WHEN WE SAY THAT

(CEYLON TEA)

Is the greatest value the world has ever seen we are simply stating a plain, unvarnished fact that is amply borne always yearning; but on this morning when, out by its enormous sale.

Sold in lead packets only ALL GROCERS.



And I suppose it is the strike that is broubling Mr. North? I think him so very 'It troubles him, of course-and there are

other things." 'Does it trouble you'" asked Miss Dallory, pointedly, as she looked straight at

"Trouble me!" he rejoined surprised at the unnecessary question. "Why, it invol-ves simply ruin, unless we can go on again. Ruin to me, and to my father with me. There's your brother."

They had reached the lawn at length, and saw Francis Dailory, who had come for his sister. He was a short, fair young man, with open countenance. Madam had already appropriated him.
"Where's Arthur?" demanded madam,

imperiously, as Miss Dallory came up on Richard's arm. "I thought he was with Miss Dallery answered that she had not seen Arthur Bohun since quitting the dinner-

table. No one had seem him, as far as madam could discover. She suspected he must have gone off somewhere to smoke; and would have liked to put his pipe behind the But the pipe was not in fault. Arthur Bohun, possibly thinking there were enough

without him, had quietly made his escape, and gone for a stroll towards the Ham. took him so near to Mas. Cumberland's that he might as well call and ask after the headache she had been suffering from in the Sophistry! Nothing but sophistry. Captain Arthur Bohun did not really care

whether her headache was worse or better; until a moment ago he had not even remembered that she had complained of headache. he simple truth was, that he could not bear to rest even one evening without a glimpse of Ellen Adair. No mother ever hungered for a lost child as he hungered for her presence.

They were at tea. Mrs. Cumberland, Ellen, and Mr. Seeley. When Jelly showed Captain Bohun in, the doctor was just tak-ing his second cup. Ellen, who presided at the tea-tray, asked Captain Bohun if he would take some, and he rather shortly answered, No. Warfare lay in his mind. What business had that man to be sitting there on a footing of companionship with Ellen

Mrs. Cumberland's head was a little worse, if anything, she replied, thanking Captain Bohun for his solicitude in regard to it. Mr. Seeley had given her two draughts of something - ether, she believed - in the afternoon, but they had not done her head

It might have come to a question as to which would sit out the other-for Mr. See-ley detected somewhat of the state of Arthur Bohun's mind, and resented it - but for the entrance of Dr. Rane. Dr. Rane appeared to have no present intention of leaving again for he plunged into a hot discussion with his brother-practitioner, touching some difficult question in surgery, which seemed quite likely to continue all night, and Arthur Bohun rose. He would have remained willingly, but he was ever sensitive as to intruding, and fancied Mrs. Cumberland might

wonder why he stayed. As he went out, Francis Dallory and his sister were passing on their walk homeward. Captain Bohun turned with them, and went to the end of the Ham.

The shades of evening—nay, of night—had stolen over the earth as he went back again, the light night of summer. The northwest was bright with its opal tints; a star or two shone in the heavens. Dr. Rane was pacing his garden walks, his wife on his

"Good-night, Bessy!" he called out to her, whom he had always regarded as his step-

"Good-night, Arthur!" came the hearty rejoinder as Bessy recognized his voice.
Onwards a few steps—only a few—and it brought Arthur Bohun level with the window of Mrs. Cumberland's drawing-room. It was not yet lighted. At the window, standing very closely together, stood the other doctor and Ellen Adair. In Captain Bohun's desperate jealousy, he stared Ellen full in the face, and made no movement of recognition. Turning away with contemptuous movement, plainly discernible in the dusk, he went striding on.

Shakesphere never read more truly the human heart than when he said that jealousy makes the food it feeds on. Arthur Bohun went home almost maddened; not so much with jealousy in its absolute sense, as with indignation at the doctor's iniquitous presumption. Could be have analyzed his own heart fairly, he would have found there full rust in the good faith of Ellen Adair. But he was swaved by man's erring nature, and

How innocent it all was! how little suggestive, could Captain Bohun only have read SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & Co., correctly. There had been no invitation to tea at all; Mr. Seeley had gone in just as they began to take it, and was offered a cup by Mrs. Cumberland. As to being together at the window, Elien had been standing there to catch the fading light for her wood work, perhaps as an excuse for leaving him and Mrs. Cumberland to converse alone; and he had just come up to her to say good-night

is Captain Bohun passed.

