

## You Will Be Sorry

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E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

## A DEAD HEART

A Love Story.

I should have liked to tell him the truth, but I had promised my mother and Sir Alick that it should die with me.

To my intense delight, he asked me to dine on the Sunday following—to sit at the same table, to be under the same roof, breathe the same air, as Miriam! I stood at last in the pretty house I had watched incessantly, kindly welcomed by its master and its invalid mistress. Then Miriam came to me, holding out one white hand in greeting. I touched her hand, and the very touch took me to paradise.

Mr. Dacre, having given me a pressing invitation, I went again. This time it was evening. The curate had gone out to visit some sick woman; Mrs. Dacre, who had been an invalid for many years, sat at the open window, and Miriam was in the garden. I sat and talked to the curate's wife for some minutes, my eyes drinking in the beauty of the other face and figure. Then she said:

"Would you like to join my daughter? We have some pretty friends here, and she will be pleased to show them to you."

I thought of it when Abel Blithe spoke of "my lady's garden," and how she loved the old-fashioned flowers best. I went out to her. It would be useless to try to remember—blue sky and green turf, tall trees, red roses, all became one. I stood looking into her face, powerless to move or to speak, knowing that I loved her so passionately; my heart and soul had gone out to her, and were my own no longer. I remembered that she talked to me, laughed at me, teased me in her bright, sweet fashion, and then asked me how I came by such a quaint name as Hulbert. I told her that it had been a common name in my mother's family. Then I took courage, and told her that I thought her name, "Miriam May Dacre," was the most beautiful in the wide world.

"Since I hear it," I said, "I have heard nothing but it. All the music of the world lies in it."

"When did you first hear it?" she asked me.

"One evening in June, at the children's treat, I saw a nurse tending a tired child under one of the lime trees."

"And you heard my name then, and have remembered it ever since?" she said slowly.

"And shall remember it while I have any memory. I have seen no other face, and have heard no other words since then."

Her sweet face flushed a little, and she drew shyly away from me. Then she said musingly:

"You must have thought a great deal about me?"

I laughed aloud. Thought of her! I had no other thought. Yet I dared not tell her that I loved her; she was so fair, so proud, so pure. She seemed further from me than the golden stars or the white-robed angels. But to tell her I loved her I had no courage. She was so much a child, and so much an angel, that I fancied human love would profane her. She grew fairer every day in my eyes.

It became quite a matter of course for me to go to the house every evening. Sometimes I smoked a cigar with the curate, again I read the paper to Mrs. Dacre, or talked to her, but of-ener still I wandered through the garden with Miriam. There was a row of chestnut trees, tall and stately; there was an avenue of limes that led from the curate's to the church; and from between the chestnut trees there were glimpses of Glen Forest and clover-fields. There we lingered, hour after hour, watching the sun set and the moon rise, but no matter how kind she was to me, I never dared to say I loved her.

So the summer and autumn passed; but winter brought dearer delight. Miriam loved music, so did I, and there was an excellent piano at Lime Cottage. We spent whole evenings at it, and I sang to her what I never dared to say. Oh, the passion of love, of longing, of tenderness I lavished on her under the guise of music and song! I must have grown faint-hearted at last, for I remember one day finding some beautiful verses, written by one of our sweetest poets. They seemed to fit my case—the world would have been so different if my love had loved me. I set them to music, a plaintive air, that seemed to fit the words, and took the song with me. The night comes back to me vividly, as though it had been yesterday; the pretty, bright parlor, Mrs. Dacre in her easy chair, the curate reading at his table, Miriam and I at the other end of the room. I remember the glow of the firelight, the light of the lamp, and my darling's face growing sweeter and sadder as I sang to her "A Life's Regret."

Turning the leaves in an idle way, Of a book I was skimming the other day.

I found a line at the end of a song Which keeps on haunting me all day long.

With its sweet and mournful melody.

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes.

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Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

190 DUNDAS ST.

"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"  
Sadder a burden could never be  
Than "love, my love, had you but loved me!"

Few words, and simple, but, oh, how much  
The singer had told in that little touch!

How hard a story of chances lost,  
Of bright hopes blighted, and true love crossed,  
Is heard in that whispered melody,  
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"

To many a sorrow the key may be,  
That "love, my love, had you but loved me!"

I don't believe in what poets have said  
Of hearts that are broken and lives that are dead,  
Lives well ordered will stand to their course,  
And hearts of true metal ring little the worse.

