

June Weddings Galore

Young man, before entering into that immediate state of annoyed bliss, be sure your wife-to-be uses

SALADA

CEYLON TEA

then when the novelty has worn off your heart will still be cheered by a cup of the most delicious tea in the world.

JESSAMINE.

Her friends were correct in one laudation. She was amiable and kind-hearted in her way, as her husband was in his. If she trafficked upon this excellence, made the most of it, very much after the style in which she showed off her teeth and hands, it was rather because display was her controlling fable, than through any design upon the answering gratitude of her beneficiaries. She was dressed in black silk, with a jaunty velvet basquine, a scarlet scarf of Canton crape fastened upon the right shoulder with an antique cameo, and buttoned on the left, the fringed ends falling low down upon her ample silken skirt.

She was just established in her comfortable cause, when the door-bell heralded a visitor.

"My dear Mr. Wyllys!" she cried, fluttering forward to meet him. You are doubly welcome when you come alone. One sees you so seldom except in a crowd, that it is a genuine pleasure to have a few moments' quiet conversation with you."

"It is like yourself to excuse my unfashionably early call with such gracious tact," responded the gentleman, smiling pleasantly, and bowing low over her hand.

He shook hands with the doctor with less embarrassment, but cordially, and at the same time, most respectfully, and sank upon a divan near the hostess.

"I have another engagement this evening, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of paying my devotions to you in passing. I will not ask you if you have recovered from the fatigue of Thursday night—with an expressive look at her blooming face. I believe, however, is never a weariness to you to be agreeable, as it is to us, and less benevolent mortals. I am horribly cross, always, on the morning succeeding a party. It is as if I had overdrawn my account, in the matter of social entertainment, borrowed too heavily from the reserve fund intended for nature for daily expenses. But this rule applies only to people whose resources of spirits, wit, and general powers of pleasing, are limited. You are above the need of such pitiful economy as we find necessary."

"Shall I undecieve you?" beamed the lady. "If that dear, patient martyr, might tell sad tales, make revelations that would demolish your pretty and flattering theory, Doctor, my love! Mr. Wyllys is anxious to know what was the status of my spiritual and material condition, on the morning after our little London last week?"

"En, what do you say, my dear?" He lowered his folio. His eyebrows were perked discontentedly, and his forefinger was in the doomed bow she had tied not fifteen minutes before.

Mrs. Baxter tried to smile successfully, to frown down the offending digit before she made reply.

"Mr. Wyllys has heard that I am like champagne, 'stale, flat and unprofitable'—with a dash of vinegar, when the effervescence wrought by social excitement is off, and he is right. My misanthropic words, in radiant that revealed every molar, and forced her eyelids into utter retirement.

"Ah!" the doctor smiled absently, and rebent his brows over the page which had attracted his attention, protruding his lips in a vicious pout as he read.

"He disdains to notice the slander," resumed Mrs. Baxter, unabashed at her failure to elicit a conjugal compliment. "Seriously, Mr. Wyllys, I am thankful for the guidance of reason and will that counterbalance my mercurial temper. My spirit resembles nothing else so much as a mettled steed, whose curvettings are restrained by an inexorable rein. But for my sober judgment, and the constant exercise of self-control, impulse would have led me into an erratic course, fear."

Relaxing the tension of the fingers and wrist that had pulled hard at an imaginary curb, and unclenching the teeth from their bite upon the word "inexorable," she sighed, reflectively.

"The combination most assuredly is rare," commented the gentleman in reply.

"It is preposterous," ejaculated the doctor, closing the Russian-leather album abruptly, with a concussion like the report of a pocket pistol.

"I think not, dear," said the wife, gently corrective. "It is, as Mr. Wyllys says, a rare combination, but certainly not an impossible one."

The poor man smiled resignedly, and began to turn the leaves of his book. It

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.
Rodel French Peas, 15c.
Rodel Mushrooms, 25c.
Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.
Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce.
California Prunes, 8c per lb.
California Silver Prunes, 12 1/2c per lb.
California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

100 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE
in
TRADING
STAMPS

was a sacred album, the work of his wife's fair fingers, although he did not know this.

