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LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1896.

BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. Conan Doyle.

(Continued from last week.)
ing nutritious drinks and invigorating exercises to the mind. I do neither. She picked up a pair of 16-pound dumbbells from beside the fireplace and swung them lightly about her head. "You see what may be done on stout," said she.

"But don't you think," the elder Miss Westmacott timidly—"don't you think, Mrs. Westmacott, that woman has a mission of her own?"

The lady of the house dropped her dumbbells with a crash upon the floor.

"The old cant!" she cried. "The old shibboleth! What is this mission which is reserved for woman? All that is humble, that is mean, that is soul killing, that is so contemptible and so ill paid that none other will touch it. All that is woman's mission. And who imposed these limitations upon her? Who coaxed her up within this narrow sphere? Was it Providence? Was it nature? No, it was the arch enemy. It was man."

"Oh, I say, auntie," drawled out her nephew.

"It was man, Charles. It was you and your fellows. I say that woman is a colossal monument to the selfishness of man. What is all this boasted chivalry, these fine words and vague phrases? Where is it when we wish to put it to the test? Man in the abstract will do anything to help a woman, of course. How does it work when his pocket is touched? Where is his chivalry then? Will the doctors help her to qualify? Will the lawyers help her to be called to the bar? Will the clergy tolerate her in the church? Oh, it is close your ranks and refer poor woman to her mission! Her mission! To be thankful for tuppence and not to interfere with the men while they grapple for gold like swine round a trough—that is man's reeding of the mission of woman. You may sit there and sneer, Charles, while you look upon your victim, but you know that it is truth, every word of it."

Terrified as they were by this sudden torrent of words, the two gentlewomen could not but smile at the sight of the fiery, domineering victim and the big, apologetic representative of mankind who sat meekly bearing all the sins of his sex. The lady struck a match, whipped a cigarette from a case upon the mantelpiece and began to draw the smoke into her lungs.

"I find it very soothing when my nerves are all ruffed," she explained. "You don't smoke? Ah, you miss one of the purest of pleasures—one of the few pleasures which is without a reaction."

Miss Williams smoothed out her black gillie lap. "It is a pleasure," she said, with some approach to self assertion, "which Bertha and I are rather too old fashioned to enjoy."

"No doubt. I would probably make you very ill if I attempted it. By the



"Oh, help, help!"
way, I hope that you will come to some of our guild meetings. I shall see that tickets are sent you.

"Your guild?"

"It is not yet formed, but I shall lose no time in forming a committee. It is my habit to establish a branch of the emancipation guild wherever I go. There is a Mrs. Sanderson in Anerley who is already one of the emancipated, so that I have a nucleus. It is only by organized resistance, Miss Williams, that we can hope to hold our own against the selfish sex. Must you go, then?"

"Yes, we have one or two other visits to pay," said the elder sister. "You will, I am sure, excuse me. I hope that you will find Norwood a pleasant residence."

"All places are to me simply a battlefield," she answered, gripping first one and then the other with a grip which crumpled up their little thin fingers. "The days for work and healthful exercise, the evenings to Browning and high discourse, eh, Charles? Goodby!" She came to the door with them, and as they turned back they saw her still standing there with the yellow bull pup cuddled up under one forearm and the thin blue skein of her cigarette ascending from her lips.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful woman!" whispered sister Bertha as they hurried down the street. "Thank goodness that it is over."

"But she'll return the visit," answered the other. "I think that we had better tell Mary that we are not at home."

CHAPTER III.

DWELLERS IN THE WILDERNESS.
How deeply our destinies influenced by the most trifling causes! Had the tiny builder who erected and owned these new villas confined himself by simply building each within its own grounds it is probable that these three small groups of people would have remained hardly conscious of each other's existence, and that there would have been no opportunity for that school and reaction which is here set forth. But there was a common link to bind them together. To single himself out from all other Norwood builders the landlord

HOPE WAS ABANDONED.

ALL GONE TO PIECES.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE PECULIAR CASE OF MRS. HILL, OF WINCHESTER.

The Doctor Told Her That Her Troubles—There was Consumption of the Bowels—There was No Hope of Recovery—But Health Was Almost Miraculous Restored.

From the Morrisburg Herald.

