

WE HAVE THE FINEST ARTICLE IN "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea

That it is possible for you to drink. We offer it to you through your grocer. If you don't find it what we say it is, return it. Nothing will be charged for what has been used. We make it good to the dealers. Can anything be fairer?

Sold only in LEAD Packets—Black or Mixed. All Grocers.

P. C. Larkin & Co., Wholesale Grocers,

25 Front Street East, Toronto.

A Lost Gem

Meanwhile Stella, with flushed cheeks and rapidly beating heart, was making her way at a very quick pace up the hilly road towards the point which she wished to reach. But she had forgotten all about her destination. She was conscious of nothing but the insult which she conceived it, John Hannington had put upon her and of the desperate upheaval of pride and bitter anger that had taken place within her heart. How dared he bow to her? Did he think that she had taken his repulse so lightly that it was easy and possible for them now to meet as old acquaintances? He must think little of her indeed!

Stella was too young to take such matters calmly! It would have been better for her to treat Hannington as a casual acquaintance than to proclaim to all the world that she looked upon him as her enemy. Such an action on her part told her story to a clever woman like Lady Val much more clearly than she or John Hannington ever meant to tell it. But she was unconscious of her mistake. She was in a flaming heat of anger, mortification, and wounded feeling, and felt vindictively glad that she had had the chance of showing him that she no longer wished for his acquaintance.

But anger and vindictiveness were not natural to her. Before long her steps slackened, her color fell, her eyes began to fill with tears. She turned aside from the road, and scrambled a little way down the hill-side. The murmur of the Brann below was full and strong in her ears, but she did not notice it. She had forgotten all about her desire to see the Hermitage Falls. She only wanted to get down amongst the trees, to seat herself in the heather and fern, lean her face on her hands, and cry her heart out. And that was what she did. "Oh, John, John! and I loved you so!" she whispered to herself. "If only could forget you—for you are not worthy even of my love—but I never, never shall."

"Never," the proverb says, "is a long day." But Stella was thoroughly in earnest. She did not believe that John Hannington could ever be indifferent to her, or that she should ever love any man again.

Absorbed in her reflections, she had not heard the sound of footsteps on the road above the bank on which she sat. There had first been merry voices and steps not far from her; then these had died away. Next came a tall man of handsome face and stately bearing. He looked round him with a frown upon his brow; he paused in his walk several times, and when he saw Stella half-way down the hillside, he made a step sideways as if to turn in her direction and address her. But a second glance caused him to change his mind. Her slender figure in its closely-fitting black dress, had nothing remarkable about it; even the knot of golden hair, in which the sunbeams seemed to be imprisoned, beneath her black hat, did not attract his attention very much, but as he looked, it became clear to him from the movement of her shoulders that the girl, whoever she was, was sobbing uncontrollably; that the crouching attitude was that of grief, and that the collar about her neck was wagging his tail and trying to lick her face in that sympathy with sorrow which intelligent animals often show towards their masters and their friends. The gentleman turned hastily away, thankful that he had not intruded on her solitude. When he had gone some little way, some feeling of remorse took possession of him. Ought he to have asked her if she wanted assistance of any kind—if she were ill or in pain?

"Pooh," he thought to himself, as he strode on again, "my wits must be wandering, to make me think of such a thing. A woman's tears! They come easily enough, and mean little enough heaven knows! She has had a quarrel with her lover, perhaps; or her vanity has been wounded, or she is hysterical over the death of her canary bird; or—a softer mood coming over her—she is grieving over a friend's death, poor soul, and nobody can help her but God. She wears a black dress; mother or father dead, perhaps. A sad lot for the young!" and he heaved a sigh, as if there were some personal reference in the words. "She may not be young, by the bye. I forgot that!" he continued, with a half smile. "She has hair like that girl on board the Britannia last summer—curiously brilliant, without a touch of red in it. As Rossetti says—

Her hair that lay along her back,
Was yellow, like ripe corn.

A commonplace young person, probably, seeing how slow was letting that scamp Hannington make love to her; her yellow

hair the only point of resemblance to 'the blessed Dan'—the poem. But, of course, this girl is not the same. I wonder where those children have got to by this time? It is natural, I suppose, that as I am an old fogey, they should give me the slip. Hark! what was that?"

It was a shriek—clear, piercing and intense. On the still autumn air sounds were carried to considerable distances. This cry came from the vicinity of the water—of that the gentleman was sure. It was followed by an answering shout, meant to be reassuring, but dying away in a quiver of alarm. And then came another scream, unmistakably in a girl's voice.

"Molly!" cried the gentleman in the road. "Not in the water, I trust! God help us, if she is!"

He rushed down the hillside, tearing his way with considerable rapidity through clumps of gorse and bracken and between the young stems of the undergrowth, towards the place from which he had heard the cry. The roaring of the water sounded louder and louder in his ear as he drew closer to the bank. It was a difficult thing to get quickly to the water's edge, for the hillside was steep and slippery. He was below the fall, which poured over the rocks with the vehemence of a stream in spate, its yellow foam scattering drops far and wide, its volume increased threefold by the recent storms. A story crossed the man's mind as he made his way down the hill—so encumbered by the wild undergrowth that he could scarcely see what was happening until he was close upon the water—a child's slip into the whirling, swirling pool at the foot of the Hermitage Falls. No rescue had been possible, and the child's body had been picked up, bruised and battered, in smooth water further down. He shuddered at the thought, as he brushed aside the branches and stood by the water's edge. What did he see!

