

No Adulteration.

—Its Fine Flavor is
—Its Natural Bouquet.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

From the Gardens of the Finest Tea
Producing Country in the World.

Sealed Lead Packets Only. Never in bulk.
"Salada" doesn't leave your grocer as large a
profit as substitutes and is incomparable in
value. 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

The Wooing of Nell.

She burst into a violent fit of weeping, when made the colonel rather unamused of himself. He tried to calm her, assuring her that nobody but the doctors, who were pompous asses without an idea how to treat men of powers and position vastly superior to their own, would ever entertain such a monstrous opinion. But she could not find comfort in his words, and at last, in spite of his and his daughter's efforts to detain her, she set off to walk to the Blue Lion, that she might at least have the assurance she longed for that nobody there shared the colonel's rashly-expressed opinion.

"Mind, Nell, you are to come back here to sleep," commanded Miss Bostal, who objected to the girl's remaining in the vicinity of her highly undesirable lover.

But Nell would give no promise. She was deeply anxious, not only to hear how Clifford was and what people thought of Jim Stickle's death, but also to know how soon she would be able to speak to Clifford, about whose position in the affair she had become deeply anxious.

Refusing, therefore, a rather perfunctory offer on the colonel's part to escort her along the lonely road, she bade her friends good-bye, and started on her way to the Blue Lion.

The house was shut up when she reached it. Meg, who opened the door, started at the sight of her.

"Lord, Miss Nell, is it you? I thought you were going to spend the night at Miss Bostal's, when it got so late."

"She did ask me to, but I wanted to get back home," answered the young girl, who was white and shivering.

"You do look bad," cried the good-natured Meg, as she pulled the girl, with her strong arm, into the little bar-parlor, where she had not yet gone out.

"Sit ye down and warm yourself, before you go up into that cold room up top."

She almost flung Nell into the arm-chair by the fireplace, and then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug and looked at her as if she were a stranger.

"You've heard all about it! I can see that!" cried she at last, in a loud, hoarse whisper.

"Oh, Meg! What did you hear? Who told you? It's true, then? What—what do people think?"

But Meg was not so reticent than usual, or more ignorant. She contented herself at first with signs and shrugs, and exclamations of wonder and perplexity, and she got Nell to tell how Col. Bostal had broken the news at Shingle End, before she had first reached her own ears.

"Oh, it was in the bar I heard it, of course," said she, when at last Nell insisted on hearing exactly the version of the story which had come to the Blue Lion. "It was one of them regulars, Bill Noakes, I think, that come bursting in crying as Jim Stickle was found dead by the roadside. We wouldn't believe it at first—nobody would. But presently some more of 'em came in, and they all said the same thing, and one of 'em had seen him, and heard what the doctor said."

"And what was that?" asked Nell, quickly.

"Why, that he was dead, that's all," said Meg. "That seems to be about all that anybody knows up to now."

"But what do you think? You must have heard them say something about it. Do you think he died in a fit, or—"

Meg looked steadily at the girl, until Nell repeated her question, and emphasized it by a pull at her sleeve.

"Well, I must tell you, I don't want to know; they talked about an injury to the head. About—about what happened to him here, you know. And Meg jerked her head in the direction of the back of the house.

Nell stood up.

"And Mr. King? Has he heard of it? What did he say?"

"Well, he did hear of it. We couldn't keep it from him. There was such a row, and such a commotion, and some of 'em, the cheeky beggars, would open his door just to see if it was there." "Well, and it was just as well they should see it, if it comes to that," and Meg wagged her head in a series of significant nods.

GOOD NEWS

To Lovers of Good Health.

We have just received a quantity of the

RALSTON

Breakfast Food

—AND—

Pancake Flour

These are made from the Ralston formula, and are recommended by the President of the Ralston Health Food Club.

They are good, sweet, to be the purest and most wholesome and palatable goods on the market. You can eat the pancakes without suffering from indigestion. One trial will convince you.

**Fitzgerald,
Scandrett & Co.,**

169 DUNDAS STREET.

"So they can't make out he wasn't in the house, you know, when it was happening?"

"Do they—do they suspect? Do they dare to suspect that he—that Mr. King—"

"Lord, they'll dare anything when there's a stir like this!" returned Meg, with conviction. "And I say it's a fine thing for Mr. King, as there's plenty about can vouch for him having been here all the time since the fight!"

"Fright! It wasn't a fight! It was a most cowardly and unprovoked attack!"

"Ah, but folks won't call it that now the chap's dead!" said Meg, astutely. "Don't you know, miss, what fine characters they give us all on our tombstones? And how we all say 'Poor Mr. So-and-So,' of a fellow we couldn't abide when he was alive? And so you'll see that Stickle's, that everybody fought shy of when he was among us, will have a whitewashing now he's gone."

Nell moved impatiently.

"It's dreadful for him to have died like that, of course," said she, in a low voice. "But it would be much more dreadful if they took it into their heads that Mr. King had anything to do with it."

