monarchy and become free and inde-

Nevertheless, we Harcliffes are

chary of exhibiting emotion. Any

eagerness on my part would, I felt,

have seriously displeased my reserved

and deliberate uncle. Therefore I oc-

cupied several minutes in staring

thoughtfully through the open window

before I finally swung around in my

"Thank you," said he, a flush of

pleasure spreading over his fine old

face. Then he turned again to the let-

sails on Wednesday, I see, and Dom

Miguel wishes his new secretary to go

I took my hat returned my uncle's

CHAPTER II.

ship frequently employed by the firm

of Harcliffe Brothers to transport mer-

chandise from New Orleans to Rio de

Janiero. I had formed a slight acquain-

tance with the master, Pedro Lertine,

and was not surprised when he placed

his own stateroom at my disposal; for

although the vessel usually carried

passengers, the cabin accommodations

The Captain asked no questions

concerning my voyage, contenting him-

had often carried my father with him

was now pleased to welcome the son

toward my uncle, Nelson Harcliffe, as

gentleman came to the head of the

levee to bid me good by: this Uncle

sure of my hand. I am told the Har-

cliffes are always remarkable for their

reserve and certainly the head of our

house was an adept at repressing his

emotions. Neither he nor my father,

the successful mercantile establish-

ment, had ever cared to make any in-

timate friends; and for this reason the

warmth of friendship evinced by Uncle

After his simple handshake my

uncle walked back to his office, and

immediately boarded the Castina to

look after the placing of my trunks.

Before I had fairly settled myself in

my cozy state-room we were under

way and steaming down the river to-

On deck I met a young gentleman of

rather prepossessing personality who

seemed quite willing to enter into con-

versation. He was a dark-eyed, hand-

some Brazilian, well dressed and of

pleasing manners. His card bore the

inscription, Manuel Cortes de Guarde.

ing me able to speak his native ton-

gue, and rendered himself so agree-

able that we had soon established very

cordial relations. He loved to talk, and

I love to listen, especially when I am

able to gather information by so doing,

and de Guarde seemed to know Braz-

il perfectly, and to delight in describ-

ing it. I noticed that he never touched

on politics, but from his general con-

versation I gleaned considerable

knowledge of the country I was about

During dinner he chattered away

patois, and the other passengers, less

than a dozen in number, seemed con-

tent to allow him to monopolize the

conversation. I noticed that Captain

Lertine treated de Guarde with fully

as much consideration as he did me,

while the other passengers he seem-

ed to regard with haughty indiffer-

ence. However, I made the acquain-

tance of several of my fellow-voya-

gers and found them both agreeable

I had promised myself a pleasant,

quiet voyage to the shores of Brazil

but presently events began to happen

with a rapidity that startled me. In-

deed, it was not long before I received

a plain intimation that I had embarked

upon an adventure that might prove

night fell close and warm. Finding my

berth insufferably oppressive I arose

about midnight, partially dressed, and

went on deck to get whatever breeze

might be stirring. It was certainly

cooler than below, and reclining in the

approached and paused to lean over

should suspect young Harcliffe," the

would be most fitted to act as de Pin-

"Because, of all your passengers, he

"That's just it, senhor," declared the

of Harcliffe Brothers. It is absurd to

think one of his position would go to

from college, and his uncle may wish

him to know something of Brazil,

where the greater part of the Har-

"Deus Meo!" exclaimed the Captain:

"but you seem to know everything

about everybody, my dear Valcour!

your passengers, and none of them

cliffe fortune has been made."

"Perhaps the adventure entices

Brazil to serve Miguel de Pintra."

cannot understand why you

We were two days out, and the

and intelligent

to hesitate.

Captain said.

He expressed great delight at find-

ward the open sea.

grave bow, and left the office.

ter in the blue envelope. "The Castina

chair and answered:

"Very well, sir."

were none of the best.

"Yes, Uncle, I will go."

pendent? My answer was assured.

CHAPTER I.

Leaning back in my chair, I smoked my morning cigar and watched Uncle Nelson open his mail. He had an oldfashioned way of doing this: holding the envelope in his left hand, clipping its right edge with his desk shears, and then removing the inclosure and carefully reading it before he returned it to its original envelope. Across one end he would make a memorandum of the contents, after which the letters were placed in a neat pile.

As I watched him methodically working. Uncle Nelson raised a large blue envelope, clipped its end, and read the inclosure with an appearance of unusual interest. Then, instead of adding

it to the letters before him, he laid it aside: and a few minutes later reverted to it again, giving the letter a second careful perusal. Deeply musing, for a time he sat motionless in his chair. Then, arousing himself from dis deep abstraction, he cast a fleeting glance in my direction and composedly resumed his task.

