

**We Give You Tea Fresh**  
 —From the gardens of the finest  
 —Tea producing country in the  
 —World.

**"SALADA"**  
**CEYLON TEA**

Picked every week in the year, and delivered to you FRESH in the SEALED LEAD PACKETS of the "SALADA" CEYLON TEA COMPANY.

There are plenty of imitations—look for the word "SALADA" on the packet.

**Twixt Love and Duty.**

"I was thinking, Janet, o' Katherine's name, it gane it is neither to mend nor to match in the whole wide world. I'll awa and see Joris and Lysbet. And put every cross thought ye'll never find in your hands and come w' me. Lysbet will want to see you."

"Not her, indeed! I can tell you, Elder, that Lysbet was vera cool and queer w' me yesterday."

"Come, Janet, dinna keep your good nature in remembrance. Let's see enough to make the cloak big enough to cover a bygone fault."

"I think, then, I ought to stay w' Nell."

"Nell doesna want anybody near him. Leave him alone. Nell's at right. Forty years syne I would hae broke my mother's cheeny and drawn steel as quick as Nell did if I'd heard a word against bonnie Janet Gordon."

And the old man made his wife a bow, and Madam blushed with pleasure and went upstairs to put on her bonnet and India shawl.

"Woman! woman!" meditated the smiling Elder, "she is never too angry to be won w' a mouthful o' sweet words—special if you add a bow or a kiss to them. My certie! when a husband can get his ain way at so sma' price, it's just wonderfu' he doesna buy it in perpetuity."

Joris was somewhat comforted by his old friend's sympathy, for the Elder, in the hour of trial, knew how to be magnanimous. But the father's words lay deeper than human love could reach. He was suffering from what all suffer who are wounded in their affections: for alas, alas, how poorly do we love even those whom we love most! We are not only bruised by the limitations of their love for us, but also by the limitations of our love for them. And those who know what it is to be strong enough to overcome, will understand, the grief, the anger, the jealousy, the resentment from which he suffered amazed Joris; he had not realized before the depth and strength of his feelings.

He tried to put the memory of Katherine away, but he could not accomplish a miracle. The girl's face was ever before him. He felt her carressing fingers fluted in his own; and as he walked in his house and his garden he saw her smile and beside him. For, as there are in creation invisible bonds that do not break like mortal bonds, so, also, there are correspondences subtler than souls, despite the separation of distance.

"I would forget Katherine if I could," he said to Dominie Van Linde; and the minister, barely putting aside his grief, took the hands of Joris in his own, and bending towards him, answered: "That would be a great pity. Why forget? Trust, rather, that out of sorrow God will bring you joy."

"Not natural is that, Dominie. How can it be? I do not understand how it can be."

"You do not understand. Well, then, Ooh my jorgen! (Oh, my familiar, my friend) what matters comprehension if you have faith? Trust, now, that it is well with the child. If I had a sister, I think she would smile at me in the same way."

"Very grateful to you was Katherine. All you did about the duel I told her. She knows her husband had not been alive today but for you, Oh, Miriam, if you had not spoken—"

"I should have had the stain of blood on my conscience. I did right to speak. My grandfather said to me, 'Which could evade, if unaverted, the patient search and vigil long. Of him who treasures up a wrong.'"

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"That about the remedial bill that cost the country millions of dollars and was then withdrawn?"

**Have You Wood to Saw?**

This is about the time of the year when the wood is thinning and sawing his season's wood. The best way to saw it is with the Folding Sawing Machine, made by the Folding Sawing Machine Company, of Chicago, Ill. One man can do the work of two. It saves down trees and can be instantly adjusted to five different positions, and for the benefit of those who are interested, we illustrate it in one of our advertisements in this issue. Investigate its merits before sawing your wood.

could in some degree control himself; he could speak of the marriage with regret, but without passion; he had even alluded, in some cases, to Hyde's family and expectations. The majority believed that he was secretly a little proud of the alliance. But Bram was a man of indignation; first, if the marriage were at all doubted; second, if it were supposed to be a satisfactory one to any member of the Van Heemskirk family.

