

Don't Despair,
Don't Worry.
Don't Fret.



Infuses deliciously for all sakes, and is so pure. Sealed lead packets only—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. By grocers everywhere.

A Woman's Love.

My old governess looked scared, and I felt sick and dizzy. Yet it was strange to me even then my sympathy went to the maddest of them, not to my father and his friends.

"Oh!" I cried, "why don't you let me speak? Perhaps he could explain."

"That's sense," said a clear, strong voice near to me: "why don't you hear him? I've told a thousand pounds, and I want to know what has become of it. Order!"

The strong voice made itself heard, and there was a hush for a few seconds, whilst many turned to look at the loser of a thousand pounds. I, too, looked on, standing in the doorway of the two men I had seen at the Academy, Dives and Lazarus. But the instant my father opened his lips to speak the storm broke out again. He stood still for a minute or two, his head drooping a little, and then, with a gesture of impatience and defiance, he sat down to let them yell as long as they chose. I saw his keen glance searching the crowd. But at the movement of his upraised increased, and above all the tumult rose the cry: "Face us! face us! Stand up there! Scoundrel! Thief! Stand up and face us!"

"Oh!" I cried, looking up into the sympathetic face of the old man called Lazarus, who was now standing near me, "will they do him any harm?"

"No, no," he answered, "they are police in plain clothes. Besides, these are really respectable people, added with gentle courtesy, ladies ought not to be here, although it is perfectly safe for them."

"Let us go," exclaimed Abby. "I never thought it would be any thing like this. I can only get through this crush!"

"Follow close to me," he said. "It will be easier to get out than to come in."

Yet how we were extricated from the crowd, both in the hall and down the staircase, I hardly know; but after a struggle of some minutes we found ourselves once more on the busy platform of the Cannon Street Station. Abby sank down on a seat, breathless and exhausted. She was a frail woman, of about 30 years of age, and the agitation and distress she had gone through made her feel faint. Lazarus, on the other hand, stood looking on to the other of us, with great compassion in his eyes, and a gentle smile on his lips.

I had noticed him at once in the Academy, and he was a noticeable man in any place: very poorly, but very carefully dressed, and with an air of refinement, almost of elegance, about him. A tall, spare figure, and a thin, lined face, with a pair of deep-set eyes, but in both eyes and mouth there was a smile of deep human tenderness, and at this moment of profound peace for us.

"Are you both losers?" he asked, gently.

"I've lost every penny!" wailed Abby, clasping her poor hands together. She looked so worn and feeble—both of them looked so old, so worn-out, and feeble—that my heart ached for them. "And I have lost all I have saved in ten years," said Lazarus, with a sigh. "It was a sacred trust, and it has been betrayed."

For a few minutes none of us spoke, so overwhelmed were we by the sense of an inevitable calamity. All about us was the busy going and coming of trains steamed in and out of the station. But we felt isolated, stranded, still caught the angry roar of the infuriated assemblage we had left, but left that behind us. Only one thing was quite clear, and immediately pressing upon me, I must never let my father know I had been there, and did not love me enough to bear that knowledge.

"I will venture to propose to you, ladies," said Lazarus, "that you will do me the honor of resting in my house for a little while in quiet. It is not more than a quarter of an hour's walk from here."

"Oh, I should be so thankful!" I cried. "I want a little time to think. I dare not go home yet."

CHAPTER III.

Even in the city there are very quiet streets, where the traffic only lasts for a few hours a day. Our new, unknown friend led us into one of these, and pointed out to us his dwelling place. It was a narrow little building of three storeys, and a garret in the

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Complete assortment
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roof, inserted in the space which had once divided two large warehouses. The walls were grimed with smoke, but the paint of the woodwork was clean and fresh. All the ground floor front was occupied by a boy, who was plainly third of a small second-hand book-shop. Across the top of the doorway ran the words, "David Palmer, Bookbinder and Stationer. Licensed to sell tea and patent medicines." A card in one of the windows stated that "Cheap printing is undertaken on a small scale," but the card was very old, and it was evident that it was unnecessary to keep public.

The shop was very narrow, and a flap-door in the counter, which raised or lowered the dwelling at the back, led to the dwelling at the back. Besides the packets of stationery and toys and a bundle of walking-sticks, there were a few cheap patent medicines, and in a corner, in a box, I became familiar with them, and the little kitchen behind the shop.

David Palmer, whom I can call Lazarus no longer, lifted up the flap in the dwelling-place. There was a twilight dusky about it, for a high blank wall, rising far above the roof of the building, stood at four feet from the window, effectually shutting out the sunshine and the breeze of that sweet day of spring.

The furniture was bare necessities: three or four Windsor chairs, a square deal table, and a little crockery, with a few cooking utensils ranged on two shelves. But wherever there was space of a foot upon the walls, it was filled with books, which gave to the place the aspect of a school study.

"We will have a cup of tea first," said David Palmer, with a smile on his beautiful old face, "and afterwards we shall be better able to take counsel together about our mutual trouble."

