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THE TRIUMPH
OF TRUE LOVE

She could have borne anything better than that—the death of a husband or child, ruin, distress—anything, rather than that which had befallen her. "I will not bear it," she cried fiercely. "I will not bear it." What could she do? Having Violante blessedly and she could not help knowing that her story was true. She could not refrain from acknowledging even to herself that she had drawn down her fate. Violante had not tried to injure Rupert, Violante would have lived and died with her secret unknown. She had destroyed herself by her own crime. Violante had faults; but Beatrice knew full well those sweet and gentle lips had never been stained by a lie. She was forced to believe, even against her will, that Violante had sacrificed herself for the welfare of her husband and son, and not to bring shame and disgrace to her.

Even while she loathed and detested her, she was forced to do homage to the beautiful soul of her rival, to the sublime spirit of self-sacrifice, to the abandonment of all things for her son's sake—greater far than she could ever have practiced. She was obliged to own to herself that although Violante had committed a great moral wrong, still the motives that had actuated her were all on the side of virtue; that the wrong itself was of such as only a high-souled, noble-minded woman could have committed; it was, after all, but a woman's error. If, therefore, the world should know that story, she knew what its verdict would be—praise of Violante, condemnation of her.

For the wrong she had done sprung from jealousy, from hatred and revenge, from hatred and malice; there was nothing grand about it. It began in jealous envy, and ended in an attempt at murder, with no single circumstance to excuse it. She stood there like a beautiful sullen fiend, forced to own that the Nemesis she had laughed at and scorned had overtaken her at last. Further than that she would not go. She would not say to herself that her sin had found her out, and heaven itself had punished her. She scoffed at the notion. "Her fate," she said to herself with a sneer, "was in her own hands, and she might win yet."

She would not own herself baffled and defeated yet—not while her heart beat and her brain could shape ideas. No, a thousand times over. It was a close fight, an equally drawn battle. One short hour ago she had believed herself baffled and felled, now her courage returned; the blood ran warm in her veins, the sudden glowing look died from her face, a flush of color and light made her look like herself again. Yes, there was still hope.

Not until evening was that hateful secret to be made known. She had still many hours, and it was, perhaps, in her power to sweep the woman she hated from her path—to slay her as she would have slain her son, or, the value of a human life was as nothing to her in her moody madness. What did it matter, if, after death, the secret were known? It would be hushed up then. Lord Selwyn would do anything to keep it from the world. After death his revelation would not injure her. His lordship would then, in all probability, look upon her as deeply injured. They would have to go through the marriage ceremony again, and there it would end; no more would be heard of the matter.

As for the sin—ban! what mattered sin? If a man sees a tigress ready to spring upon him and rend his heart, he sees no harm in shooting it down," she cried. "Why should my heart, my honor, my fair name and that of my son be rent? Why should I not destroy the one who would so rend it?"

With flushed face and gleaming eyes she paced up and down her magnificent room. "The first thing," she cried, "I will drive to Redruth and get what I want. Before the sun sets we shall see who wins."

She never thought of going to sleep, her brain was too excited, her heart too much agitated. Sleep while she lived—that hated, loathed woman! Then she began to think. A thousand little incidents came to her mind. How she regretted ever having built a school!

"The only good action I ever put myself about to perform," she said, "and this is the result."

How she wished that she had overcome her indecision on that day when the governess was chosen.

"If I had seen her first, and had seen her as a stranger," she said, "she would never have been chosen."

Then she thought after all how much betterly this woman who was her rival must have suffered. Here she had been all these long months constantly in the presence of her husband and son, yet they had never known her, not had she dared to recognize them. She remembered the day when Violante had

come up to see little Lance, how she had held the child in her arms, and how gladly had fallen on its face. She remembered, too, how patiently she, who in reality was mistress of Selwyn Castle, had submitted to be patronized by her, and her whole soul did homage, though most unwillingly, to the gentle, graceful humility, the sweet, womanly virtues of her rival.

