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## A Transient Experience

The new-comer was a tall, well-made fellow, with regular features, and a brown skin, a long nose and straight eyebrows, dark and delicately drawn. George gave a start and felt suddenly silent. His sharp eyes had recognized Gerard Norman Wentworth, the hero of the mysterious marriage at which he had so recently assisted.

He perceived at once that neither his name nor his face had struck on any chord of memory. "Norman" was quite at ease, well-bred and civil, responding to his tutor's conversation, and paying the proper attention to Mrs. Fleming like any other gentlemanly youth on a similar occasion.

For once George failed to take the lead, and only said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," like the shy schoolboy which he was not.

"And where have you spent your holidays, Gladwyn?" said Mr. Fleming, presently.

"I've been with my eldest brother, sir, at his curacy," said George.

For his life he couldn't mention Ashdew, and the question, as to where the curacy was, was not put.

When the two lads went to their own quarters, after dinner, Norman had exactly as anyone else might have done, asked about the ways of the place, volunteered the information that he was reading for an army exam. In the summer, but that his mother did not like him to be more than three months at a regular crammer's, and that a cousin of his had been at Fleming's and liked it.

"Yes, it's awfully jolly," said George, "and Mr. Fleming is a wide-minded man. But he won't cram us. He can't."

George's large eyes were fixed in a thoughtful stare, as various courses of action pictured themselves before his imagination. Should he make a casual remark about Ashdew and see what happened? He recollected that the bridegroom at that strange wedding had stood with his back to him, and had never looked up, but he must have known that someone had been there, holding the candle.

Should he tell Mr. Fleming that this correct and quiet ordinary pupil was a married man? It was characteristic of George that he realized fully that this step might involve serious consequences.

Should he write to Mark and ask his opinion? He had not the slightest value for it.

On the whole he thought that he would wait a little while before he did anything. The situation was intensely interesting to him and he wanted to study it keenly.

The oddest part of it was that there was nothing odd about Norman. He had come from a public school, and had brought the most proper tastes and behavior with him. He played golf and tennis, did his work with intelligence, but without enthusiasm, never all in to gloomy silence, or behaved in any way becoming the possessor of a guilty secret. He was quite nice in the house, but did not throw himself into the affairs of the place with George's enthusiasm. If he was reticent, he was so reticent that no one could suppose that he had anything to conceal.

He was alone in the pupils' room after a few days, when Fanny put her head in at the door. She was not allowed to go there.

"George," she said, "Mr. Norman's going to make a rabbit-hutch. You don't mind? It's good for him, you know, to have interests."

"Fanny," said George, "it's part of the feminine nature to humbug." "I never humbug," said Fanny, with tears in her eyes, and an air of unmistakable sincerity. "But I thought you might be vexed, as you said you would."

"Well, I'm not," said George, with equal honesty. "All right, we'll join at finding him interests for his good."

Fanny laughed, and ran away, as "Mr. Norman's" step was heard in the passage.

"I like these diggings," he said, as he got out his books. "The Flemings are all a good sort. Fanny is a jolly little thing."

"Yes," said George. "I'm going to get her to stay with my little sisters."

"I haven't any sisters," said Norman. "I have never been accustomed to girls."

"There are six of us," said George, "four girls and my brother and me."

Mark is a curate. He began last Christmas. He is at an odd little country place, with the queerest old church you ever saw, full of ows and jackdaws and monuments. It's called "Norman, my dear fellow," said Mr. Fleming, entering hastily, "here's a telegram for you, waiting for an answer."

Longhurst was far from town or station, and telegrams were not matters of daily occurrence. Norman pulled the telegram open, and his healthy brown face went pale. "It's—it's my father," he said breathlessly. "I must go, sir, at once!"

Mr. Fleming took the telegram, and read: "Mrs. Wentworth to G. Norman. —Come at once; your father is dangerously ill."

