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## NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED

She had asked to nurse Esmer! Gerard could not help looking almost with veneration at the fair speaker, for somehow, since his bride's indisposition, he had avoided meeting her face.

How pure, how innocent she was! How free from the meannesses which had wrecked poor Esmer; and she, with gentle touch and kindly word, would have tended the sick girl.

"Heaven bless her," he murmured, fervently. "May the Father in heaven bless her!"

"Dear ladyship is right, my dear," said Lord Sartre, replying to his daughter. "Too many nurses, even as doctors, kill a patient, as too many cooks spoil the broth; though I, Lucille, who have seen you attend a dying father, can be sure for the instant that anything unkind, done at such an anxious moment, would be a blessing to our company."

Gerard murmured some response—he scarcely knew what he was only conscious that instinctively he avoided saying anything like a compliment to Lucille. Fortunately his confusion was attributed to anxiety.

"Believe me, Lord Lethington," proceeded the marquise, pressing his hand, "we sympathize with you and the countess much. It has been a sad termination to a wedding; let us hope tomorrow, however, the medical opinion will be of a brighter description."

"Thanks, my lord. Dr. Cullum relies much on her ladyship's constitution; on that, too, we must depend," remarked Gerard, gravely, as he gave Lucille his arm to conduct her to the carriage.

The marquise preceded them, they followed in silence; but just before they reached the hall door Gerard could not resist saying, in a hurried, earnest whisper:

"Lady Westbrook, how can I thank you for your offer to nurse my cousin?"

"I mean Lady Lethington?"

"We judge of others after our own standard, hence in your eyes women are angels; yes, you must let me thank you," he concluded; then, as he assisted her into the carriage, he bowed his head, and kissed the little hand before he released it.

Having watched the vehicle drive off, he returned to the dining-room. The remnants of the wedding breakfast remained yet untouched, but the apartment was deserted, and the earl, casting himself into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

Dared he analyze his sensations? No. Something in the physician's manner more than his words, had told Gerard there was great danger; even as Lucille, though in a higher degree, he covered from his own past thoughts as if they had been sin; he covered from himself, as though the knowledge that he had never loved Esmer made him guilty of her present indisposition.

As he blamed himself for that for which he was in no way culpable, a strong, pitying sympathy for the poor young girl, so abruptly struck down at such a moment, seized him. It was not love, though it might have been called by that name in error. Love cannot be so created; yet he felt that henceforth he must think only of her, that he could only think of her comfort.

Lady Davenant having a spare bedroom, which she placed at his service, Gerard did not quit the house an instant that night. He instinctively knew Esmer was hovering between life and death.

"So young—so young!" he cried. "Oh, heaven! may I not be a father?"

In anxious tribulation he paced his room, sending and receiving frequent messages from the sick chamber. The latter were ever the same: delirious, raving, incoherent.

Of what? Gerard would have given much to know. During the night, when Lady Davenant came to him, he learned—though constantly uttering words, Esmer did so in such a hurried manner that their meaning was unintelligible.

The earl felt relieved, for himself, for Lucille's sake, even for Esmer's own. He knew the poison ranking in his wife's mind, and feared that she might utter cruel, suspicious accusations which would cause pain, bitter humiliation to herself and others in the future.

For three days Lady Lethington's life was in the balance; the physician would not pronounce either way.

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WE GIVE IN TRADING STAMPS

"We must wait until the fever is at its height—until the turning point is reached," he remarked, seriously. When that time came, and Esmer laid in an unconsciousness which was to give place to life or death, Gerard sat in the darkened room with Lady Davenant and Dr. Peebles, the local M. D. For three hours he had reined, his elbow on his knee, his head bent forward on his hand, never moving, but thinking and praying—praying with his whole soul that his wife might recover.

It was between night and dawn that the earl felt a hand placed on his shoulder; starting, he raised his face pale and worn. It was the doctor.

"My lord," he said, with a smile, "the stupor has given place to a quiet sleep. The countess will live."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Gerard, fervently, like one who had been abruptly relieved of a heavy burthen, and as he spoke he fell back in his chair insensible.

When the physician arrived, he confirmed Dr. Peebles' declaration. Lady Lethington would live; but every care must be taken to keep every excitement from her, she being naturally excitable. She must be kept quiet, very quiet. A relapse might be perilous.