But they vibrate still to that melody,  
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"

My life is well, but what would it be,  
Sweet love, my love, had you but loved me!

The world rolls on, and the years roll by,  
Day dreams vanish, and memories die;  
But it surges up with a restless pain,  
That fond love, long, ever again,  
Breathed in the passionate melody,  
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"

It might have been, but it cannot be,  
"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!"

As I sang the last words I felt my heart full with tears, and the sound died on my lips. How they came from the depths of my heart—"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!" I looked at her, since words failed me, and found she had grown wistful as I sang.

"Round, the curate had disappeared—he could not study, perhaps, while we sang—and gentle Mrs. Dacre slept. The crimson glow of the firelight filled the room; the sweet, pale face was wet with tears."

"Your song is so sad," she said; "yet I love sad music best."

"My courage came to me," I cried, "every word I set it to music that I might sing it to you. It tells just what I shall think and say in the years to come."

"In the years to come," she repeated, sadly.

"Yes, when I have gone away, and my life is centered in my memory of these few months."

"But why should you go away?" she asked.

"The words of the song give the reason. 'Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!'"

"That is poetry," she said, with a shy, sweet smile; "talk to me in prose. You would go," she said, "because—"

"Because," I interrupted, "my love does not love me!"

"There was a moment's silence; I could hear my own heart; a flush like fire burned her face. She said, in a shy whisper—

"How do you know?"

"My heart echoed the words. Indeed, how did I know?"

"She is so far above me," I replied. "The stars in heaven are not farther from my reach than she is."

(To be Continued.)

## MICHIGAN MILLS MAY BE IDLE

Result of the Decision in the Ontario Sawlog Case—Wolverine Lumbermen Will Do Their Cutting in Canada.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 4.—Special to Detroit Free Press.—The lumber operators of Eastern Michigan are already contemplating the removal of their mills to the Canadian side, as a result of the recent judgment of Justice Street in the case against the Ontario Government.

The authority for this statement is Arthur Hill, of Bay City, Mich., who is in the city on business. Guy H. Multhrop, of Bay City, is also here.

"The recent sawlog judgment," said Mr. Hill, "was so clear-cut and decisive that the Michigan lumbermen entertain little hope of success in the appeal."

The Michigan mills, Mr. Hill stated, would be practically idle next season, save for what little timber can be taken off the Indian reserves and the lands that do not belong to the province.

The Georgian Bay Mills, on the contrary, would be run at their full capacity, and new ones were being built. Already several Michigan lumbermen had arranged with Canadian mills for the cutting of their logs.

Mr. Multhrop said that his firm, which is one of the oldest on the Saginaw, had purchased the John's Island mills at the north of Spanish River and would cut their timber there instead of in Bay City.

If ever superstition could find excuse, it would be when the expectant mother, calendar in hand, ponders the fortunate days and hopes that the baby's birthday may fall on a lucky time.

It is natural to wish the best of fortune for those we love. Why not will fortune as well as wish it for the child?

The greatest fortune any mother can bestow on her child is a healthy body and a happy mind, and with this great fortune every mother may endow the child if she will. The child's stock of health is what the mother supplies. The weak and worried woman has a very slender stock of health to bestow on the baby.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes mothers healthy and happy. It does away with the misery of morning sickness. It strengthens the nerves, gives the body a feeling of buoyancy, makes the mind cheerful, gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, and baby's advent to the world is free from danger and painless.

"My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered every thing but death," writes Mrs. E. F. Folsom, of Trent, Michigan Co., Mich. "I was reduced to 100 pounds. When I was three months along with my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding, and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription.' It improved fast and continued to take my medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain any opium or other narcotic.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not react on the system. They are a perfect medicine.

THE CHAPLAINS.

Toronto, Dec. 5.—It is explained that when the government appointed chaplains to accompany the contingents to Africa, they were appointed simply to go to Cape Town with the troops, the government promising their return transportation from Cape Town to Canada.

The federal authorities were unable to engage their services after reaching Africa, because the appointment of chaplains to the troops is entirely in the hands of the British authorities. Rev. Dr. Warden, Church of England, into communication with the war office, and a cablegram has been received stating that the

## MAKING IS SAFE Discomfort

After Eating.

People who suffer after eating, feeling oppressed with a sensation of stiffness and heaviness, and who frequently find the food both distasteful and painfully hanging like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, or who have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Bloating or distending belly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, should use a few doses of

WELCOME APPOINTMENT.