As to the doubters—they were completely silenced when the next issue of the New York Gazette appeared; for among its most conspicuous advertisements was the following:

"Married, October 19, 1875, by the Rev. Mr. Somers, chaplain to his Excellency the Governor, Richard Drake Hyde, of Hyde Manor, Norfolk, son of the late Richard Drake Hyde, and brother of Thomas Drake Hyde, Earl of Dorset, and Hyde, to Katherine, the youngest daughter of Joris and Lysbet Van Heemskirk, of the city and province of New York.

"Witnesses: "Nigel Gordon, H. M. 18th Light Cavalry. "George Earle, H. M. 19th Light Cavalry. "Adeleide Gordon, wife of Nigel Gordon."

This announcement took everyone a little by surprise. A few were really gratified; the majority perceived that it silenced gossip of a very enthralling kind. No one could now deplore or insinuate, or express sorrow or astonishment. And as rejoicing with one's friends and neighbors soon becomes a very monotonous thing, Katherine Van Heemskirk's fine marriage was tacitly dropped. Only for that one day on which it was publicly declared was it an absorbing topic. The whole issue of the Gazette was quickly bought, and then people, having seen the fact with their own eyes, felt a sudden satiety of the whole affair.

On some few it had a more particular influence. Hyde's brother officers held high festival to their comrade's success. To every bumper they read the notice aloud, as a toast, and gave a kind of national triumph to what was a personal affair. Joris read it with dim eyes, and then lit his long Conda pipe, and sat smoking with an air of inexpressible loneliness. Lysbet read it, and then put the paper carefully away among the silks and satins in her bottom drawer. Joanna read it, and then immediately bought a dozen copies and sent them to the relatives of Batavus in Dordrecht, Holland. Nell Semple read and re-read it. It seemed to have a fascination for him; and for more than an hour he sat musing, with his eyes fixed upon the fateful words. Then he rose and went to the hearth. There were a few sticks of wood burning upon it, but they had fallen apart. He put them together, and tearing out the notice, he laid it upon them. It meant much more to him than the destruction of a scrap of paper, and he stood watching it long after it had become a film of grayish ash.

Bram would not read it at all. He was too full of shame and trouble at the event, and the moment went as if weighted with lead. But the unhappy day wore away to its evening, and after tea he gathered a great nosegay of Narcissus, and went to Miss Gophen's. He did not "hang about the steps," as Joris in his temper had said. Miriam was not one of those girls who sit in the door to be gazed at by every passing man. He went into the store, and she seemed to know his footsteps. He had no need to speak; she came at once from the mystery behind the crowded planks to the cleared light. Plain and dark were her garments, and Bram would have been unable to describe her dress, but it was as fitting to her as are the green leaves of the rose tree to the rose.

Their acquaintance had evidently advanced since that anxious evening when she had urged upon Bram the intelligence of the duel between Hyde and Nell Semple; for Bram gave her the flowers without embarrassment, and she buried her sweet face in their sweet petals, and then lifted it with a smile at once grateful and confidential. Then they began to talk of Katherine. "She was so beautiful and so kind," said Miriam; "just a week since she passed here, with some violets in her hand, and when she saw me she ran up the steps and said, 'I have brought them for you,' and she clasped my fingers and looked so pleasantly in my face. If I had a sister, I think she would smile at me in the same way."

"Very grateful to you was Katherine. All you did about the duel I told her. She knows her husband had not been alive today but for you, Oh, Miriam, if you had not spoken—"

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**A Dismissed Civil Servant to Sir Charles Tupper.**

**Reminiscences of the Weights and Measures Outrage.**

**A London Man's Recollections of Lordly Overbearing.**

London, Oct. 1, 1912.