So two days passed. Esmer was slowly, very slowly gaining strength, yet she was doing so with such an evening, after she had lain for over an hour as if asleep, she drew the curtain back. The action brought the nurse to her side, Lady Davenant and her daughter having unavoidably to be absent that evening.

"Where is my husband?" she asked. "Downstairs, your ladyship."

"Ask him to come here. I must, I will see him!" exclaimed Esmer, imperatively, as the nurse appeared to hesitate.

The woman noticing the sudden kindling in the dark eyes, fearing to excite her, rang the bell for a servant, and dispatched a message to the earl.

In a few seconds Gerard entered the room. Approaching the couch, he leaned over its occupant, and affectionately kissing her brow, said: "Well, my darling, they say you want me. What is it? Remember, the doctor forbids much conversation."

Almost with something of her old petulance Esmer drew away from his embrace, and remarked: "Send that nurse away, Gerard; I don't want her to be spying and listening about us."

The earl requested the attendant to

retire for a while to the ante-room. "Now, my dear," he said, sitting down on a chair by the bedside, and taking her hand in his, "what is it?"

She turned her face quickly towards him, her eyes burning with sudden fire, and looking more brilliant for the want of her hollow cheeks.

"Gerard," she said, "they thought once that I was going to die, did they not?"

"There was danger, Esmer; but it has passed now, thank heaven."

"Thank heaven," and she broke into a laugh which would have been hard, ringing, and full of scorn, but for her feebleness. "Why, Gerard, do you play the hypocrite? You would have been delighted, overjoyed, and so would she, at the barrier being removed."

At this unexpected, unfounded charge, the earl involuntarily started from his seat, and contracted his brows. He felt cut to the heart.

"Esmer," he exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this? Is it possible you can do this to me? It is possible that these base thoughts—"

He stopped abruptly, recollecting her delicate state.

"Esmer," he proceeded, gravely, but kindly now, "you wrong me equally as I am sure you wrong Lady Westbrook. My child, you are ill, and must not excite yourself by such absurd ideas. Lady Westbrook felt for your recovery as they are for help."

"Did she—did she?" exclaimed the countess with a vivid light in her eyes. "I'm glad they didn't let her. She would have poisoned me."

The earl hit his lip, yet he felt he must not answer her; she was very—very ill; she was evidently excited; he must try to calm her.

"My dear Esmer, you are my wife, and the countess of Lethington; as such you must regard yourself with too much self-respect to harbor thoughts so humiliating. There—there, these ideas are as injurious to you as to me. Let us talk of something else. You are growing excited, and will be ill again. Come, or I must not remain."

He spoke affectionately, and with an encouraging smile.

She caught his hand between her thin ones, and gazed eagerly into his face.

"Yes, yes, Gerard, we will talk of what you please," she said, "only I want you to promise me something first—to promise me something."

What wish whinn had this child-wife formed.

(To be Continued.)

## Of Interest to Women.

## Trials of a Housekeeper.

None of them had been married very long and their interest in the mysteries of housekeeping had not died out.

"What is the most awful thing which ever happened to you since you kept house?" asked the darker girl. The group sighed as one woman. "We haven't time to tell," they chorused.

"I think," spoke up the prettiest one, "that the time I most wanted to crawl under the rug and just die in loneliness was at my first card party. Five tables had been served with ice cream when it gave out. There were eight tables!"

"Why, I never knew that!" cried her husband, who was on the outskirts of the bevy.

"Of course not!" she flashed. "You happened to be at the second table, and when I saw you placidly putting down the ice cream while your guests down the room were starving I—I came near disliking you."

"What did you do?" asked the other women.

"Oh," she said, "I just told them brutally that the ice cream had given out and that they couldn't have any. What else could I do? I felt as though red-hot needles were sticking into me when I did it, too."

"Tom brought a man home to dinner one night," reminisced said the bookworm of the crowd. "Of course it was on a day when the cook had left and there wasn't a thing to eat, but I believed in doing my duty as a wife, so I smiled and smiled, and got hold of a beefsteak by threatening to massacre the butcher's boy, who wanted to deliver it at the flat above, where it had been ordered, but I was desperate. Well, I put that steak in the broiler and held it over the coals—we didn't have a gas stove. It was slow work, so I picked up the evening paper and began reading it. As I read I told the broiler over and over constantly, for I remembered mother saying when you broil meat it must be done on both sides."

