, and returned her

But why, after the first glance, does every trace of color fly from the face of Lady De Courcy! Why do her eyes dilate and dilate as they rest on that dark, handsome face of one of her visitors? Why does she reel as if struck a blow, and grasp a chair near for support? Reader, she sees, standing before her, the living embodyment of her early girlhood-he whom she thinks buried far under the wild sea!

"Lady De Courcy, I believe?" said the young gentleman, his own face somewhat agitated. Lady Maude, feeling as though she should faint, sank into a chair, and

forced herself to say: "Yes, sir. And yours-"

She paused. "Is Raymond Germaine." Germaine, too-his name! feeling was it that set her heart beating so wildly, as she gazed on that dark, handsome face and manly form?

He seemed moved, too, but in less degree than the lady. There was no time to lose, and he began hurriedly.

"Madam, excuse my seeming sumption, but may I beg to ask: Were you not married before-before you became the wife of the present Earl De Courcy?"

Had the sea given up its dead, that Reginald Germaine should thus stand before her? From her white, trembling lips, there dropped an almost inaudible, "Yes!"

"And you had a child-a son- by that marriage?" went on Ray. Another trembling "Yes!" from the

pallid lips. "You were told he died?" She bent her head, silent and

speechless. "Madam-Lady De Courcy-they de-

White and tottering, she arose and "He did not die. Reginald Germaine told you so for his own ends.

Her lips parted, but no sound came permitted," said the young lady, forth; her eyes, wild now, were rivshrugging her shoulders: "you eted still to the face of the speaker. "The child lived, grew up, was brought to America and still lives." "O saints in heaven! What do I

> maine-can it be that you-" "Even so, madam, Countess De Courcy, I am his son and yours!" Maude he spoke the truth? With a proved effectual. mighty cry, she held out her arms,

and the next moment he was clasped in a wild embrace. He did not turn round for nearly fifteen minutes, and then the newfound mother and son were sitting together on the sofa, with their hands clasped, talking in a low tone,

while her eyes never wandered from his face. He was telling her the story of his father, of his escape, of his subsequent life, of their meeting, and of his confession and dying request. Lady Maude's face as she listened,

grew so white and fixed, and rigid, that you might have thought it marble, save for the horror unspeakable, the terrible look burning in the great, black eyes. No word fell from her lips, her very heart seemed congealing, petrifying; she sat like one transformed to stone.

"And now, my dearest mother," said Ray, "I have another revelation to make to you-one that, hope, will in some measure atone for the necessary pain the one I have just been making has caused you." She did not speak; she sat as cold and white as marble.

"You had another child-a daugh-

If you suffer from a germ trouble and that Ozone cannot kill. Such a germ has mover yet been discovered. Powley's mover yet been discovered. Powley's one will be a suffer from a germ trouble and that Ozone cannot kill. Such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such as a such a germ has not provided the such as a such as furnish the first bottle free. We do this to

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"I had: she is lost!" said Lady Maude, in a tone so altered that even Ranty started. "Did she die?" Ray asked curious-

"I do not know; she was stolen, "Yes; she was stolen. My grand-

"No, my lady. One of them said mother, Ketura, whom I have told you of-she stole her, and brought brought me." There was a sort of gasp,

> "O my God! Tell me-tell me- is she-is she-" "She is alive and well, and knows

"Thank God-Oh, thank God for this," she cried, as she sank down and hid her face in her hands. There was a long silence. Then

Lady Maude, starting to her feet, cried out, passionately. "Where is she?-where is she? Take me to her. My precious Erminie! my long-lost darling! O Raymond, take me to Erminie!"

"Will you go now? Ought not Lord De Courcy-" began Ray, hesitatingly, when she interrupted him "Oh, yes, yes! he must hear all and come with us, too. Excuse me

one moment. I think he must have She passed from the room, but oh, with a face so different from that she wore when entering. Then she had fancied herself childless, and now two had been given her as if from And Reginald Germaine, the dead. too-he whom she thought lost sea-was living yet, and she was to see him once more. She trembled so, as she thought of him, that she al-

most sank down as she walked. The two in the parlor saw a tall, man pass distinguished-looking through the front door, and the next moment, a quick, decided foot-step in the hall, and then a clear, pleasant voice, saying: "Got back, you see, Maude, Why,

what's the matter?" Her reply was too low to heard, but both passed up stairs to-"Lord De Courcy," said Ranty,