"I flatter myself you will find some choice bits there?" she said, modestly. She was fond of talking about "bits," and "effects," and "tone," and "depth," of "chiaro-oscuro," and "bas-reliefs," and "intaglios," and "antiques"—useful cant that forms the stock-in-trade of many an art-critic, whose decrees pass current with a larger circle than the clique which eulogized Mrs. Baxter's talents. She was, in feature and coloring, a pretty woman still, in defiance of her 45 or 46 years. Her brown eyes were lively; the red of her complexion, if a trifle fixed and hard, seldom outspread the distinctly defined round spots upon the cheek-bones, was hers honestly, as were the glossy curls that showed no frost-lines, and the pearly teeth she had trained her lips to reveal at every possible opportunity. Her hands were plump, white and small, and when she had been small, she had exercised them less. Like the teeth, they were too obtrusive. She could not say "Good-day" to a passing acquaintance without parting her lips in a wide smile over the milk-white treasures, tucking away their natural covering in an incredibly narrow fold above the ivory, and stretching it bow into the straight line, which lost itself in creases that had once been dimples. She had been renowned in her youth for her vivacity, and had cultivated it into what nobody else was kind enough to tell her was frisky affectation. The extent to which the pliant fingers curved and twisted, and twinkled, and sprawled, in the course of a conversation of moderate length, was a thing of wonder forever to the uninitiated spectator of her gambols. She added to this gesticulation a way of plunging forward from her girder upward, when she waxed very animated, that threatened to precipitate her into the lap of her fellow-colloquist, after which she would lay her hand upon her heaving bust, and swallow audibly, while awaiting a reply to her latest deliverance. To sum up description in one word—Mrs. Baxter's specialty was manner.

"It is preposterous," reiterated the doctor, with a rueful tug at his cravat, "that a rational creature, who can read and write, should waste time in disfiguring good, honest paper with such incongruous, not to say blasphemous, nonsense as I find here. It was bad enough for medieval monks to deck the Word of Life in the armor of a harlequin. Greek, German, black-letter text, all of them, stumbling-blocks to the unlearned, diversions to the thoughtless. But when the sacred Scriptures are bedizened into further illegibility by paint and gilding, and illustrated by birds, beasts and even fishes, dashed upon fields, azure, argent and verde, the offense becomes an abomination. Such profanation is offered that divinest of pastorals, the Twenty-third Psalm, in this volume," elevating it nearly as high as his head in strong disgust.

Mrs. Baxter arose and took it from his hand in time to save it from being tossed to the table or floor.

"Tastes differ, my dear husband," was all she said, but for her forbearance and real sweetness of temper called forth a look of unfeigned respect from the amused spectator.

"I won't keep it in this parlor, if I were in your place, Jane," the doctor expostulated, seeing her deposit the folio upon a stand beyond his reach.

"I will not ask you to look at it again, love," observed his wife, still amiably.

She returned to the subject when the critic had helped himself to a volume which was more to his taste.

"I saw a few things when I was abroad, before my marriage, that interested me more than the illuminated missals and breviaries preserved in convents, museums, and private collections of vertu," she said to Mr. Wyllys.

"I am the possessor of a remarkably fine specimen of the illuminator's art—the gift of a dear friend, and relative, now no more. I had not looked into it for years until after I commenced my humble album, which, allow me to observe, my excellent husband does not guess is my handiwork. To return—the hands describing an inward curve and subsiding into an embrace upon her knee—"the best touches in my work were after my precious reliquary. I must show it to you. I am chary of displaying it to non-appreciative or inconstant eyes, who know little of real art and care less for it. Consequently it seldom sees the light."

Orrin followed her to an escritoire at the back of the room, peeping covertly at his watch as he went. Mrs. Baxter laid her hand upon her bust, and choked down some rebellious uprising of memory or regret, as she unlocked a drawer.

"This is it!" mournfully, taking out a thin volume bound in gilded leather and carved boards, and redolent of the scent of some Indian wood.

Orrin examined it in pleased surprise. He had expected to see an absurdity. He beheld a gem of its kind: a collection of Latin hymns, including the Stabat Mater, Dies Irae and Veni Sancte Spiritus, each page encircled by a border of appropriate design, and delicate yet rich coloring.

"I have never seen anything finer. I do not wonder that you prize it so highly. I thank you for showing it to me," he said, sincerely. "By whom was it executed?"