I knew Uncle Nelson's habits well that this affair of the blue envelope told me plainly the communication was of unusual importance. Yet the old gentleman calmly continued his work until every letter the mail contained was laid in a pile before him and fully docketed. With the last he suddenly swung around in his chair and faced me.

"Robert," said he, "how would you self with the simple statement that he like to go to Brazil?" in the Castina in former years, and

Lacking a ready answer to this blunt question I simply stared at him. "De Pintra has written me," he con- aboard. He exhibited rare deference tinued-"do you know of Dom Miguel de Pintra?" I shook my head. "He is the head of our firm, when the old one of the oldest customers of the house. His patronage assisted us in getting established. We are under Nelson did by means of a gentle presdeep obligations to de Pintra."

"I do not remember seeing his name upon the books," I said, thoughtfully. "No: before you came into the firm he had retired from business—for he is a wealthy man. But I believe this re- who had been his associate in founding tirement has been bad for him. His energetic nature would not allow him to remain idle, and he has of late substituted politics for business."

"That is not so bad," I remarked, Nelson in sending me on this peculiar lightly. "Some people make a business mission to Dom Miguel de Pintra had of politics, and often it proves a fairly caused me no little astonishment. successful one." My uncle nodded

"Here in New Orleans, yes," he acknowledged; "but things are vastly different in Brazil. I am sorry to say that Dom Miguel is a leader of the revolutionists."

"Ah," said I, impressed by his grave tone. And I added: "I have supposed that Dom Pedro is secure upon his throne, and personally beloved by his subjects."

"He is doubtless secure enough," returned Uncle Nelson, dryly, "but, although much respected by his people, there is, I believe, serious opposition



"Will you go, Robert?" to an imperial form of government Rebellions have been numerous during his reign, Indeed, these people of Brazil seem rapidly becoming republicans in principle, and it is to establish a republican form of government that my friend de Pintra has placed himself at the head of a conspiracy." "Good for de Pintra!" I cried, heart-

"No, no; it is bad," he rejoined, with a frown. "There is always danger in opposing established monarchies, and in this case the Emperor of Brazil has the countenance of both Europe and

As I ventured no reply to this he paused, and again regarded me earn-

"I believe you are the very person, Robert, I should send de Pintra. He wishes me to secure for him a secretary whom he may trust implicitly. At present, he writes me, he is surrounded by the emperor's spies. Even the members of his own household may be induced to betray him, Indeed, I imagine my old friend in a very hot-bed of intrigue and danger. Yet he believes he could trust an American who has no partiality for monarchies and no inducement to sympathize with any party but his own. Will you go, Rob-

tra's secretary," was the reply. "And, The question, abrupt though it was moreover, he is a Harcliffe. did not startle me. Those accustomed to meet Nelson Harcliffe's moods must other; "he is a Harcliffe, and since his think quickly. Still, I hesitated, father's death, one of the great firm

"Can you spare me, Uncle?" "Not very well," he admitted, "You have relieved me of many of the tedious details of business since you came home from college. But, for de Pintra's sake, I am not only willing him," returned de Guarde's soft voice, you should go, but I ask you, as a per- in reflective tones. "He is but lately sonal favor, to hasten to Rio and serve my friend faithfully, protecting him, dangers he is facing. You will find him a charming fellow-a noble man, indeed-and he needs just such a loyal assistant as I believe you will prove.

plained by that fascinating word my ship. "danger." Five minutes before I would have smiled at the suggestion that I visit a foreign country on so quixotic fident laugh. "De Pintra's letters ask- his majesty the Emperor of Brazil. an errand; but the situation was, after ed that a man be sent on the first ship | Valcour is on board because he knows all, as simple as it was sudden in de- bound for Rio, and Nelson Harcliffe is velopment, and my uncle's earnest known to act promptly in all business voice and eyes emphasized his request matters. Moreover, I have studied in no uncertain manner. Would I go? carefully the personality of each of Would I, a young man on the threshold of life, with pulses readily responding seems fitted for the post so perfectly to the suggestion of excitement and as young Harcliffe himself. I assure adventure, leave my humdrum exis- you, my dear Lertine, that I am right, tence in a mercantile establishment to He can be going out for no other purmingle in the intrigues of a nation pose than to assist de Pintra." striving to cast off the shackles of a

The Captain Wastled Sordy. "Therefore?" he murmured. "Therefore," continued de Guarde gravely, "it is my duty to prevent his reaching his destination.