If we could only divine the truth of these fancies when jeaicusy puts them before us in its false and glaring light, some phases of our lives might be all the happier in consequence. Arthur Bohun lay tossing the whole right long on his sicepless pillow, tormenting himself by wondering what Ellen Adair's answer to Seeley would be. That the fellow in his audacity was proposing to her as they stood at the window, he could have sworn before the Lord Chief Baron of England. It was a wretched night; his tremultuous thoughts were sufficient to wear him out. Arthur had Collins' "Ode to the Passions" House.

Give us a trial. Yours truly, Keene Bros., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

by heart; but it never occurred to him to ELOPED WITH A COACHMAN. recall any part of it to profit now. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed

Sad proof of thy distressful state.

Of differing themes the veering song was fixed; And now it courted Love; now, raving, called

CHAPTER VII. When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no fear existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfest; but his spirit was a

little rebellious still, and kept him back. He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with R chard North the best part of the way to Dallory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day were on towards noon, his restless feet betook him to Ham Lane-which the reader has not visited since he saw Dr. Rane hastening through it on the dark and troubled night that opened this history. The hedges were green now, beautiful with their dog-roses of delicate pink and white, and Friday night they eloped. giving out the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dallory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, amiliarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane." Stro ling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the root and chimneys of her house. Should be go round and call? A few

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth. "Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted.'

seeps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told

nimself that he would not go until the

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?" (To be Continued.)

Poor Digestion Leads to nervousness, freifulness, peevishness, chronic Dyspepia and great misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It makes pure blood and gives healthy action to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's, for Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

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A Man Made Happy.—Gentlemen,— For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my and of goodquality. When in a good and pure stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would | color to the complexion and general tone to go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, the entire system. The value of a medicine and my life became very miserable, as there | that is powerful to build up and purify the was no rest either day or night. But with blood should be readily appreciated. For the use of only two bottles of Northrop & this purpose there is nothing that equals Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGE-TABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that

it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant. Norwegians are the most temperate pco-

ple in the world. Dear Sirs,-I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and I think it has no equal for croup. MRS. J. S. O'BRIEN,

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swings. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once

it will do again. Among the pupils at one of the public schools in Georgia is a negro woman 43 years old.

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A New York Young Weman Braves the

Wrath of Her Parents. NEW YORK, Oct. 24. - Estella Dietz has been missing from her home at East White Plains since Friday at 8 p.m., when she bade her father and mother good-night. At the same time Otto Von Luck disappeared. He was formerly employed on the Dietz place, but later found work in the town in various occupations, the last being as bartender. Now word has been received at the Dietz home that the couple had been

married in Hoboken. Charles Dietz, who is wealthy, came to White Plains about three years ago, when he purchased a large tract of land about a mile from town. This property belonged to Richard Croker before he became famous as a politician. Von Luck, a handsome young fellow, was employed to take charge of Mr. Dietz's stable. Estelle, the daughter of the house, attended to the purchase of the articles needed by the family at the village stores. Otto would always drive her to the village and took a great interest in teaching his employer's handsome daughter to drive. He was an excellent teacher and she was an apt pupil. Soon they fell in love, and Miss Dietz's parents, learning the fact, raised a row. Von Luck was cast adrift, but the couple continued to meet,

NOT HEALTHFUL.

Bare Legs Are Not Good for Children-What a Bootmaker Has to Say.

[New York Press.] A chubby little boy, with several inches of brown bare leg between the top of his stocking and the bottom of his knee breeches, passed before the window of my bootmaker on Broadway. He was led by his nurse, and had evidently spent a summer in the country. He looked like a child who had been born well and had been taken the best of care of ever since. My afternoon, and now it was barely twelve bootmaker pointed him ou o'clock; should be call, or should be not and thus expressed himself: bootmaker pointed him out mournfully,

"If that child doesn't die of consumption before he is 12 years old he will grow up to be a gouty young man, and probably die of apoplexy. Nothing is worse for a child of that age than bare legs at any time, perticularly in the autumn. That's the way fashion kills off its victims. Every child should wear boots, I mean boots with legs on them, reaching up nearly to the knee, and for the matter of that so should every man. I have worn bootlegs all my life, both in summer and winter, and I have also seen experiments made by turning a draft of cold air upon the legs of men who were asleep. The effect is the same as when a wet bandage is applied to the feet of a sleeping man. It chills the stomach, congests the brain, and generally disorganizes the system. The man who wears hightopped boots lengthens his life by ten years, and a bare-legged child is doomed to an early grave."

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"Well, mother ain't so peart now, Molly's got the measles, John's stove up with rheumatism, an' Dick's down with snake bite. When air you a-comin' to see us?"

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