"My friend ordered it for me of an adept in his art, then resident at Florence. I forget his name, but you will find it cleverly concealed from the convolutions of the title page," was the reply.

The fly-leaf adhered slightly to the page designated, and Orrin read the inscription upon the former before detaching it.

"Jane Lanneau, from Ginevra, Florence, Jan. 1, 18—." "I have surely seen that handwriting before!" Ginevra!" he repeated slowly, and the pretty name fell musically from his tongue. "There is poetry in the word."

"You would have said so, had you known her." Mrs. Baxter winked away two unbidden tears that gazed her when she went back to the inscription. It was strongly like Jessie Kirk's writing, but the resemblance was undoubtedly accidental. The one line which had attracted his notice and carried his thoughts back to Jessie had been penned, he learned from the date, the year before she was born.

[To be Continued.]

Piles for 15 Years.

Mr. Jas. Bowles, Councillor, Embro, Ont., writes: "For over 15 years I suffered the misery of bleeding, protruding piles. The many remedies I tried all failed. I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and must say that the first application gave relief, after the third day the bleeding stopped, and two boxes cured me completely."

We cannot think or act but the soul of some one who has passed before points the way—the dead never die.—Bulwer.

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

123 REBELS FELL

When Whalley's Men Captured Morong.

Seventeen Filipino Lives Paid for the Slaughter of One Surgeon.

New York, June 7.—A dispatch to the Herald from Manila says: Gen. Hall encountered no resistance in his march from Antipolo to Morong through Teresa. The inhabitants did not leave the latter town, but met the Americans, representing themselves as friends. A large number of the natives passed through the American lines returning to Antipolo.

Hall's march was very difficult, and there were many cases of prostration of American soldiers by the heat. The brigade arrived in Morong at 11 o'clock yesterday, and found that Col. Whalley, with the First Washingtons, had captured the town the day before, killing 123 natives. The Napidan and Covadonga, tinaclos, shelled the place and were answered by an artillery fire. One shell was put through the Covadonga.

A detachment of the Washington Regiment, while on a scouting expedition, lost one man killed and one wounded, and killed one officer and four men of the insurgents. Hall's brigade remains in Morong, to be rationed. Col. Whalley returns to Pasig.

SEVENTEEN LIVES FOR ONE. Washington, June 7.—Another report from Col. Stotzenburg was made public by the war department yesterday. It related to the capture of the Manila waterworks and pumping station on Feb. 6. Early in the fight, Dr. H. A. Young, of the Utah Battery, was cut off by the insurgents, and his body was found horribly mutilated. It was only a few minutes after seeing this evidence of barbarity that the Nebraska Regiment engaged the insurgent trench, leaving seventeen of its occupants to be cared for by the burying squad.

AGAINST TRUSTS

Representatives of 350,000 Salesmen Will Meet.

Albany, N. Y., June 7.—Representatives of the 350,000 traveling men in this country will meet here on June 8 at the fifth annual convention of the Commercial Travelers' National League. Nearly 1,000 delegates are expected.

The principal object of the coming session is to form plans to combat the trusts. It is estimated that 50,000 commercial travelers have been thrown out of employment within the past few years by these great combinations of capital, the American Tobacco Company alone being responsible for the discharge of about 3,500 men.

"SIMPLY ROTTEN"

Gov. Tanner's Milk Came From Contaminated Cows.

Chicago, June 7.—Gov. Tanner has been getting his milk from a herd in Sangamon county. He supposed it to be pure. After seeing the state live stock commissioners slaughter 27 cows from the Sangamon farm, because the animals were full of tuberculosis, he expressed himself vigorously.

"I am convinced tuberculosis has made a more general invasion of stock than is known," he declared. "Why, those cows were simply rotten." The appropriation for the live stock commission this year was \$5,000, instead of the \$20,000 asked, and I myself was instrumental in cutting it down. I shall recommend to the next legislature the appropriation of at least \$30,000. The commissioners must be given police power to enter dairies and make the tuberculosis test."

The live stock commissioners, encouraged by the governor, have met and adopted plans for the summer's work.

DROWNED HERSELF.

Alliston, Ont., June 7.—Miss James Mitchell, of this town, committed suicide by jumping into the river here Monday evening. Cause, temporary derangement, induced by ill-health.