"You will have him arrested when we reach Rio?" "Arrested? No, indeed. Those Americans at Washington become peevish it we arrest one of their citizens, however criminal he may be. The situation



reach Rio?"

demands delicate treatment, and my orders are positive. Our new secretary for the revolution must not reach

on her. Therefore you must interview Again the Captain whistled—a vague melody with many false and uncertain Captain Lertine at once, and arrange notes. And the other remained silent. Naturally I found the conversation most interesting, and no feeling delicacy prevented my straining my ears to catch more of it. It was the Captain who broke the long silence. "Nevertheless, my dear Valcour-The Castina was a Brazilian trading-

"De Guarde, if you please." "Nevertheless, de Guarde, our Mr. Harcliffe may be innocent, and merely | self; yet I expected them to be read, ourneying to Brazil on business." "I propose to satisfy myself on that

point. Great God, man! do you think I love this kind of work-even for the Emperor's protection? But my master is just, though forced at times to act with seeming cruelty, I must be sure that Harcliffe is going to Brazil as secretary to the rebel leader, and you must aid me in determining the fact. When our man goes to breakfast in the morning I will examine his room for papers. The pass-key is on the bunch you gave me, I suppose?"

"Yes, it is there." "Very well. Join your passengers at breakfast, and should Mr. Harcliffe leave the table on any pretext, see that I am duly warned.' "And now I am going to bed. Good

night, Lertine." "Good night, de Guarde." They moved cautiously away, and a

few minutes later I followed, regaining my state-room without encounter-

Once in my bunk I lay revolving the situation in my mind. Evidently it was far from safe to involve one's pectation. self in Brazilian politics. My friend Valcour, as the Captain had called him, was a spy of the Emperor, masquerading under the title of Senhor Manuel Cortes de Guarde. A clever fellow, indeed, despite his soft, feminine ways and innocent chatter, and one who regarded even murder as permissible in the execution of his duty to Dom Pedro. It was the first time in my life I had been, to my knowledge, in any personal danger, and the sensation was rather agreeable than

It astonished me to discover that de Guarde knew so perfectly the contents of Dom Miguel's letter to my uncle. Doubtless the secret police had read and made a copy of it before the blue envelope had been permitted to leave Brazil. But in that case, I could not understand why they had allowed

the missive to reach its destination. In his cool analysis of the situation, my friend the spy had unerringly hit upon the right person as the prospective secretary of the revolutionary eader. Yet he had no positive proof, and it was pleasant to reflect that in my possession were no papers of any sort that might implicate me. Uncle Nelson had even omitted the customary letter of introduction.

"De Pintra knew your father, and dentity," the old gentleman had declared. Others have remarked upon the strong resemblance. I bear my father, and I had no doubt de Pintra would recognize me. But, in addition, I had stored in my memory a secret word that would serve as talisman in case of need.

The chances of my puzzling Dom Pedro's detective were distinctly in my favor, and I was about to rest content in that knowledge, when an idea took possession of me that promised so much amusement that I could not resist undertaking it. It may be that was influenced by a mild chagrin at the deception practised upon me by de Guarde, or the repulsion that a secretservice man always inspires in the breast of a civilian. Anyway, I resolved to pit my wits against those of Senhor Valcour, and having formulated my plan I fell asleep and rested comfortably until daybreak.

It had been my habit to carry with me a pocket dairy, inscribing therein any vivid impressions or important events that occurred to me. There

shadow beside a poop I had nearly succeeded in falling asleep when aroused by the voices of two men who were many blank pages, for my life had been rather barren of incident of the taffrail. They proved to be Captain late: but I had resolved to keep a Lertine and de Guarde, and I was record of this trip and for this purpose about to announce my presence when the little book was now lying upon the the mention of my name caused me

> Arising somewhat before my usual hour I made a hurried toilet and sat down to make entries in my diary. I stated that my sudden desire to visit in transferring the passengers of the Brazil was due to curiosity, and that my uncle had placed several minor business matters in my hands to attend to. My return to New Orleans would depend entirely upon how well liked the country where our house had so successfully traded for a halfcentury. Arriving at this point, I added

the following paragraphs: "On the ship with me Uncle Nelson is sending a private secretary to Dom Miguel de Pintra, who, it seems, was an ancient customer of our house, but is now more interested in politics than in commerce. This secretary is a remarkable fellow, yet so placid and unassuming that no one is likely to suspect his mission. He seems to know However, this suspicion of young Har- everything, and has astonished me by Uncle Neison's sudden proposal gave cliffe is nonsense, I assure you, You his intimate knowledge of all that me a thrill of eager interest best ex- must look elsewhere for the new sec- transpires upon the ship. For example, retary-provided, of course, he is on he tells me that my friend de Guarde, of whom I have already grown fond, "Oh, he is doubtless on board," an- is none other than a certain Valcour swered de Guarde, with a low, con- well known in the secret service