There was the usual rush of preparation and sympathy. Mr. Fleming went to order the trap, Mrs. Fleming put up sandwiches, Fanny flew about on errands, George helped, and wondered.

Norman came down ready, his tutor already held the reins, prepared to drive him to the station. The boy shook hands with Mrs. Fleming.

"I'm awfully obliged for your kindness. I'm very sorry," he said, in a changed, agitated manner.

They were alone in another moment, and Mrs. Fleming sighed, partly from sympathy, partly, perhaps, because she knew that when desirable pupils are telegraphed away they do not always come back.

"Who is Mrs. Wentworth?" said George, picking up the telegram.

"His mother. He took the name of some relative who left him money, quite recently."

"I can't round on the poor chap now," thought George.

A few days brought a letter. Norman's father was dead, their affairs were unsettled, and he could not come back to Longhurst. He was very sorry; he had been very happy, and he wished he could have stayed.

"It's a pity," said Mr. Fleming, with a sigh. "I wonder what the poor fellow will do."

"So do I," said George, thoughtfully. There came over him, as he stood wondering, a sort of realization, what it would be to be hampered at 18 by a secret marriage; of what that scene in Ashdew Church really meant for his chief actor.

The impression was as strong as an experience. It conveyed to George a profound sense of the responsibility of speaking, and the consequence was that he kept silence.

He felt that he knew better what it meant for Norman than the young man knew himself. He understood.

**CHAPTER III.**

In a cold east wind, on sticky clay, and loud-voiced birds and budding cypresses. George Gladwyn and Fanny Fleming were gathering primroses for the Easter decorations. George had continued reading during the holidays, and Fanny had returned from the first experience and eager to pour them out, as she sat on a moss-grown log, tying the primroses into neat bunches with her small red fingers, while George listened with the interest of a genial elder brother.

"You know," said Fanny, "that Mrs. Fenwick, where I boarded, told Norman for Daddy. She was very sorry he didn't stay. But, poor fellow, his mother died almost directly after his father, and it turned out that there was nearly as much money as they thought. So he can't go into the army, and has gone abroad."

"Really," said George, with interest. "Not so much money as they thought? How remarkable!"

George's very sad, I think, but, oh, George, there's such a nice girl there. Mrs. Fenwick's her cousin. We're the greatest friends. I mend her pencils, and sew on her buttons, and keep her books from getting lost at the high school, and she tells me the most beautiful stories. She's nearly 16, and in the upper fifth, but though I'm only in the third she doesn't despise me."

"You don't say so!"

"No," said Fanny, "she confides in me. She told me that she dated her aunt."

"Oh, I say! Is that a proper sentiment?"

"Why, you see," said Fanny, "she says that her aunt has warped her mind. She brought her up to believe that Charles I. and Mary Queen of Scots were the same person, and when Nedda found out at school that they were not—that Charles I. told lies, first of all she stood up and contradicted the form-mistress, and then, she read and read until she was obliged to change her mind. And then in the noble way she recanted in public. But she says her aunt has retarded her development by making her give her warmest affections and freshest enthusiasms to obsolete and archaic opinions. So she hates her!"

[To be Continued.]

An important foot-note—"Please use the mat."

Medical advice can only be given by a medical man or woman; one educated and trained in the profession of medicine.

**IT IS USELESS TO WRITE TO A WOMAN**

or man for medical advice unless such are trained and qualified medical practitioners. Offers of "medical advice" are made by those who cannot give what they offer, because they lack the medical training and professional qualifications of physicians. You will not ruin your property to the care of irresponsible people. Will you trust your health? Inquiry will show that no offer made by any advertising physician can compare with that of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All letters are read and answered in strictest confidence. If you are suffering from disease of the womanly organs write to

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## DIED IN THE DENTAL CHAIR

**Sad Demise of an Esteemed Lady of Holly, Michigan.**

**Bank Teller Found Dead at His Desk—Father and Son Went Swimming and Both Drowned.**

**BOY BURNED TO DEATH.**

Bay City, Mich., Aug. 14.—Belshazzor Shable's large barn, about a mile and a half outside the city limits, burned Friday afternoon, and his 8-year-old grandson was burned to death in the structure. Shable made a heroic effort to rescue the child, being severely burned while hunting for him in the structure. The boy's body was not recovered from the debris until this afternoon. Shable's loss is about \$2,000.