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gnow your Baid Ray, "She not seem to do so while here." "All your fault," said Rante "You didn't give her time to bless herself, before you opened you broad-side of knock-down facts; and after hearing all the astounding and unexpected things you had to tell her, of course it couldn't be expect ed she could think of a common en eryday mortal like me. Heigho! And so Erminie is a great lady now? suppose I ought to be glad, Rey, but, if you'll believe it, upon my word, I'm not. Of course she'll have hundreds of suitors, now; and even if she loved me-which I don't suppose she did - that high and mighty seignior, her father, wouldn't let her have anything to do with poor sailor. Ray, I tell you what ever since I heard it, I have been wishing, in the most diabolical masner, that it might turn out to be a false report. It may not soul friendly nor Christian-like to wif it, Ray, but I do wish it-I win she had not a red cent in the world I might have some chance then." The moments passed on. Half a hour elapsed, then an hour-an an seemed to the impation Ray. In his restlessness, he pas ed rapidly up and down, with kuit

brows, casting quick, restless gland at the door. It opened at last, and Lady Mandy dressed as if for a journey, entered leaning on her husband's arm. Both were very pale; and Lady Maudel eyes looked as if she had been west ing. But she was more composed and natural-looking than when she had

left the room. Ray stopped in his walk, and me the eyes of Lord De Courcy. "Mr. Germaine," he said, holding out his hand, "for your mother" sake, you must look upon me as 4 father!"

Ray bent over the hand he tended with a look of deep gratis tude, such as no words can express, "Lady Maude has told me all," "And at the continued his lordship. request of the unhappy man whom you say is dying, we will start with you immediately."

As Ray bowed, Ranty arose, and the earl caught sight of him. "Mr. Lawless," he exclaimed pleased surprise, "I did not exten (Continued on Page 3.)

"I thought you said her ladyship EXCRUCIATING LUMBAGO PERMANENTLY CURED.

A severe case which proves the power of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets to cure so that you stay cured.



listening.

There are very few people in Havelock, Ont., or vicinity who do not know Mr. William Reynolds, the popular C. P. About two years ago he was laid up with a severe attacked brakesman, whose picture appears here. lumbago, which caused him excruciating pain, so that to stoop over or turn in bed was agony.

He heard of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets a splendid remedy for such complaints as his. Tablets and they cured him. Since then Mr. Reynolds has had no return of his old trouble, and has recomme Tablets to many men on the road, such as firemen, engil Was it his bold, open face, or her conductors and fellow-brakesmen, all of whom, from the nature of their occu mother's heart, that told Lady are liable to bad backs and kidney trouble, and, in every instance, the Tablets have

STATEMENT MAY 31st, 1900.

This is what Mr. William Reynolds had to say about Dr. Pitcher's Backack Kidney Tablets on May 31st, 1900, just after he was cured "I had lumbago so bad when I got Dr. Pitcher's Packache K A. C. Denike, the druggist, that I could hardly move. It was most bed. There was a dull nagging aching in the small of my back of stoop or assume an upright position after sitting was extremely not the only time I suffered that way; my case was becomin remedies that formerly gave me relief did not help me now in though, that as soon as I started taking Dr. Pitcher's Backache helped me at once. They have removed the whole trouble. lameness now. I cannot say too much for them, and I heartily reco

STATEMENT MARCH 29th, 1902.

When our representative called on Mr. Reynolds, recently, he did not speak in the highest terms of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and the nent cure they had made in his case. Said he: "I have never had any return of I Dr. Pitcher's Kidney Tablets made a complete and thorough cure then, and I have never been bothered since."

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Mr. A. C. Denike, Phm. B., the well-known druggist and optician of Havelon who sold Mr. Reynolds the Tablets, writes:
"I am acquainted with Mr. Wm. Reynolds, brakesman on the C. P. R., that about two years ago he suffered greatly from lumbago and kidney trouble the means of curing him, and I believe this to be the case. I understand from that since Dr. Pitcher's Tablets cured him he has had no return of the trouble. purchased Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets from me, and claims that the

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a bottle or 3 for \$1.25, et al. Gruggists or by mail. The Dr. Zim Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Vol. XLVI, No. 17.

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