The papers welcome the appointment of Mr. Adelbert F. Hay as United States consul at Pretoria. The St. James Gazette says that the appointment of Mr. Hay is one of those small but significantly important signs by which the imperial observer can test the sincerity and good feeling between ourselves and the United States.

WENT TO WINDSOR.

The American doctors and nurses who are going to South Africa on the hospital ship "Maine" visited Windsor Castle yesterday afternoon under the guidance of Major C. A. Bell. A laud and an omnibus from the royal stables took the party from the station. They were received by Lord Pelham-Clinton, master of the Queen's household. The visitors were escorted through the state and private apartments. Later the party went to Cumberland Lodge for tea at the invitation of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of Queen Victoria.

MR. VAN ALLEN'S OFFER.

London, Dec. 5.—J. Van Allen, the American millionaire, has had a discouraging experience in attempting to render aid to the British wounded in South Africa. He first offered the war office an ambulance, fully equipped, to the extent of £10,000, to be in any capacity, however modest. The war office replied, asking in what capacity he could go, and this produced an offer from Mr. Van Allen that he would accompany it to the front. The war office was compelled to decline. Mr. Van Allen then offered the ambulance to the Maine hospital ship committee. The latter, finding the offer, consulted with the war office, and eventually informed Mr. Van Allen that the committee would be glad to take him to South Africa as a volunteer, on condition that he be allowed to accompany it to the front.

But Mr. Van Allen refused to become a mere hospital section, and withdrew his offer.

THE CANADIANS

Details Regarding Deslaurier's Death—Buller's Decision to Send Them to the Front.

Following are details of the death of T. E. Deslaurier, of the Canadian contingent, which was announced exclusively by The Advertiser yesterday: Capt. Town, Nov. 29 (Montreal Star dispatch)—delayed in transmission, probably by reason of the strict censorship.

"The Canadian troopship Sardinian arrived here today, after a passage, which was most enjoyable, and will live in the memories of all who were participants in this memorable expedition. The regiment will land tonight in excellent health and spirits, except one. T. Edward Deslaurier, of D Company, died on the 3rd inst. from heart failure, superinduced by severe sea-sickness. He was buried at sea under the most impressive circumstances, the reading of the burial service and the committing of the body to the deep being made the occasion of the gathering of the whole regiment and of a most solemn service. Deslaurier was a member of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa, for several years before he volunteered to fight for the Queen and the flag of his country. Many on board felt that while his loss was to be very much regretted, it was an object lesson to the enemies of the empire that the very first man to give up his life for Queen and empire was a French Canadian."

We are all well and look forward to a big reception when we land tomorrow, as we have been told that the loyalists of Cape Town are waiting for us. The boys who have stood the journey remarkably well, are in excellent condition—far better than was anticipated, and our only hope is that we will not be given a long stay in a garrison, but will be soon sent to the front to take part in the active work of the campaign. All the boys asked to be remembered to their friends."

SENT TO THE FRONT.

London, Dec. 5.—At the war office honours, one of the officers, decided the arrangements for the colonial contingents. Sir Redvers Buller insisted strongly that no more Canadians and Australians should be accepted than could be put to really effective use. "I mean," he said, "to put these colonial boys right in front. We will then see who will win." Today's news shows that Gen. Buller is fulfilling his promise. The Canadians, with the Australians, have been sent north in company with several imperial detachments from Cape Town, to watch the rear of Lord Methuen's column. Military experts say that this force will be ample to remove all danger from the Boers, now retiring from their invasion of Cape Colony. The colonials may be able to harass the Boer retreat when the Boers are falling back before Gen. Gatacre.

As yet Queensland holds colonial honours. One of the officers, accompanied by a dozen marksmen, swam nearly across the Modder River in face of a terrible fire, but, being forced to retire, joined hands and swam across. Belated cablegrams say that the Canadians were enthusiastically received on landing on Thursday, the cheering being continuous as they marched through the gaily decorated streets.

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WAR NEWS

AMERICANIZED

Rumor That Lord Roberts Is to Supersede Buller.

Boer Calculations for Doing Up the British.

Departure of the Household Guards From London.

Boers Reported to Have Lost 1,800 Men at Glencoe.

New York, Dec. 5.—That Hatfield-Marshal Lord Roberts will be ordered to Cape Town to take chief command of all the British forces in South Africa, to supersede Gen. Buller, is a prevailing rumor, says a London cable to the Journal and Advertiser. Lord Roberts ranks next to Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces, and was long commander-in-chief in India. This news caused a decided commotion in military quarters, which were already greatly agitated by the ordering out of 10,000 fresh men under Major-Gen. Thomas Kelly-Kenny, inspector-general of the auxiliary forces and recruiting.