**DIED AT THE DENTIST'S.**

Holly, Mich., Aug. 14.—One of the saddest deaths in Holly's history occurred Saturday evening, when the wife of Stephen W. Harger died in the dental office of Dr. J. A. Clark. The deceased called at the office at 1:30 p.m. to have some teeth extracted, and, as she wished to take chloroform, her family physician, Dr. T. E. McDonald, was called, who advised against it. But she insisted, and never came from its influence, although other physicians were called and everything was done to revive her. Deceased was a widow, 72 years of age, and the oldest boy 7 years of age.

**FOUND DEAD AT HIS DESK.**

Middletown, Del., Aug. 14.—Leonidas Darlington, teller of the Citizens' National Bank of this town, was found dead beside his desk in the bank about 8 o'clock Saturday morning. The discovery was made by Cashier George. There was a wound in his head which with a revolver lying on the floor beside him, explained the cause of death. There was no evidence of even an attempt at robbery, and it was plain that the child's story was true, and that the man had committed suicide. Darlington's accounts with the bank are straight to the dollar.

**FATHER AND SON DROWNED.**

Detroit, Aug. 14.—"Come, George, and we'll go down to the brickyard for a swim before your mother gets home," said George Brown to his 10-year-old son Saturday afternoon. Thirty minutes later their lifeless bodies were carried back into the little frame cottage on Herkimer avenue to await the coming of the wife and mother, while the little 8-year-old child who had accompanied them, sobbed out the story of their death. When questioned, she sobbed out: "My papa he went in swimming with George and I—daddy they both got drowned. Their clothing near by was evidence enough that they had been swimming. When Henry Grenier, a young man living in Delray, dived for the bodies, and found them, the father still clutching his son so tightly that his arms could not be unfolded for some time. It is probable that he was taken with cramps. When Mrs. Brown heard of the double tragedy she fainted away. Brown was 45 years of age, and had lived in River Rouge. A widow and five children survive him."

**KILLED BY LIGHTNING.**

Pictou, Ont., Aug. 14.—While drawing in peas at Bethel, about eight miles from this town, Saturday morning, John Crawford, his two grandsons, Werben by name, were struck by lightning. One of the grandsons, Harry Werden, aged 20 years, was killed instantly. Crawford and the other boy are likely to recover.

**LONDON WILL FLY THE PENNANT**

(Continued from page 2.)

**THE WORLD'S MEET.**

Montreal, Aug. 14.—Between seven and eight thousand people gathered at the Queen's Park track on Saturday to witness the last day of the world's bicycle championships. The first event on the card, the 5 kilometer race, for the international challenge cup, was between teams representing Canada and the United States.

Teams were as follows: United States team—James F. Moran, C. C. C., Chelsea, Mass.; Lester Wilson, Press Cycle, Ruisburg, Pa.; Earl W. Peabody, Woodlawn C. C., Chicago; J. E. Ingraham, C. C. C., Lynnfield, Mass.; Canadian team—Alf. Sheritt, Brantford, Ont.; Ralph E. Axton, Brantford; Jas. Drury, M. A. A. C., Montreal; C. P. Solverson, Montagnard C. C., Montreal. The first race resulted in a tie, each team scoring an equal number of points, and when it was raced off the American team won.

Major Taylor, of Boston, won the 2 mile professional race, defeating Tom Butler and Charlie Gray, of Quebec. The 5 mile tandem pursuit race was won by Fred Hoopes and John A. Nelson, who broke all previous records, by making the distance in 10 minutes 14 seconds.