"There's no denying about the blow he gave him, you know, miss," observed Meg, in a warning voice. "But he recovered. I saw him afterwards!"

"You—saw him—afterwards?"

"Yes. At his cottage. Miss Bostal made me go with her to ask. And there was nothing the matter with him at all, then, nothing at all. Don't you think he got tipsy after that? And that he fell down? Didn't he come here again on his way to Stroat?"

"No, miss; he didn't come here," answered Meg, very gravely.

Nell remained silent for some minutes, staring at the fire. Her face was so ghastly in its pallor, looked so drawn, so distorted by the expression of fear and horror, that Meg was startled, and began to watch her with open mouth.

Turning towards her companion suddenly, Nell caught the look on her face, and grew red and confused, as if she had herself been caught in some guilty act.

"And—and what do you think of it all, Meg?" she asked tremulously.

"I think I shall be most awful glad when all the bother's over," replied Meg, gloomily. "For a bother there'll be, sure enough."

Nell who was standing by the door, sighed heavily.

"I hope it won't worry Mr. King," she said softly. "How is he, Meg?"

"As well as could be expected, the doctor said, miss. He's to be kept very quiet."

"Yes, and then they go and disturb him, just out of idle curiosity."

Meg shook her head.

"And has he heard about it? Have they told him?"

"Yes, I told you so."

"Did you? My head seems to swim. I can hardly understand what I hear. What did he say?"

"He was that shocked, I was sorry we hadn't been able to keep it from him. He seemed to think it must be something to do with the blow he'd given him. So we told him we were sure it wasn't. But, for all that, we don't know what the doctors will say at the inquest."

"Oh, Meg, you make it worse, talking like that!"

"No, Miss Nell, I don't want you to be took by surprise when they ask nasty questions, that's all. Do you think I'd worry you if I could help it, my dear?" And she threw a brave, protecting arm round the trembling girl.

"You know I'd give my right hand to keep you from harm, and that I wish all good to Mr. King, for your sake as well as his own. For he's as nice a gentleman as ever I see, and fond of you, well I know it! But it's best you should know all they say, so it won't give you so much of a shock by and by."

"Thank you, Meg, you do mean to be kind," said poor Nell, as, with tears in his eyes, she turned away and crept upstairs to bed.

On the following morning George Claris, who looked worried and anxious, told his niece, as soon as breakfast was over, to pack her trunk for her journey to London.

Nell did not dare to make any protest, nor even ask any questions of her uncle, whose mood was clearly one to be respected. She had to content herself with Meg's report, obtained from the professional nurse who had been engaged for Clifford, that the patient had passed a good night.

Before 10 o'clock Nell and her uncle were driving towards Stroat in a dog-cart, with her trunk behind them. They had not gone far when they noticed that something unusual was going on along the road. A party of men, among whom were two or three of the Stroat police, were busily engaged in examining the road itself and the ditch on either side. Nell, with feminine quickness of perception, guessed that this search was in some way connected with the discovery of Jim Stickle's body on the previous evening; but her uncle, being less acute, pulled up his horse and made inquiries.

"Hallo, what's up?" said he, addressing the nearest policeman.

"Oh, nothing particular," replied the man, with a glance at Nell.

"Nothing as would interest you," added another of the searchers. And he, too, glanced in an odd manner at the young girl who, with pale face and silent lips beside George Claris, was looking on with interest.

"Well, you might give a civil question, I should think," said the innkeeper angrily.

His niece, more by gestures and coaxing, little pulls at his coat-sleeves than by words, tried to induce him to drive on. But he was obstinate. As an old inhabitant, and one, moreover, who had always been on good terms with everyone, he thought he had a right to the information he had innocently asked for.

"Come, now," he persisted, leaning out of the dog-cart and speaking in a confidential tone; "if it's a secret, you know as I can keep it. I've kept secrets before, haven't I?" But to his great indignation he saw on some of the faces of the men at work what he took for a pitying smile.

He lost his temper.

"Now, then, out with it!" said he, in a sudden tone.

The policeman to whom he had first spoken repressed the smile on his own face, and answered seriously enough: "We're not at liberty to say any more at present. But you'll know as much as we do very soon—this afternoon, most likely."

"Uncle George, we shall lose the train," said Nell, in a quivering voice. Then the policeman glanced from George Claris to the trunk at the back of the dog-cart, and as the innkeeper drove off, whispered some words to the man nearest to him, which sent the latter running at a good pace in the direction of Stroat.

(To be Continued.)

Handling a Crowd.

How It Is Done by the Policemen of New York.

Clubbing, Which Was Once So Popular, Is Not Now In Favor—Telephone Stations Along the Line of March Keep the Chief In Touch With a Big Parade.

For the control of large crowds New York policemen have been regarded as more effective than those of any other city in the world.