Mrs. Hill, wife of Mr. Robt. Hill, of Winchester, not many months ago as looked upon as one whose days were numbered. To-day she is a handsome, healthy woman, showing no traces of her former desperate condition, and it is therefore little wonder that her case has created a profound sensation in the neighborhood. To a reporter who called upon her Mrs. Hill expressed a willingness to give the story of her illness and recovery for publication, and she told it with an earnestness that conveyed to the listener better than mere words could do, her deep gratitude to the medicine which had brought about her restoration to health and strength. "I feel," she said "almost like one raised from the dead, and my case seems to me little short of miraculous. About a year ago I was confined, and shortly after I was taken with cancer in the mouth, and suffered terribly. Although I had good medical attendance I did not seem to get better. In fact other complications set in which seemed fast hurrying me to the grave. I grew weaker and weaker until at last I was confined to bed, where I lay for three months. My bowels were in a terrible condition, and at last the doctor said he could do no more for me, as with the other complications I had consumption of the bowels. My limbs and face became terribly swollen, my heart became weak and my blood seemed to have turned to water. I became simply an emaciated living skeleton. At last the doctor told me that I was beyond the aid of human skill, and that further attendance on his part would do no good. One day sometime later my friends stood around my bedside thinking every moment to see me breathe my last, but I rallied, and at the urgent solicitation of a friend it was decided at this apparently hopeless juncture to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. In less than two weeks a slight improvement had taken place, and from that out I slowly but surely progressed toward recovery, until, as you can see for yourself, I am once more a healthy woman. It is impossible for me to express how grateful I am towards Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which under God's blessing, have restored me to health and family and friends. I feel that the world should know my story, so that some other suffering sister may be able to find health in the medicine which I believe will never fail."

The doctor had his compensations to make up for his loss. The great scales of fate had been held on a level for him, for where in all great London could one find two sweater girls, more loving, more intelligent and more sympathetic than Clara and Ida Walker? So bright were they, so quick, so interested in all which interested him that if it were possible for a man to be compensated for the loss of a good wife then Balthazar Walker might claim to be so.

Clara was tall and thin and supple, with a graceful, womanly figure. There was something stately and distinguished in her carriage—"queenly" her friends called her, while her critics described her as reserved and distant. Such as she was, however, it was part and parcel of her childhood was different from any one around her. There was nothing gregarious in her nature. She thought with her own mind, saw with her own eyes, acted for her own interests. Her face was pale—striking either that pretty—but with two great dark eyes, so earnestly questioning, so quick in their transitions from joy to pathos, so swift in their movement upon every word and deed around her—those eyes alone were to many more attractive than all the beauty of her younger sister. Hers was a strong, quiet soul, and it was her firm hand which had taken over the duties of her mother, had ordered the house, restrained the servants, comforted her father and upheld her weaker sister from the day of that great misfortune.

Ida Walker was a hand's breadth smaller than Clara, but was a little fuller in the face and plumper in the figure. She had light yellow hair, mischievous blue eyes, with the light of humor ever twinkling in their depths, and a large, perfectly formed mouth, with that slight upward curve of the corners which goes with a keen appreciation of fun, suggesting even in repose that a latent smile is ever lurking at the edges of the lips. She was modern to the soles of her dainty little high heeled shoes, frankly fond of dress and of pleasure, devoted to tennis and to comic opera, delighted with a dance—which came in her way only too seldom—longing ever for some new excitement, and yet behind all this lighted side of her character a thoroughly good, healthy minded English girl, the life and soul of the house and the idol of her father and her father. Such was the family unit.

Oliver Mowat afflicated with Kidney Trouble.

The news has been flashed across the wires from the old country that Sir Oliver Mowat, who is there seeking medical advice, is a victim of kidney disease.

His friends say that the case is not as alarming as the press reports have stated.

But there seems to be no discrediting the fact that with Ontario's Premier, as

of thousands of others, kidney disease has seized the system. It is laying waste

to the lives of our best people in this land.

And yet those who have

been suffering from it for years quietly

at Bellville, except when I am here

attending to my Senatorial duties."

In further conversation Sir Mackenzie said that Sir Charles had urged him to accept a seat in the Cabinet and he is the commissioner of the Senate with other portfolio just as he might choose but he felt that he could now claim to be allowed to retire.

Sir Mackenzie, his daughter, Mrs. McCarthy, and his little grandchild leave for Belleville probably on Saturday.