Wilson Coleman, of Boston, won the 5 miles handicap, professional. Earl Peabody, of Chicago, won the special 1 mile race for the Columbus trophy.

There were ten teams entered for the 15 miles road race for the Dunlop trophy, representing the Queen City Bicycle Club, Toronto; the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, Toronto; Y. M. C. A. Chelsea, Mass.; Cycle Club Point A. A. Bicycle Club, Chicago; Montreal Bicycle Club, Olympia B. C. Annex B. C. and Woodlawn Cycle Club, Chicago. The riders finished in the following order: Vennals, Royal Canadian B. C.; J. Smith, Queen City B. C.; F. V. Short, R. B. C.; W. Sheffer, R. B. C.; Percy Evans, Montreal B. C.; C. F. Moore, Queen City B. C.; H. J. Eddy, Y. M. C. A.; A. McKillop, Montreal B. C.; F. Lathwood, Annex B. C.; W. H. Tate, Point A. A. Bicycle Club, Montreal; City B. C.; G. M. Miller, Point A. A. G. Wilson, Victoria Rifles B. C.; J. W. Hoffman, Y. M. C. A.; T. G. Watt, Annex B. C.; H. J. Clark, Annex B. C.; O. McNiece, Annex B. C.; F. Shaw, Y. M. C. A.; C. G. MacArthur, Victoria Rifles; J. Adcock, Point A. A.; A. J. Lee, Montreal B. C.; George Hutchings, Olympia B. C. After the riders had returned it was found that owing to an error of one of the racing officials they had covered barely ten miles. The referee, however, gave the race to the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, of Toronto, the Queen City Bicycle Club being second. The trustees of the Dunlop trophy decided not to award the trophy in the races, the fifteen miles not having been ridden.

The programme ended with the 100 kilometer race, the distance being over 62 miles. Harry Gibson, of Cincinnati, won, but did not succeed in breaking the record. Summary:

Five kilometers, 2 miles 135 yards, for the Cyclist challenge shield, between

teams representing each country—Won by the United States.

Two mile professional was won by Major Taylor; Tom Butler, second; Chase Morphy, third; Watson, Coleman, fourth. Time, 4 minutes 32s.

Five mile tandem pursuit race, amateur—J. A. Nelson, Chicago, and Fred Hoopes, Des Moines, Ia., won; time, 10 minutes 14s seconds (world's record); J. F. Ingraham, Lynnfield, Mass., and J. F. Moran, Chelsea, Mass., second; time, 10 minutes 17s seconds; Ben Goodson, Australia, and John Caldwell, Scotland, third.

Five mile, handicap, professional—won by Watson Coleman, Boston; T. P. McCarthy, Toronto, second; Alf Boake, Toronto, third. Time, 10 minutes 23s seconds.

One mile world's championship match—won by Tom Summerville, Leeds, England. Time, 2 minutes 18s seconds.

One mile Columbus trophy race—won by Earl W. Peabody, Chicago; James Drury, Montreal, second; Lester Wilson, Pittsburgh, third. Time, 2 minutes 23s seconds.

100 kilometers (62 miles 27s yards)—won by Harry Gibson, Cincinnati, time, 2 hours 15 minutes 11s seconds; A. McLean, Chelsea, Mass., second; Alf Boake, Toronto, third; J. F. Starbuck, Marion, Ohio, fourth.

**PASSING OF THE DROP-BAR.**

It becomes more marked that the tendency to use higher handle-bars is growing. The drop-bars are to be seen on very few wheels, except those of the out-and-out scorchers. The use of straight or upturned bars is not by any means confined to the stout and elderly riders, who move along at six or eight miles an hour, but club men and others who have been riding for years, and are capable of giving any of the habitual riders a hard brush. The extremely low bars, shaped like a T, are not to be found on the wheels of the record holders. They are seen mostly on the cycles of young men who want to look like racers.