Her purpose gained strength every hour. No need to enter into the terrible details—no need to darken a memory that was never too fair. When the sun rose she had regained her outward calm; she was herself again; stern, cold and proud. She was the first to descend to the breakfast room. The morning was beautiful, as some of the darkest days in life often are—serene and bright, the sky blue, the air fragrant, the birds singing, bees and butterflies hovering around the sweetest blossoms, a morning that reminds one of paradise. Lord Vivian had not yet left his room. Beatrice went to the window, opened it, stretched out her hand idly, and gathered one of the large white roses that came peeping in. She stood idly watching the sky, the trees, the flowers, and no warning came to her of what that bright, sunny morning might bring forth; there was no cloud in the sky, no dirge in the sweet, joyous music of nature, no knell in the glad song of the happy birds.

And no remorse came to her, either. She thought, quite calmly, of the fact that, before that same bright sun set she should have taken her revenge—she should be to all intents and purposes Lady Selwyn, with no rival to her, no fair-haired woman to dread. Before the sun set!

The cry of a little child aroused her. It was pretty, imperious Lance, led in by his nurse.

"I beg a thousand pardons my lady," she said, "but Master Lance will not be dressed until he has been in to kiss his mamma."

She turned and took him from the woman's arms. Wicked, one, had as she was, there was unbounded love in her heart for this her only child.

She kissed his beautiful face, she caressed his bonny curls, she twined the soft, loving little arms around her neck, and called him by every endearing name she could invent.

Then to herself she murmured: "It is all for you, my darling—all for you."

And again no warning came to her that the soft little hands caressed her for the last time—that for the last time that beautiful head was nestled to her heart—that never more would the baby lips kiss her or her name be called in warnings, although even at that moment a dense, dark shadow hung over her, a stern angel, with drawn sword, stood by her side.

"Take him away now, nurse," she said; "I hear Lord Selwyn coming."

And long afterward the woman told how, when she reached the door, the babe looked back and cried, "Mamma!" and his mistress took him again, laid him on the sweetest caresses upon him, calling him by the most endearing names.

"Poor lady!" said the nurse afterward when she told the story; "it seemed as if she knew what was going to happen, for she never kissed the baby again."

CHAPTER XXI.
"I have such good news, Beatrice," said Lord Selwyn as he entered the breakfast room. "I have just been to see Rupert, and he is sleeping like a baby; looking so much better, that I feel sure, with the blessing of Heaven, he will be up with us in a week or so. I am so happy, Beatrice—so very happy—I do not deserve such a blessing."

And in the fullness of his heart, Lord Selwyn bent down and kissed his wife's face.

"How your forehead burns, Beatrice," he cried; "how ill you look. Your eyes have great shadows around them."

"I have not slept," she answered quietly, "and that always makes me ill."

"Why do you not sleep?" he asked, kindly. "You must be more careful of your health, Beatrice; I should not like you to fall ill."

"I am not ill, Vivian," she said. "It was my old enemy, neuralgia, that kept me awake; as Rupert is better, I shall drive over to Redruth this morning and get something for it."

"Why need you go to Redruth?" he asked. "Doctor Danvers will be here at noon; see him, and let him prescribe for you."

"I think not," she said. "I always use the same remedy, one that I can procure at any chemist's shop—nothing else ever relieves me; besides, I shall enjoy the drive."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed," he said; "the chemist I mean is the Black Prince has a cold; so that out of four good carriage horses, there is not one available."

"I will drive the chestnut ponies myself," she said. But her husband interrupted her.

"Not for the world, Beatrice," he cried. "They are not broken in yet; your life would not be safe. I could not think of it."

[To be Continued.]

A Woman's Eyes

Will tell her love, though every other feature be hidden under the oriental Yashmak. A woman's eyes are equally eloquent as to her health. She can teach her lips to laugh in spite of pain, but the eyes will never be partner in all deceit.