The week following, as stated last night, Sir Mackenzie leaves for England. It appears that Sir Donald and he are the commissioners of the cable conference and that Mr. Flanagan has been appointed technical expert and adviser to the commissioners. In the event of the third representative being given to Australia, Mr. Flanagan will be the third Canadian delegate.

Practically his last official act was

to announce his appointment of Saturday, which His Excellency has appointed. They are the three new Deputy Ministers: Major Gourdeau (minister of Finance), Mr. Joseph Pope (state), and Mr. John McDougall of Victoria, commissioner of customs; Wm. Patterson (ex-member for Colchester), assistant postmaster inspector for Nova Scotia, and Arthur Boyle (ex-member of Monck), collector of customs at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Chapleau is still in Atlantic City, Mr. Nantel, Quebec's Commissioner of Works, and Mr. Horace Bergeron, ex-Deputy Speaker, have

come to discuss the situation.

Mr. B. B. Osler, who is here on As-

sociate Court business, was here last

night to see Sir Donald, but at a late

hour cancelled his order for a Pull-

man coach. Another rumor is again busy

about his name, as it was 15 months

ago as likely to enter the Dominion

Cabinet.

ALL GOING TO RUIN.

The Dominion is Now Without a Cabinet.

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL RESIGNS.

Sir Charles Tupper Asked by His Excellency to Take the Reins—The Cabinet is Now Busy Constructing His Cabinet—The Ex-Premier Will Live at Belgrave.

Ottawa, April 27.—After 18 years as a member of the Cabinet, Sir Mackenzie Bowell has retired from active political life. Sharp at 1 o'clock today the Premier entered a carriage and was driven to Rideau Hall, where he tendered his resignation to the Governor-General.

Sir Mackenzie wore a look of relief as he drove down Sparks-street, and cheerfully waved his hand in response to the salute of a number of newspapermen who stood at the Russell House entrance.

Sir Mackenzie remained at the Hall until nearly 4 o'clock, and the Cabinet meeting did not eventuate. In fact, the Cabinet went out of existence with the resignation of the Premier. However, the ex-Ministers sat in the capacity of Privy Councillors until after 5 o'clock when they dispersed.

Sir Charles was leaving the buildings for home when a telephone message came to him from Government House that His Excellency would like to see him. Those who heard of this well understood the significance of the call.

Sir Charles was with Lord Aberdeen for nearly two hours, and then he returned to his son's residence at New Edinburgh, which is within a stone's throw of Rideau Hall.

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To-night Sir Charles is seated at his desk in his study, and doubtless the midnight oil. To-morrow the definite announcement of the composition of the Cabinet will likely be forthcoming.

The general impression around town to-night is that these members of the Bowell government will be replaced by a new and better cabinet.

These are doubtful ones: Mr. Daly, Mr. Olmet, Mr. Desjardins, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, of course, is out for good.

For these four places the following are slated: Chief Justice Meredith, Hugh John Macdonald, Gov. Chapleau and the Hon. A. R. Galt.

So far as political quidnuncs are concerned, Sir Charles is coming in that they say he will take hold of the Justice Department on Wednesday and it is to be a sure thing that Hon. John Macdonald will become Minister of Justice, and there are also those who insist yet that Mr. Chapleau will be found in the Tupper Ministry.

Your correspondent found Sir Mackenzie busily engaged in his study this evening clearing away his belongings preparatory to quitting active political life.

He was in great good humor and seemed to be working under exhilaration or welcome release from mental strain.

"Yes, it is true," he said, "that I have joined the Premiership. I saw His Excellency this afternoon and am now relieved from the cares of office after 18 years of hard work. I think I am entitled to a rest and hope to spend the remainder of my days quietly at Bellville, except when I am here attending to my Senatorial duties."

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Maxime Gomez is reported at Sancti Spiritus, organizing his forces for a

new rebellion in the Matanzas and

Havana Provinces. He is said by

other reports to have already started

to march his men in pursuit of his

purpose of invasion of the provinces mentioned.

Osman Digna's Dervishes starting

Suakim, April 26.—It is reported

that the Dervishes under Osman Digna, who are at Suakim, are attacking

the British, asthmatic, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been

reduced to nothing. They are being

protected by the Government as best

they can be and fed with military rations.

The rebels made an attack upon the

town of Sidi Grande Caraguata,

but were repulsed.

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