It seemed like a dream to me. There was a profound hush and tranquility about this strange room, which took it miles and miles away from London, with its surging, turbulent, overwhelming life. The old man, with his quick but noiseless movements and his beneficent face, seemed like some half-dozing vision. My own eyes, however, were wide open, and I saw the old man, with his quick but noiseless movements and his beneficent face, seemed like some half-dozing vision.

A coarse unbleached cloth was spread over the deal table, and our host spoke almost apologetically of it. "It is a superfluity, I confess," he said, "but it saves trouble. The table would have to be scoured more frequently, and even soap costs money. Most of our neighbors use newspapers, but I must indulge in a cloth. It is the force of habit, you see."

He went away through the shop, and returned in a few minutes with a few white earthenware cups and saucers, which he poured out into cups of thick white milk. And we took it all in silence. Each one of us was too much absorbed in thought. Yet the milk had something solemn and sacred about it. It seemed to be a pledge of faithful friendship between us.

"After all," said the old man, "the loss of money is the least loss man can sustain. Whose gold is double, his care is double. We shall have our daily bread given to us."

"But, oh!" cried Abby, "it was all the living that I had!"

"But we can help one another," replied David Palmer. "It may be that you and I have found a friend."

I saw Abby fumble in an old satchel she always carried with her. She produced a card, yellow with age, on which was engraved "Miss A. Bricot."

"You are a French name," said David Palmer, "and I have heard of your family. Your father was not quite unfamiliar to me."

"And this is my dear pupil," said Abby.

The old man started, and a flush of color passed across his ivory-like face. "Christopher Lincoln's daughter?" he exclaimed. "My child, you ought not to have been a witness of your father's disgrace!"

His gentle remonstrance smote upon my heart like a severe censure. There had been an almost imperceptible feeling in my heart that I was doing something rash and wrong. At once, with a vivid flash of illumination, I perceived how memory of my father had just witnessed upon me and how I had just witnessed upon me and how I had just witnessed upon me.

"You owe it to me," said David Palmer, "to tell me the truth. How could I meet him again? There would be the fury of that wronged and ex-

about the things which most closely concern her future happiness. If she is subject to any weakness of the delicate, special organism of womanhood, make it your business to see that this is properly corrected, and that she starts upon womanhood's career with full womanly strength and capacity. She will bless you for it all her life."

There is no need of "examinations" and "local applications." Sound professional advice may be obtained free of charge, by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose thirty years' occupancy of this position has made him recognized among the foremost of living specialists in the treatment of woman's diseases.

Every case submitted to him by mail receives careful consideration. Efficient and inexpensive home-treatment is prescribed, whereby delicate feminine complaints may be promptly alleviated and cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only proprietary medicine in the world designed for this special purpose by a regular physician—an educated, experienced expert.

Miss Cora L. Russell, of Leamington, Ontario, writes in a letter to Dr. Pierce, August 1894, "I suffered very severely from a nervous headache for about twelve hours before the appearance of the medicine I would feel glad to give every body in my back, in fact I felt as if every bone in my body was being broken. I did not know what to do. Dr. Pierce and he recommended his 'Favorite Prescription,' and after using three bottles of it I am glad to say I am cured."

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ited crowd, and his expression as he confronted them. And I sympathized with them—not with them, but with them."

"It was my fault," said Abby. "Phebe was at the station and went in with me."

"Not no!" I interrupted. "I was in the Academy and overheard you and another gentleman speak of my father and this meeting."

"And I cried, 'Oh! my God!'" said David Palmer. "It was a great shock to me. Let me tell you why. Ten years ago I was the acting-manager of the Lincoln Companies, and my boy Felix was in the office under me. Mr. Lincoln's nephew, Tom Lincoln, was there, and there was a close, romantic friendship between them. Tom was three years older than Felix, but the boys had been at Harrow together, and my son almost worshipped his senior. They were both young clerks, and we unwittingly placed them in positions of great temptation. I need not tell you all the details, but they embroiled near upon four thousand pounds. The directors resolved to prosecute them, and neither your father nor I could bring any reason against."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I know my country was sent out of the country."

"But my boy was sentenced to two years' imprisonment," he said. "He paused, and shaded his eyes with his thin hand, not because the light was too strong. His face quivered, and his voice trembled."

"But did Tom forsake him?" I asked. "No, he would have taken my boy with him, he answered, 'but I told Felix that as he had broken both the law of God and the law of his country, he must pay the penalty. He owed it to me, his father, and to the country, and to God. He stood his trial, and came out of jail eight years ago, when he was one-and-twenty. Flight from justice is dishonorable."

"And what did my father do?" I inquired. "Ah, well, my child," he said, "there was a difference. Felix is my son, Tom is only his father's nephew. A father feels especially responsible for the conduct of his son. Tom Lincoln is some-thing of a hero. An outlaw, unable to return to England, I should have lost my boy for ever if he had abandoned me."

"I remember him," said Abby, "don't you, Phebe?"

(To be continued.)

Government and Labor.

Prominent Trades Unionists Praise the Ontario Administration.