Deep hollows, dark circles, wrinkles at the corners, tell the story of pain and sleeplessness. Much of the nervousness, sleeplessness and suffering in general, endured by women, is caused by a diseased condition of the womanly organs. When that diseased condition is cured there are no more hollow, dark ringed eyes. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, inflammation, ulceration, and female weakness, stops enfeebling drains, strengthens the nervous system and gives to the mother health for her duties, and happiness in her performance.

"My niece was troubled with female weakness for about four years before I asked for advice," writes Mr. J. W. McGregor, of 62d St. and Princeton Ave., Chicago, Ill. "You advised her to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which she did faithfully for nine months, and now we must acknowledge to you that she is a well woman. We cannot thank you enough for the cure. We have recommended your medicine to all our friends, and believe it to be a wonderful discovery."

Medical Adviser sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 50 stamps in cloth to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.
188 DUNDAS ST.

SALISBURY'S
WARNING WORDS

The Premier Sees Elements of
Peril to Britain.

A "Root of Bitterness" That He
Cannot Explain.

Hookey, the London Financial Company
Promoter, Again on Top—Rumor
That Commaisse Has Fallen.

London, May 10.—The annual gathering of the Primrose League was held in Albert Hall yesterday. Lord Salisbury, who presided, commented on the remarkable change which had taken place in the latter half of the century in the views of the people regarding the empire. He said the death of Gordon had been avenged. Perhaps it was too soon to say the great humiliation of Majuba had been effaced, but he felt they were on the road to accomplish that end. Under the brilliant guidance of Lord Roberts, 200,000 soldiers—a larger army than had ever before been sent across the same expanse of sea—were now engaged in reducing to obedience and practical independence the Boers of the Transvaal, and they may expect never to have been released, and to restore to South Africa the only chance it had of peace, development and tranquility.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.
The premier referred to the Irish problem, and said: Mr. Gladstone, in an evil moment for the fame of the country and for his party, attached himself to the idea of the separation of England and Ireland. There has been a long struggle, but no one can say the home rule cause has any elements of sanguine anticipation for the future. Apart from the fate of former struggles, I am still assured there is no hope of the predominant partner ever assenting to give Ireland practical independence. We have learned something from the South African war, how a disloyal government, in spite of warnings, could accumulate armaments against the most powerful country, and thus secure a terrible advantage. We now know better than we did ten years ago what a risk it would be if we gave a disloyal government in Ireland the power of accumulating armaments against this country. Mr. Gladstone shattered his own party, so that for the moment they were erased and a powerless factor in English politics.

MEANINGS AND PERILS.
And it must not be imagined that the effacement is likely to be permanent. Hereafter external affairs will occupy a considerably large place among the problems we have to solve. Not necessarily because they are in themselves important, but if we look around we can see the elements and causes of menace and peril today accumulating, and they may amount to such a point as to require our earnest and most active efforts to repel them. I am nervous at using language of such a kind, lest it should be thought that I am indicating that something is known to the foreign office by pointing out this possible danger. But I wish most emphatically to say I have no idea of that kind. The state of affairs, as I know it, and so far as England is concerned, is peaceful. It is impossible to speak too highly of the careful, calm neutrality which has been observed by all the governments of the world.

PREJUDICES AGAINST BRITAIN.
But a certain section of their subjects—not, I hope, a very large, though thought that I am indicating that something is known to the foreign office by pointing out this possible danger. But I wish most emphatically to say I have no idea of that kind. The state of affairs, as I know it, and so far as England is concerned, is peaceful. It is impossible to speak too highly of the careful, calm neutrality which has been observed by all the governments of the world.

PRECAUTION NECESSARY.
The premier then urged the necessity of precaution in time, remarking that the material for military aggression was yearly increasing in power and efficiency among every one of the great nations, adding: "In every case in history the great maritime power has been paralyzed—killed, not by disasters suffered in its provinces, but by a blow directed at the heart. The British navy, of course, could be sufficient. But are we wise in placing all our eggs in one basket? As to land defense, so far as I can see anything in the nature of a conspiracy is not a remedy, the country is prepared to accept. Therefore, we must induce the people to voluntarily put themselves in a position to defend their homes and country. The Primrose League can do much to foster the."