Military experts think Gen. Buller has enough to do to look after Natal, while Gens. Gatacre, French and Methuen are operating almost as independent commanders. Continental critics insist that the Boer tactics so weakened that he will not be able to move towards Bloemfontein or Pretoria, because his lines behind will be put by raiders. The same authorities declare that the Free States can hold Gens. French and Gatacre, while all the remaining Boers—those in the east—will check Gen. Buller at Tugela River, and eventually wear out Gen. White at Ladysmith.

BOERS IN GREAT FORCE.

New York, Dec. 5.—A London dispatch says that it is now certain that the Boers are in the great force on the further side of the Tugela River. The Boer army, which invaded Natal, was put by good judges at 25,000 to 30,000 and the army confronting Gen. Buller may be from 15,000 to 20,000 men. As for the artillery at Farguhar's farm, according to the accounts in Natal papers, the Boer guns overpowered the British, who had 30 field weapons. But now his artillery will be divided, and there are not likely to be more than 20 or 40 Boer guns if so many on the Tugela. Against this Gen. Buller has 42 guns besides the naval weapons.

SITUATION AT LADYSMITH.

Some news has come through from Ladysmith, showing that while, on the



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## Decorated Dinner Sets

ENGLISH PORCELAIN, neat designs, all necessary dishes for the table; value \$7.00; sale price, complete set, \$5.75

DINNER SETS, English Porcelain, neat and new underglaze decorations, 97 pieces; special at \$7.00

DINNER SETS, extra fine English Porcelain, new Sandon pattern, enameled gold designs, full dinner service, golden brown delft, blue and dark green decorations; a bargain at \$9.50

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## Music for Christmas at 25c

"Little Black Me."  
"Charlot Race."  
"If Life Were Mine Again."  
"Kiss Me, Honey, Do."  
"If They White That I'm Forgiveness,"  
"Go Home."

Special sale of music at 3 for 25c.

one hand, the Boers' bombardment was becoming severe, on the other that one of the big Boer 40 or 100-pounders.

Gen. Gatacre has occupied Molteno and secured a large quantity of corn, which would doubtless have been commandeered had the Boers been allowed to make a longer stay.

DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS.

The two remaining squadrons of Household Cavalry left London yesterday for the front. This is the first occasion since the Boer war that the Life Guards have taken the field. They should prove a very valuable reinforcement, as the British are still weak in cavalry.

IN THE DARK.

London, Dec. 5.—Although the repairing of the cable between Aden and Zanzibar has restored the route "via Aden" to South Africa, and thereby relieved quite a budget of belated dispatches, there is nothing throwing light on Gen. Buller's propositions for the relief of Ladysmith or the movements of the other British columns.

News from Ladysmith has been received up to the night of Wednesday, Nov. 29, when all was well, provisions were plentiful, and the bombardment was ineffective.

Dispatches from the Boer headquarters of the same date refer to the removal of a heavy bombardment with a fourth siege gun christened "The Boer," which had just arrived from Pretoria, and a lifeless response from the garrison.

BOERS LOST 1,800 MEN AT GLENCOE.

A special dispatch from Durban says the Boers lost 1,800 men at what has been popularly known as the battle of Glencoe. It is also said that scurvy and dysentery are rampant among the burghers who are beleaguering Ladysmith.

A dispatch from Pretoria mentions an important sortie from Kimberley, Nov. 27, and says "The British prisoners are well. The government has permitted them to subscribe to the state library, and also allows them to purchase beer and newspapers."

Ghent, in Belgium, is built on 26 islands, which are connected by 28 bridges.

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Laurentian ..... Dec. 27, Liverpool direct

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TEA SETS, 44 pieces, extra fine porcelain, floral decorations and gold stippled, at \$5.50

TEA SETS, every-day tea service, 44 pieces, decorated English porcelain, in blue, brown and green decorations; good value at \$3.50

## Warm Gloves

Winter Gloves for ladies and children, in black and fancy colors, Ringwood, all sizes; special, 25c

## Work Boxes, 25c

Table full of Bargain Work Boxes of celluloid, fancy color lined, each filled with needle case, thimble and tape hook; regular price 35c and 40c, at 25c

## Papeteries

See our new fancy Papeteries of colored celluloid, satin lined, and filled with society note paper, music, complete line in London, 75c to \$3.00

Railways and Navigation

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