the contents of a letter written by de Pintra to my uncle, asking for shrewd American to become his private secretary; also Valcour is in structed to dispose of the rebel secretary before we land at Rio-meaning, of course, to murder him secretly. This seemingly horrible plot but amuses our secretary, for Valcour has only poor Captain Lertine to aid him, whereas the wonderful American has a following of desperate men trained to deeds of bloodshed who will obey his slightest nod. From what I learn I am confident the plan is to assassinate my friend Valcour in a secret manner, for here is a rare opportunity to rid themselves of a hated royalist spy. Poor de Guarde! I would like to warn him of his danger, but dare not. Even then, I doubt his ability to escape. The toils are closing about him, even while

he innocently imagines that he, as the

Emperor's agent, controls the situa-

tion. It would all be laughable, were

it not so very terrible in its tragic "But there! I must not mix with politics, but strive to hold aloof from either side. The secretary, though doubtless a marvel of diplomacy and duplicity, is too unscrupulous to su't me. e has actually corrupted the entire crew, from the engineers down, and at his word I am assured the fellows would mutiny and seize the ship. What chance has my poor friend de Guarde-or Valcour-to escape this demon? Yet, after all, it is not my affair, and I dare not speak."

This entry I intended to puzzle Senhor Valcour, even if it failed to wholly deceive him. I wrote it with assumed carelessness, to render it uniform with the former paragraphs the book contained. These last were of a trivial nature, dating back for some months. They would interest no one but myfor I left the diary lying upon my self, on my return to the room, whether or not the book had been dis-

This task completed, I locked the door behind me and cheerfully joined the breakfast party in the main cabin. De Guarde was not present, but no one seemed to miss him, and we lingered long in light conversation over the meal, as it is the custom of passengers aboard a slow-going ship. Afterward, when I went on deck, I discovered de Guarde leaning over the rail, evidently in deep thought. As I turned around, and the sight of his

strolled past him, puffing my cigar, he face, white and stern, positively startled me. The soft dark eyes had lost their confident, merry look, and bore a trace of fear. No need to examine the pin-marks on my shelf. The Emperor's spy had, without doubt, read the false entry in my diary, and it had impressed him beyond my ex-

CHAPTER III.

During the remainder of the voyage I had little intercourse with Senhor Manuel Cortes de Guarde. Indeed. had turned the tables quite cleverly upon the spy, who doubtless imagined many dangers in addition to those indicated in my diary. For my part, l became a bit ashamed of the imposition I had practised, despite the fact that the handsome young Brazilian had exhibited a perfect willingness to assassinate me in the Emperor's interests. Attracted toward him in spite of my discoveries, I made several attempts to resume our former friendly intercourse; but he recoiled from my overtures and shunned my society.

In order to impress upon de Guarde the truth of the assertions I had made in the diary I selected a young physician, a Dr. Neel, to impersonate the intriguing and bloodthirsty American secretary. He was a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, with an intelligent face, and a keen, inquiring look in his eyes. I took occasion to confide to Dr. Neel, in a mysterious manner that must have amused him, that I was afflicted with an incomprehensible disease. He | men at my rear. promptly mistook me for hypochonquently observed by de Guarde in earnest and confidential conversation. prised a look of anxiety upon the Brazilian's face as he watched Dr. Neel from a distance; but de Guarde took pains not to mingle with any group that the physician made part of, and it was evident the detective had no longer any desire to precipitate a

conflict during the voyage to Rio. I do not say that Valcour was cowardly. In his position I am positive could not have escaped the doubts that so evidently oppressed him. He secluded himself in his state-room. under pretence of illness, as we drew nearer to Brazil, and I was considerably relieved to have him out of the

Captain Lertine, to whom Valcour had evidently confided his discovery of the diary, was also uneasy during those days, and took occasion to ask me many questions about Dr. Neel, which I parried in a way that tended to convince him that the physician was none other than the secret emissary sent by my uncle to Miguel de Pintra. The good Captain was nervous over the safety of the ship, telling me in a confidential way that nearly all his crew were new hands, and that he had no confidence in their loyalty to low shelf that served as table in my the Emepror.