CREATION OF RIFLE CLUBS.
If once the feeling could be propagated that it is the duty of every able-bodied Englishman to make himself competent to meet an invading enemy, we would make the chances of an assailant so bad that no assailant would appear."

After a resolution urging British subjects to prepare in times of peace, so as to be ready to play their part in time of imperial emergency, had been passed by acclamation, the meeting adjourned.

HOOKEY BOBS UP AGAIN.
London, May 10.—The Daily Mail asserts that the concessionaire to whom Emperor Nicholas has granted the right to work gold fields, 8,000 square miles in area, Ena, 64, the Nertschinsk region of Siberia—fields which are the czar's private property, and have hitherto been worked under the direction of his private cabinet—is Mr. Ernest Terah Hookey, the London financial company promoter and speculator, who came to grief in the summer of 1898, in sensational circumstances, and who narrowly escaped prosecution on the charge of fraud.

Mr. Hookey, who is described by the Daily Mail as apparently again in the greatest affluence, says, in the course of an interview published by the Daily Mail: "By a single move I have won everything back, and I am again on top. A company has been formed, and capital to the amount of

£5,000,000 has been secured. Every member of the czar's cabinet is interested, and two of his strongest councillors are on the board of directors. The other directors are business men. There are no titled names. I have had reports of cards and lords as directors."

RUMOR THAT COMMAISSE HAS FALLEN.

Accra, Gold Coast, May 10.—A rumor is current here that Commaisse has fallen and it is believed that the Adms Kwahus and Khoranaz are secretly joining the insurgents. The wires are down to Prahsu.

Kingston, Jamaica, May 10.—The military authorities here today received a cable dispatch from the British war office ordering all the available officers of the West India regiment to proceed immediately by the shortest route to Cape Coast Castle to join the expedition against the Ashantis.

CABLE NOTES.
The United States consul-general at Hong Kong cabled the secretary of state yesterday that the plague has broken out at that port.

The advance in the price of printing paper in this country is reflected in a decided increase in the cost of papers of all kinds in France.

CHINA'S DOOR

Britain and America Should Operate to Keep It Open.

New York, May 10.—Sir Thomas Jackson, chief manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, a subject of the queen, and Wang Tung Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, advocated on the same platform in Delmonico's on Wednesday no dismemberment of China, an open door to commerce, and America and England should endeavor to keep open markets for the trade of the world.

One hundred members of the American Asiatic Association tendered a dinner to Sir Thomas, Everett Fraser, president of the association, presided. Others at the guests' table were the Chinese minister, Seth Low, Sir Percy Sanderson, the British consul-general, and Bishop Potter.

Sir Thomas said: "China needs your western enterprise. Secretary Hay deserves great credit for his position in favor of an open door and no special privileges. This is Great Britain's position also. Future trouble between nations will arise from the contest for commercial supremacy. There will be no more religious war. What more appropriate than that Britain and America should be found standing shoulder to shoulder to keep open the markets of the world? I believe we are on the eve of a great era of development in China, which will bring British and American enterprise, new railways, open waterways to the interior, and a reformed fiscal policy. With such a future I see no limit to the possible expansion of your China trade."

Wu Tung Fang was cheered repeatedly when he said: "I subscribe to what Sir Thomas has said. There is a widespread popular notion that my nation is about to be broken up, but I am very glad that so old and so good a Chinaman as Sir Thomas is here to deny that assertion. China has survived many centuries and withstood many vicissitudes. I believe she is to survive many centuries yet as a nation."

Light and Shade.

Court-ships don't sail well in stormy weather.

Young Physician—But isn't \$7 a week rather an exorbitant rent for such a small room?

Landlady—Oh, dear no; not for a doctor.