"I was in the middle of the most interesting article when I noticed I was choking to death. My dears, that kitchen was smoking like a steam engine, and the steak—well, the charred bits were just kind of rattling around in the broiler. I gave Tom and the man breakfast bacon!"

"Have you ever gone down in a bath robe, with your hair like a wild Indian's, to answer the postman's ring, and discovered it was your wealthy maiden aunt or your dearest enemy come to call on you?" asked the blonde.

"Or complained to the janitor about the noise your neighbor's children were making in the court, only to be told the howling little savages were your own darlings?" supplemented the mother of three.

"Or had three people just drop in to dinner, when your meal was prepared for two—with small appetites?"

"Or," said the prettiest one in a lowered voice and a glance at her husband, "have your mother-in-law come to see you when you had forgotten to dust the piano and the pie-crust would have been just the thing to make nice durable rubber boots?"

There was a sympathetic silence. "Anyhow," sighed the one who had started the discussion, "it's better than boarding!"

And every one looked more cheerful.—Chicago News.

## Type of Fashion.

The type of fashion continues to be the close bodice and the skirt moulded to the hips. Of course, there are many modifications of the type, as always, and more variations of bodice than of skirt are seen. The plain, close-fitting corset is rather the exception than the rule in actual practice, and it is becoming only to well-developed figures. But even the theoretical abandonment of fluff and distended garments seems hardly to be realized, so short a time has elapsed since bouffancy was the acme of desirability.

The strict follower of fashion, now, in order to be perfectly correct, wear a clinging gown, without wrinkles, and with the closing so deftly concealed that the means by which the costume is entered is a mystery. Princess gowns are at a premium, and pointed

—that is, not belted—bodies are also in great favor. The secret rests really in having a perfectly fitted and boned lining, upon which the outside is stretched and draped with the utmost patience and ingenuity.

**Paper as a Dress Material.** I must tell you the news of a fashion which comes from Japan and which we are told will probably be introduced here next year—not seriously, of course, but as a fad and an utter novelty only to be considered by those who can afford such eccentricities.

The subjects of the Mikado have started a paper craze, and the highest ladies in the land are ordering entire costumes of this novel dress material.

It is light and economical, and the most elegant looking. It can be made for five or six cents—about 4¢—I am told, that in the big shops large quantities of paper dress material are being sold, and that the manufacturers are making special lots of silk paper (what we call tissue paper, think of various colors, and non-tearable, guaranteed to wash. There are dressmakers in the principal towns who have a specialty for these paper costumes and are doing an excellent trade. It is sold in dress length. Think of the color—of the artistic design—of the comfort in the small waists! Even in winter, and yet, no, in winter it would be scarcely practical without the Japs arrive at manufacturing a blotting paper for purpose for our market.

**Try These.** MONMOUTH PUDDING. Put three ounces of fine stale bread crumbs in a bowl, pour over them one pint of milk and let stand for half an hour. Beat three eggs until light, add to the soaked crumbs with the juice and grated rind of one lemon, two tablespoonsful of sugar and three tablespoonsful of melted butter. Put a thick layer of any kind of jam in the bottom of a pie dish, pour the mixture over it and bake in a moderate oven until set. Serve hot or cold.

**CURRY OF LAMB.** Cook together in a frying-pan two tablespoonsful of butter and one small onion cut fine until well browned; add one tablespoonful of flour and stir until smooth. Add one pint of gravy, stock or hot water and stir until smooth or boiling. Season with salt and pepper and strain into a saucepan. Add one quart of cold lamb cut into inch cubes, simmer for twenty minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

**LAMB'S LIVER.** Carefully prepared this is equal to calf's liver and much less expensive because in many places it is counted as part of the offal. In England it is highly esteemed and sometimes costs more than calf's liver. It may be thinly sliced, scalded and quickly sautéed in bacon fat or dripping; or it may be dropped whole into boiling water, simmered slowly for forty-five minutes, then sliced and fried, browned and served in a well seasoned brown sauce with a sprig of parsley, a little lemon juice and a dash of Worcestershire and mushroom catsup added and the mixture served in paté shells.