"To Sir Charles Tupper, Ottawa: "Dear Sir:—It is within my vivid recollection that some eighteen years ago, when I was the custodian of the weights and measures department of this city and the east riding of Middlesex, having been discharging the duties for four years to the satisfaction of the public and the Government, a man one morning walked into the office and inquired if I was the official of this office. I replied, 'Yes, sir.' He inquired what my salary was. My answer was 'One thousand dollars (\$1,000) per annum.' He said it was too much. He never asked me what my reminiscences amounted to, nor the amount of work there was to do, nor how much ground there was to go over. He then asked to see the books. I handed him the books, and he took a very cursory look over them, and then he said, 'I will take these with me, and you may consider yourself dismissed.' When he went to take the books, I objected, and then I wanted to know who he was. He replied that he was 'Tupper,' and that he was the Minister of Customs. He again went to take the books, and I told him they should not go out of possession until they were audited. He left, and returned about 15 minutes afterwards, and said he thought I was right in keeping the books. Then he took two of the employes out of the office with a horse and buggy (which took him nearly two weeks) to go through the riding, at a cost of \$50 for the horse and buggy, and he was any man's office of my part. The two appointed went at it with a will and determination. They were encouraged with the hope that one who discovered the most defalcation on my part would be appointed to my position; but to their very great disappointment and sorrow they failed to discover a single cent that was not accounted for. I had been discharging the duties for four years, and the inaugural part of the duties, which were simple and unimportant, but when its auditor examined the books, and he reported not a cent not accounted for, he complimented me by saying that I had done a most important and that my reminiscences were the largest of any one official whose books he had examined. He then invited me to take dinner at the Treasury, and I was much pleased to find the books in such a satisfactory condition, and would not fail to make a note of it in his report. And Hon. Geo. W. Ross, who was then a member of the Ottawa House, after examining Mr. Godson's report, wrote to me to say that it was very satisfactory.

The weights and measures inspecting officers appointed by Mr. Mackenzie were all dismissed summarily by your Government on the ground that they were incompetent. No sooner had the dismissal taken place, however, than you appointed an entirely new body of inspectors, all Conservators of the public, and raised the salaries in each case by from \$200 to \$300 per annum. What justification do you offer for such gross extravagance?

"Since then, and for eighteen years, I have been relegated to private life, while you, sir, have been a well-paid pensioner of the Government. The past of the time, and particularly during elections in Canada, and traveling in state at the public expense, for a good portion of the time you have been representing Canada in England, and living in a city which I, an Englishman, claim to be the chief city of the world. But times have changed with you."

"For time at last sets all things even, and if we do but watch the hour, Which never yet was human power, Which could evade, if unaverted, the patient search and vigil long. Of him who treasures up a wrong."

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**A TERRIBLE PROBABILITY.**

**Father and Five Children Believed to Have Been Murdered.**

Little Rock, Oct. 5.—Great excitement prevails at Devall's Bluff over the discovery of what it believed to be the bloodiest tragedy in the history of the State. Charles King and his five children are believed to have been murdered, and suspicion points to Mrs. Chaffin and John King, her paramour, as the murderers.

Charles King, a well-known farmer, lived on White River, between Desare and Devall's Bluff. John King, a hired man, lived with the family, and is said to have eloped the Chaffin woman's affections. He was with King and his five children are believed to have been murdered, and suspicion points to Mrs. Chaffin and John King, her paramour, as the murderers.

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On that date King was seen driving away in a wagon in company with Mrs. Chaffin. As they did not return and nothing was seen of the other members of the family, the neighbors began an investigation. When the house was searched, Chaffin had fled, and was opened blood was found spattered all over the floor, and there were evidences of a terrible butchery having been committed, but no bodies were found. The theory of the officers is that the bodies were thrown into the river. Every effort is being made to locate King and Mrs. Chaffin.

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Presently a woman came up to him and asked if he had found the satchel, which he held.

"It is mine," said she.

"Describe what is in it," answered he.

"A baby's bottle, a towel, some lard, and a small bottle of gin for the baby."

"Quite correct," said the worthy divine, as he smiled at the conclusion of the inventory and handed her what she asked for.

He repeated the story to his rector when they were sailing home, with great gusto.

"Yes," said his superior, "very funny. But how did you, my worthy brother, know that bottle contained gin?"

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Mrs. Wilcox says: "For more than four years I have had terrible pains across my back and in the left side, and could neither sleep nor rest. I was weak and worn out; the least exertion gave me pain. I felt like sitting in a chair and staying there, and in fact was unable to perform my household duties. I was very much troubled with palpitation of the heart and other symptoms of kidney disease, and felt miserable in other ways."

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**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

**OTHERS, Do You Know** that Peppermint, Balm of Gilead, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

**Do You Know** that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

**Do You Know** that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

**Do You Know** that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless your own physician knows what it is composed of?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel PITCHER. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

**Do You Know** that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. PITCHER and his assigns to use the word "CASTORIA" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

**Do You Know** that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

**Do You Know** that 25 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

**Do You Know** that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

**Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.**

**The so-called "imitation" of Castoria is on every wrapper.**

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