Young Physician—And why not for a doctor, pray?

Landlady—Because this is a very unhealthy house, and there is never a week passes but that half a dozen of my roomers are ill.

Cecile—What would you give to have such hair as mine?

Jeannie—I don't know. What did you give?

"My dear," said Grouvelles, "you are simply talking nonsense."

"I know it," replied his better half, "but it's because I want you to understand what I say."

"What does she say?" asked the crafty politician, who had referred the committee to his wife for information as to his intentions.

"She refuses to talk," replied the spokesman of the committee.

"Then I won't wait and see you met, gentlemen," he rejoined, with great positiveness. "It was somebody else."

She—I have been photographed every year of my life.

He—Dear me, what a stupendous collection you must have!

TROUBLE IN
THE STOMACH

Which Doctors Failed to Remove

Cured by Less Than Two

Boxes of Dr. Chase's Kid-

ney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Blackwell is similar to that of many sufferers with chronic indigestion. Stomach medicines will seldom really cure indigestion. The kidneys and liver must be set right and the bowels made regular and active.

For this purpose no remedy can compare with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they act on kidneys and liver alike, make the bowels regular, and so remove the causes of chronic indigestion and stomach troubles.

Mr. Joseph Blackwell, Holmesville, Ont., says: "I derived more benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than from any other medicine I ever took, and can highly recommend them for stomach troubles. I was in a terrible state and could hardly work at my trade. I tried most every kind of medicine and doctors, until I was tired of doctoring, and before I used one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I could see that they were helping me, and after taking a box and a half, found that I was cured."

Every dealer in medicine sells Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and nearly every family on this continent has used them. They are a standard medicine known to all who have tried them. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For clear, clean, glossy Laundry
Work, try

GELLYOID
STARCH

IT REQUIRES NO BOILING AND IS DOUBLE STRENGTH.
10c PER PACKAGE.

If You Would Enjoy
Your Breakfast Try Some

Bou Park
BRAND
BACON

It is full flavored, finest in quality, and gives a
relish to your day's work.

TAKE NO OTHER.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS'
FAREWELL TO CANADA.

[Air: "Enniskillen Dragoon."] Fawcett to our parents,

Farewell for a while, And all round the borders Of our dear Canadian soil;

We are leaving home and loved ones, Whom we may see no more, We are going out to Africa, To fight against the Boer.

O Canada, fair Canada, Shall we ever see you more, Or are our bones to lie and bleach Upon a foreign shore?

Upon the battlefield, That waves o'er land and seas, The flag that braved a thousand years Still flutters in the breeze.

If we should fall upon the field, As many a hero's done, We'll show them that Canadian boys Would rather die than run;

And when we meet the enemy Upon the battlefield, We will let them see our volunteers Were never made to yield.

We'll rally 'round old England's flag, Long may it ever wave, O'er Canada's fair and noble sons, That never yet were slaves.

But when the war is over, We'll give three British cheers, And we'll all welcome home again our Canadian volunteers.

Written by S. A. Laughlin, Watford, Ont.

"Murder will out." Impurities in the blood will also be sure to show themselves unless expelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan, pimples, freckles, moths, patches, chaps, rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on the face, and restores beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is as harmless as the breath of a rose. We taste it, and be sure it is properly made. A counterfeit of similar name, Dr. E. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (patron): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin."

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For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Without injury to the skin.

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Railways and Navigation

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Jan. 14, 1900, the

train leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except Saturday, at 11:30 a.m., and Sunday at 11:45 a.m. for Halifax, N. S., John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Monday, at 6:30 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and leave at 4:30 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.

The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, ducks, quail and other low game common to this part of the continent. For information as to game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of "Hod and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk System, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, Wm. Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 80 1/2 Yonge street, Toronto.

H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 143 St. James street, Montreal.

Full information from agents G.T.R. System, or E. DE LA HOOKE, C.P. and T.A., "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets, Toronto.

M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto.

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