**Piles Cured Without the Knife by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.** Mr. George Browne, painter, of Woodville, Ont., Victoria county, says: "For thirteen years I was a sufferer from bleeding piles, and the intense agony which I passed through during those years and relief I obtained by Chase's Ointment prompts me to give this testimonial. My physician wished me to have a surgical operation, but I felt I could be cured without the knife. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment stopped the bleeding and effected a permanent cure."

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, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a curative cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

## OPENS THE JAIL DOOR

Blanco Stealing a March on Gen. Lee.

Americans in Prison Well Treated Now—A Number of the Incarcerated Released.

Havana, Sept. 25.—General Blanco, following out his plan to deprive the American Government of the credit of releasing persons confined in the prison for political offenses, has already set at liberty a number of men who declared themselves to be citizens of the United States, and, therefore, entitled to his protection.

There is not a single American in a Havana jail charged with a political crime. Six men, who are undoubtedly American citizens, are confined in Cabañas prison, back of the Morro. They are not political prisoners, but are charged with offenses against the municipality, petty crimes for which they would be arrested and imprisoned in the United States. Lucien Jerome, the British consul-general, has looked into all of the cases, but cannot find reason to interfere in behalf of the men.

**A FILIBUSTER FROM CANADA.** The most recent prisoner to claim protection is a young Canadian named Chambers, who came here from Philadelphia. He says he is on his way to Buenos Ayres. Among his possessions on shipboard were 100 Colt revolvers, and a thousand rounds of ammunition. He tried to land these at night, was caught, and will probably be kept in prison until the American Government releases him.

There are four women confined in the Cabañas prison who have no hope of release. Gen. Blanco has asked the American Government to ask him to do so, although it is stated on good authority that he will not leave a single political offender in prison for the Americans to liberate.

**STEALING A MARCH ON LEE.** Gen. Blanco was informed that it is the intention of the United States to send Gen. Fitzhugh Lee to Havana to command the army of occupation, and that the first official act of the late consul-general would be to throw open the doors of the prison and free all the men and women who were held for aiding the Cubans. It was Blanco's dislike of Gen. Lee and a desire to deprive him of any satisfaction he might derive from freeing political prisoners that resulted in their release.

Blanco and his foolish advisers have at last succeeded in driving away the American transport Comal, which, with its 2,000 tons of food sent by the United States Government, was the last lingering hope of the poor, who are clamoring for food just as loudly as they were during the blockade. Thousands of women and children beg in the streets for food, and the soup-houses, where there is no food for the men, at Las Fisas, where relief is supposed to be given, the food there is not enough for the 500 men, women and children who are there to be fed, and treated for the diseases originating in starvation.

**MORTALITY FROM STARVATION.** From 20 to 30 persons die every day as a result of deprivation of food. Civil Governor De Castro has ordered the sick women at Las Fisas transferred to Piedad, and the sick men to Reina Mercedes Hospital. He was compelled to give his guarantee for payment for their treatment. At the other hospitals, civil and military, there are a great many sick; in fact, all of the hospitals are overcrowded.

Havana is divided into 20 districts, named barrios. In each of these was free kitchen for the daily distribution of rations to the poor.

**STILL INCREASING!** Satisfactory State of Business in Canada. Good Reports From Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Other Points.

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 26.—Bradstreet's weekly review of Canadian trade says: Business continues to increase in Montreal wholesale circles. There is now quite an active demand for many lines of fall goods and the inquiry from the Northwest is daily increasing. The active business being done in shipping line and space for immediate shipment is scarce, and there has been an advance in the rates for next month. There is some improvement in the cheese markets, and the butter trade is improving. There is an active demand for all sorts of coarse grains. Cattle are in rather better demand, owing to the firmer tone of the old country markets.

At Toronto trade has been quite active the past week. Values are very firm, especially for cottons, woollens, underwear and blankets. The farmers' deliveries of grain in Ontario are still small.

At Winnipeg business has been very satisfactory, and everyone is looking forward to a good fall trade. But trade is not likely to become very active till active operations are nearer getting under way. It is feared many farmers will prefer to store their wheat than sell it at the present low prices. There is an active demand for lumber, but Winnipeg dealers are selling.

**HEARTBURN.** "In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B."

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AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, Thomas R. Parker, southwest corner of Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

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