It has been said that New Yorkers will stand more police dictation than would be endured by the people of London or Paris and will submit without complaining to being ordered about and even clubbed by the autocrat with brass buttons. Recent observations have tended to confirm the belief that the police of this city are becoming less dominating, while they are no less effective in the protection of the public when the streets are filled with crowds.

There was a time, remembered by many New Yorkers, when it was hardly safe to ask a lonely policeman a plain question. He was inclined to make reply by a "stiff punch" with the end of his big night stick. The art of clubbing was practiced with such impunity that the average citizen regarded a policeman with fear and trembling. Alec Williams was in his glory then, and the "boss clubber" was an object of so much interest that people would crowd to see him at work.

Inspector Carpenter, who led in the fighting, gave the additional command, "Wherever you see a head hit it." When the riot was over, the citizens of New York united in praise of the police, who had earned the designation of "the finest." Later the members of the force never failed to distinguish themselves in fights against disorderly crowds, but they often failed to make distinction between the peaceful and the lawless.

People were so much accustomed to exhibitions of violence that there was no public outcry when a squad of police chased a crowd of unoffending men from a park with a shower of blows and a deluge of awful threats.

Old-time police officials have declared that the riot of 1887 was responsible for much police brutality in the years that followed. The police had to fight hard on that occasion, and their only weapon was the club. When they closed with the mob, their orders were: "Take no prisoners."

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(To be Continued.)

Business Outlook.

An Improvement in the Commercial Situation.

Moderate Movement in Merchandise—Failures Are Fewer.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 12.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly statement of trade in Canada says:

There is little change in the trade situation at Montreal. The distribution of merchandise is still of just and moderate character, and there has been no real living of demand as yet. Fourth of February payments in the drygoods line were rather better met than some anticipated, and one leading house reports 62 1-2 per cent of their customers' paper provided for, but this is an exceptional case, and general collections cannot be called good.

Trade conditions remain unchanged at Toronto. There is a moderate movement in merchandise, and the outlook is cheering. The orders for spring delivery are good in hardware, and they are fairly numerous in drygoods.

Failures in Ontario have perceptibly diminished, and the sentiment on the street is gradually improving. The quotations for wheat are better than a week ago, and some inquiry for export is reported. The big wheat rates is a drawback.

A shipment of corn is said to have been made from Ontario to the United States, the first ever recorded. Failures for the week were 61, as against 67 for the same week of last year.

New York, Feb. 12.—Bradstreet's says: The more favorable features of the business week included sales of 300,000 tons of steel rails on the collapse of the pool, which promises work for the mills for months to come; advance in the price of print cloth following the sale of 750,000 pieces from accumulated stocks, and the starting up of a number of important metal and other industrial establishments through the Eastern and Middle States, American and Canadian.

January gross railway earnings reported for the month of January, 1896, while showing the effect of reduced grain tonnage and severe storms in the North-west. Total earnings of 114 railroad companies for January aggregate \$34,560,827—a falling off of 6.8 per cent from a year ago.

Exports of wheat, flour included, from both coasts of the United States to St. John, N. B., amount to 2,501,245 bushels from Feb. 9 to Feb. 10, inclusive (the week being one day short), as compared with 3,185,000 bushels last week, 2,715,000 bushels in the week a year ago, 2,752,000 bushels two years ago, 2,065,000 bushels three years ago, and 2,000,000 bushels in the corresponding week of 1893.

Had Indigestion!

For a Matter of Some Forty Years or More.

Joseph Gardner, stove dealer, of Bath, Ontario, is a great believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and kidney, liver and stomach troubles generally.

"I was troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation," he writes. "At intervals I suffered from severe headaches. I spent many dollars without result until Mr. Ball, our druggist, advised me to try Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and must say that they are the only remedy that gave me relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Many people suffer from rheumatism, bad blood and diseased kidneys bring it on. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will remedy all this and cure rheumatism, sciatica, and all kindred complaints. Here is a sample case:

"My boy was all crippled up and suffered awfully with rheumatism," writes Mrs. H. Willis, of Chesley, Ont. "He also had a touch of diabetes. The doctors could do him no good, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills completely cured him."

Sold by all dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Etc.

When all other remedies fail Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will cure the worst and chronic cold, 25 cents.

It was at the time of the centennial parade that the use of clubs was first demonstrated at the great Columbian parks in New York. Never were the sidewalks in Broadway more densely crowded at a passing show. At all the corners of the streets stood trucks, four or five of each corner, piled high with spectators. People pushed their way in solid masses between the trucks, blocking the outlets from Broadway and threatening to force the police lines.

The order of the Superintendent Byrnes against clubbing were positive and explicit, and it would have been reckless for policemen to use their clubs in such an emergency. Mounted policemen were stationed at the street corners, and they used their horses in pushing back the crowds. Some of the well-trained animals appeared to understand the work cut out for them as well as their riders. They would lean up against crowds and push, making short, careful steps, as if mindful of the feet that were near their iron shod hoofs.

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SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. FITCHER IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Fac-Simile Signature of