At a mass meeting of workmen in the Toronto Hotel on the other night, Mr. Robert Glicking, of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council, mentioned a circular of an address by Dr. James Spence, the Ontario Government, in the effect that Dr. Spence was a member of the house, would look into the sweating system and would endeavor to do so.

Many were unable to get here last week during the few hours' sale of Meakin's Semi-Portland. We had to return to England. I should have lost my boy for ever if he had abandoned me."

Breakfast Plates, regular \$1.04 doz., sale price 7c each, 75c dozen.

Soup Plates. Regular \$1.04, reduced to 75c dozen.

Bread Plates. 17c, reduced to 12c.

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The Big Store WOOD'S FAIR. The Big Store

Saturday and Monday, As Usual, Bargain Days

We intend this sale to break the record of all former ones and will not have special hours, but give you a chance all day. Any time Saturday or Monday, while the goods last, you can have them at these prices:

Blouse Set Free. With every Blouse Waist sold on Saturday, we will give free one Blouse Set or pair of Cuff Links, worth 25c. Fine quality Blouses, in stripes, dots and plaids, latest styles, only 40c. See our Fine Muslin Blouses, detachable white collar and cuffs, Saturday and Monday only 65c.	Teapots. Full size Teapots 44c, reduced to 25c.	Graniteware. TEA AND COFFEE POTS. 30c size for 21c 35c size for 25c 45c size for 30c
Parasols. Ladies' 36-inch Union Silk Parasols, with assorted natural wood and horn trimmed handles, steel rod, and roller; regular price \$1.50, on Saturday and Monday only \$1 each. Other quality and designs reduced in same proportion.	Vegetable Dishes. Open Vegetable dishes—17c, reduced to 12c; 25c, reduced to 17c; 35c, reduced to 25c.	Pie Plates. Large size Pie Plates, in gray and white, your choice for 6c.
Underests. We make special mention of our new stock of Ladies' Evening and Spring Underests. In pure wool, Lisle thread and cotton; also Infants' All-wool Health Brand Vests, at very low prices.	Sauce Dishes. 5c ones reduced to 3c.	Double Boilers. 65c Boilers for 40c 75c Boilers for 50c
Corsets. About 50 Corsets of odd sizes—18, 25, 27, 28 and 30—regular prices were from 25c to \$1, your choice for 50c.	Oatmeal Bowls. 7c ones for 5c.	Preserving Kettles. 25c Kettles for 15c 30c Kettles for 20c 35c Kettles for 25c
Wall Paper. Some grand values in our better papers for Saturday and Monday. ONE LOT—bronze, Green and Gold Dining-room Paper, 25c a roll, for 15c; 9-inch border for 3c.	Jugs. 15c Jugs for 10c 17c Jugs for 12c 19c Jugs for 14c	Saucepans. Straight Saucepans, covered, 25c size for 15c. Long-handle Lip Saucepan, 25c size for 15c; 35c size, 25c.
Parlor Paper. In delicate colorings and gilt; 25c roll reduced to 15c; 25c border for 10c. These are only two of the many reductions in this department.	Meat Platters. 10c Platters for 7c 15c Platters for 10c 17c Platters for 12c 19c Platters for 14c 21c Platters for 16c 23c Platters for 18c	Wash Basins. 25c Wash Basins 15c 35c Wash Basins 25c
Meakin's Semi-Portland. Many were unable to get here last week during the few hours' sale of Meakin's best English Semi-Portland. We will have another lot of it out for all day Saturday and Monday.	Soup Tureens. One Dollar Tureens for 60c; 55c Covered Vegetable Dish, 45c; 25c Salad Bowl, 15c; 40c Long Salad Bowl, 20c.	Pudding Bowls. 10c Bowls for 7c 15c Bowls for 10c 20c Bowls for 15c
Plates. Breakfast Plates, regular \$1.04 doz., sale price 7c each, 75c dozen.	Salad Bowls. Plain White Salad Bowls—8-inch—10c Bowl for 5c; 9-inch 12c Bowl for 7c.	Spoons. Long Basting Spoons, regular 5c and 10c, your choice for 6c.
Soup Plates. Regular \$1.04, reduced to 75c dozen.	Tea Steepers. Japanese Tea Intusers; regular 10c and 15c, reduced for Saturday and Monday to 8c.	Dippers. Large size Long-handle Dippers, 25c, reduced to 15c.
Bread Plates. 17c, reduced to 12c.	Cups and Saucers. Deep Gilt-band Cups and Saucers, tea and coffee sizes; regular 12c, reduced to 7c.	Chopping Bowls. Large size best Whitewood Chopping Bowls, regular value, 10c; for these two days only 5c each.
	Egg Cups. Fancy Decorated China Egg Cups, large size, 35c, reduced to 20c dozen.	Lunch Baskets. Fancy willow Lunch Baskets, plain and colored, with covers, regular price 25c and 30c, your choice Saturday and Monday for 15c.
	Bowls. Fancy China Bowls decorated in green, mauve, pink and red, 15c, reduced to 8c.	Whisks. Large size, black enamelled handle, worth 10c, our price only 5c each.

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