His face bore an expression of great relief when we anchored in the bay of Rio de Janiero on a clear June morning at daybreak, and no time was lost Castina to a small steam launch which soon landed us and our effects

upon the quay. I had not seen Valcour since we anchored, but after bidding good by to Dr. Neel, who drove directly to his hotel, I caught a glimpse of the detective's eager face as he followed the doctor in a cab.

The whole affair struck me as being a huge joke, and the sensation of danger that I experienced on board the ship was dissolved by the bright sunshine and the sight of the great city calmly awakening and preparing for

its usual daily round of business, I dispatched my trunks to the Con inental Railway station, and finding that I had ample time determined to follow them on foot, the long walk being decidedly grateful after the days board. Much as I longed to see the beauties of Brazil's famous capttal, I dared not at this time delay to do so, as my uncle had impressed upon me the necessity of presenting myself to de Pintra as soon as possible after my arrival.

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pinmarks in the paint, at the edges of as he discovered that I had misled Piano, String Instruments and The STALKER, Lindsay. -9-tf. the cover, so that I might assure my- him the police would doubtless be hot ory. Voices tested free .- 9. upon my trail. So my safest plan was to proceed at once to the province where my new chief had power to pro-I reached the railway station with-

ter of an hour to spare. "Give me a ticket to Cuyaba," I said a bargain. Apply at this office .- anteed. Lindsay P. O., Ont. to the clerk at the window. He stared at me as he handed the card through the grating.

"Matto Grosso train, senhor," said. "It leaves at eight o'clock." "Thank you," I returned, moving A tall policeman in an odd uniform

of black and gold barred my way. "Your pardon, senhor Americano," said he, touching his visor in salute; "I beg you to follow me quietly."

He turned on his heel and marched away, and I, realizing that trouble had already overtaken me, followed him to the street.

A patrol was drawn up at the curb, a quaint-looking vehicle set low between four high wheels and covered with canvas. Startled at the sight I



"Your pardon, Senor Americano." half turned, with a vague idea of escape, and confronted two stout police-

Resistance seemed useless. I enterdriac, and humored me in a good-na- ed the wagon, my captor seating himtured fashion, so that we were fre- self upon the bench beside me. Instantly we whirled away at a rapid pace. I now discerned two men, also in My ruse proved effective. Often I sur- uniform, upon the front seat. One was driving the horses, and presently the other climbed over the seat and sat opposite my guard

> The tall policeman frowned. "Why are you here, Marco?" he demanded in a threatening voice. "For this!" was the prompt answer: and with the words I caught a quick flash as the man called Marco buried a knife to the hilt in the other's breast. My captor scarce uttered a sound as he pitched headforemost upon the floor of the now flying wagon. The driver had but given a glance over his shoulder and lashed his horses to their

> utmost speed. Cold with horror at the revolting deed I gazed into the dark eyes of the murderer. He smiled as he answered my look and shrugged his shoulders as if excusing the crime.

"A blow for freedom, senhor!" he announced, in his soft, native patois. "Dom Miguel would be grieved were you captured by the police." I started.

"Dom Miguel! You know him, then?" "Assuredly, senhor. You are the new secretary. Otherwise you would not be so foolish as to demand a ticket to Cuyaba-the seat of the revolution." "I begin to understand," I said, after a moment's thought, "Your are

of the police?" "Sergeant Marco, senhor; at your service. And I have ventured to kill our dear lieutenant in order to insure your safety. I am sorry," he added, gently touching the motionless form that lay between us; "the lieutenant was a good comrade—but a persistent

"Where are you taking me?" I ask "To a suburban crossing, where you

may catch the Matto Grosso train. "I? I am in no danger, senhor. is you who have done this cruel deed -and you will escape. The driver-a true patriot-will join me in accusing

I nodded, my horror of the tragedy growing each moment. Truly this revoutionary party must be formed of deserate and unscrupulous men, who esitated at no crime to advance their nterests. If the royalists were but half so cruel I had indeed ventured into a nest of adders. And it was the thought of Valcour's confessed pose to murder me on shipboard that now sealed my lips from a protest against this deed that was to be laid upon my shoulders. (Concluded next week.)

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\$1.20; reg. \$1

Men's tweed

St. Paul's The annual of St. Paul's Easter Monda meeting on M largely atten were very en ccipts for the \$2,845.86 ; \$545.76 ; jub and with st and other \$8,283.97. Mr. Milne t elected churc Senator Dobi and Mr. G. L

the synod.

The news J. Miller, d Calvert, and tractor, will For a consi The funer

regret by a the past few

ination was had only b years. The community Miller, in hi afternoon t before a la