WHEAT PLOWED IN.

New York, June 7.—According to the Orange Judd Farmer, plowing up and abandonment have reduced wheat from 30,000,000 to 24,574,000 acres. June crop report shows a condition of 70.8 against 72.6 on May 1. Spring wheat is 91.9, and May 1 crop is 91.9. The corn acreage is the largest on record.

TWO MEN FELL INTO BOILING BEER.

Buffalo, June 7.—By the caving in of a floor in Moffatt's brewery yesterday, Gus Zube and Andrew Loudon were precipitated into a huge vat of boiling beer. Before they could be gotten out they were almost boiled. At the hospital it is said that both men will die.

FOUR FOR THE DEATH CHAIR.

Albany, N. Y., June 7.—The court of appeals has affirmed the judgment in four murder cases. The murderers who will expiate their crimes in the electric chair are: John Kennedy (colored), of Buffalo; Lewis Hull Dyson (colored), of New York city; Oscar E. Rice (white), of Westfield, and Michael McDonald, of New York.

HAWAII'S BAREFOOT KING.

San Francisco, June 7.—Reports from Honolulu says when the tomb of Lunali, the "barefoot king of Hawaii," was recently opened, it was found the remains had been removed and that the metal casket contained only grave-clothes. It is surmised that the body may have been taken by natives to a heathen grave in the mountains, as a thunderstorm much affected his superstitious subjects. Lunali was elected king in 1873, and thirteen months afterward died of consumption. Although he possessed a large fortune he insisted on being called the "barefoot king." He left his fortune to found a home for aged Hawaiians.

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FIRE FLASHES

Blaze in Quebec—Lady Has a Narrow Escape Near St. Thomas.

Quebec, June 7.—Fire which started in the basement of W. H. Potley's shoe factory yesterday destroyed that building and Amos Campbell's, adjoining. Potley is insured for \$35,000. Mr. Campbell's loss is \$15,000, insured.

St. Thomas, Ont., June 7.—The residence of J. Z. Long, on the outskirts of the city, was badly damaged by fire early on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Long had to be taken from the burning building by way of a window, escaping almost at the risk of her life.

DANGER IN SODA.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended as a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice and one which is fraught with danger; moreover the soda only gives temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels and cases are on record where it has accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste and contain the natural acids, pepsines and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness and will be found reliable in all stomach troubles except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

LOYAL TO THEIR BANGS. Halifax, N. S., June 7.—There was a revolt at the Citadel barracks yesterday in consequence of an order requiring the men to cut their hair in patches. The rioters took possession of the canteen and ejected the sergeant. The ringleaders are now in confinement. The order requires the men to dispense with military bangs and other curls with which they decorated their foreheads.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washington, D. C. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health excellent." This shows that thousands have proved that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils, and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. For sale by W. T. Strong & Co.

Double Lever Cultivators AT REDUCED PRICES.

Screen Doors and Window Screens, English Oak-Tanned Leather Belting, South Bend Plows and Repairs, Syracuse Plows and Repairs.

—AT— A. Westman's 111 Dundas Street West. Branch Store, 651 Dundas Street, East, London.

FOR FIRST-CLASS DRY MAPLE AND BEECH wood cut to order, call Phone 347.

Campbell & Chantler, 176 BATHURST STREET.

John Ferguson & Sons' FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS. FIRST-CLASS IN ALL APPOINTMENTS. 174-180 King Street. Telephone—House No. 373; Store No. 643.

HINTON & RUMBALL THE UNDERTAKERS, 360 Richmond Street. Private residence, 45 Becher Telephone—Store 440; House, 452. zxy

SHIRT COLLARS IRONED STRAIGHT as so not to hurt the neck. Stand up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Tie done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not suited no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

Lee Hing Laundry 467 Richmond Street.

For Constipation

USE EMMYADI János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER. AND BE Sure YOU GET THE GENUINE

"EAGLE" Parlor Matches, 200s. "VICTORIA" Parlor Matches, 65s. "EAGLE" Parlor Matches, 100s. "LITTLE COMET" Parlor Matches.

The Finest in the World. No Brimstone.

The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, HULL, P. Q.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR EDDY'S

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