**WHEELING AS AN AID TO SURGERY.**

A notable case of the bicycle being used for the cure of serious ailments is that of a Brooklyn man, who is riding with two broken knee-caps, and improving steadily. His injury resulted from falling while out skating, and he adopted wheeling at the advice of his physician. At first he had to be lifted on to the wheel, but he now is able to mount from a step that is on the right-hand end of the rear axle. He cannot lift his left leg sufficiently to mount on the usual side, but his wheel is fitted with the two steps, so that as he improves he can try the left-foot mount whenever he feels strong enough. He rides with a low gear, and proceeds very slowly, resting at frequent intervals.

**LINTON WON THE HOUR GRIND.**

New York, Aug. 14.—Tom Linton, of Wales, champion of Europe, in a one-hour paced race won the championship of America Saturday, beating Harry Elkes, of Glens Falls, at Manhattan Beach bicycle track, by nearly two laps. In the hour he rode 34 miles and 440 yards. This does not reach the record held by Elkes, paced in the old style, of 34 miles 1,204 yards. Elkes was left behind by the loss of a pedal from his own wheel and then by riding off the track on to the ropes of the enclosure. Many thought, however, that he was being outwitted, and that no matter what happened Linton would have won. Linton rode splendidly, without a hitch. Elkes led up to the tenth mile, and then Linton passed him. Linton won by 3½ yards less than two laps.

**Fall Exhibitions.**

**WESTERN FAIR, LONDON, SEPT. 7-18.**

Industrial Fair, Toronto, Aug. 23-Sept. 9.

East Elgin, St. Thomas, Sept. 6-8.

Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, Sept. 22-28.

South Lanark Fair, Perth, Sept. 11-13.

Kingston District Fair, Kingston, Sept. 11-14.

Quebec Exhibition, Quebec, Sept. 11-16.

Owen Sound, Sept. 12-14.

West End Exhibition, Stratroy, Sept. 18-20.

Southern, Brantford, Sept. 16-21.

Northern Exhibition, Collingwood, Sept. 19-22.

Central, Guelph, Sept. 19-21.

Northern, Windsor, Sept. 19-20.

North Bruce Union, Port Elgin, Sept. 21-22.

Northern Fair, Ailsa Craig, Sept. 21-22.

North Riding of Oxford Agricultural Society, Woodstock, Sept. 21-23.

Principal Exhibition, Halifax, Sept. 23-30.

North Brant, Paris, Sept. 25-26.

North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 26-27.

North Simcoe, Stayner, Sept. 26-28.

Central Bruce, Paisley, Sept. 26-27.

South Waterloo, Galt, Sept. 26-28.

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Forest Hort. and U. A. G. So. Forest, Oct. 3-4.

North Dorchester Agricultural Society, Dorchester, Oct. 4-7.

South Norwich, Ottawa, Oct. 6-7.

East Stock Show, Guelph, Dec. 5-8.

Other dates will be added as received from secretaries.

**His Life Was Saved.**

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, which ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I continued to sicken, and I was in a desperate condition. I was in bed for three weeks, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise. This marvelous medicine is the safest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Troubles, 50 cents and \$1; for sale by W. T. Strong & Co. Every bottle guaranteed."

Never throw mud at a thing you don't like; perhaps others may appreciate it.

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

The truly great politician is one who is able to perform a clear public duty and by the same act gratify a grudge against a political enemy.

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, seasickness, 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.

All persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestion, will find immediate relief and a sure cure by using ANGSTURA BITTERS. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegart & Sons.

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. It cures Diarrhea, Relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth Faces, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has speed the test of 20 years and is a lady of the highest repute. As you ladies will use it, you will find it to be the best of the best. L. A. Gouraud is a lady of the highest repute. As you ladies will use it, you will find it to be the best of the best. L. A. Gouraud is a lady of the highest repute. As you ladies will use it, you will find it to be the best of the best. L. A. Gouraud is a lady of the highest