CHAPTER VIII.

A girl of fifteen years old—his own daughter Molly, as he was very well aware—had rashly made her way from boulder to boulder until she stood close to the deep pool which was well known to be the most dangerous spot in the swiftly rushing river. Evidently her nerve had given way at this point; the broken branch of a rowan tree just above showed that she had clutched at it, and that it had snapped in her hand; the fragments of a stick which she had used as a sort of alpenstock were already whirling down the stream. She could not go forward; she was afraid to go back. Her body was half poised over the stream; it swayed a little, as if she were dizzy, and another frightened scream came from her white lips. Meanwhile a youth, somewhat older than herself, was hurrying across the bridge from the other side, and calling to her to be careful—not to move until he came to her help—not to lose her head. It was very plain that she had lost it already. Another moment without help and she would have fallen and been dashed against the stones.

But help which Molly's father had not looked for was at hand. A slender figure in black, which he had seen already, was standing on the stones and holding out a parasol to the frightened girl. Stella had advanced as far as she could, and had not time to feel alarmed until Molly clutched the parasol handle so violently that she almost lost her own balance. Then for a moment, she did feel a qualm of fear, but she recovered herself instantly.

"Steady!" she said. "Don't jump. Step over; it is not far. There, you are on firmer ground now. Pass me, and get to the bank."

She held Molly's hand until the girl had passed her, but the unlooked-for apparition of her father gave Molly another fright. She started violently, and dragged Stella forward in rather a dangerous way.

"Take care! take care! What are you doing?" said the father. He handed her hastily to the stones near the bank, holding out his other hand at the same time to Stella. It was fortunate that he did so. For Molly's hasty movement had caused Stella to slip, and although she did not quite fall, one of her feet went out from under her, and she fell into the water. If no one had been holding her, it would have been doubtful whether she could have recovered herself; but as it was, she clung desperately to the strong hand that clasped her own, and was carried rather than led to the safe path-way, where Molly now stood crying. Her brother had arrived panting and white as a sheet with terror.

"Are you better? You have not hurt yourself?" said the gentleman, still supporting Stella with his arm.

"Thank you, I am all right; I was not hurt," she answered. Then she looked at him and he looked at her, and both gave the

very slightest possible start. He recognized her as the girl with golden hair on board the Britannia, and she remembered that John Hannington had named him to her as Alan Moncrieff of Torremuir. The remembrance did more than anything towards bringing the color back to her lips. She was very white when he landed her, for her fright had been severe.

(To be Continued.)

"ESELJAYS"

The Advice of One of the Best Authorities as to Their Use.

When the discoverer of Eseljay's Liver Lozenges put this pleasant article of medicine on the market he was under the impression that they would soon become known as "Liver Lozenges," but his own domestic play that possesses originality enough to merit their support. Any American play which aims to portray the odd characters, customs and peculiarities of this country, and which is worthy of consideration and support, and it is gratifying to note that "In Old Kentucky" has met with such substantial success.

The production will be seen here in its entirety on Wednesday evening, April 10.

ROSE COGHAN NEXT FRIDAY.

A fine presentation of Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," will be presented at the Opera House next Friday evening, by Rose and Coghlan and their excellent supporting company. The interest aroused by this production is somewhat surprising. In London it attracted the most remarkable audiences, and the same may be said of New York and Boston, where the papers commented upon the intellectual character of the play. It is said to be constructed on entirely original lines, being quite free from any of the usual conditions of rage, love scenes and dramatic climaxes, and yet it is said the interest is sustained throughout, and is often intense. There is, of course, an abundance of epigram. It seems this mode of expression has become natural to Oscar, but in this case many of them are as good as bon mots, and the man that utters them. Its central character, the woman of no importance, which is played here by Miss Coghlan, is one of the best characters in the drama. The part has been compared to the "Woman in Scarlet" of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and yet she is of an entirely different mould. Miss Coghlan's interpretation of the part is entirely commendable, and, judged from a critical standpoint, may be said to be a triumph.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, burning tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention to the early signs of trouble will save months of sickness and large doctors' bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and go to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

M. Tassinari, a Parisian scientist, has been experimenting with the smoke of tobacco, and finds it to be one of the most perfect germicides and disinfectants ever used.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, whereby the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided?

This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

If all the States in the Union were as populous as Rhode Island its inhabitants would number 945,766,300.

Among the pains and aches cured by the marvelous rapidly with Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil is carache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailments, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

In 1544 the sea was so severe in Holland that wine was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

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.

IT MAY COST \$18,000

To Fit Hellmuth Ladies' College for a Hospital.

A Long List of Necessary Alterations and Improvements.

The City Hospital Trust met in the City Hall yesterday afternoon to consider the advisability of taking over the Hellmuth Ladies' College for public hospital purposes and to receive a report from Architects Moore & Henry on the condition of the building. The trust has an opportunity of securing the property, which is situated on lots 14, 15 and 16, son 3, London township, comprising 140 acres of land, for \$25,000. The locality is high, healthy and well adapted for drainage, and is favorably considered by many. The present city hospital "down by the river" is much too small, and will either have to be vacated or greatly enlarged and improved.

At yesterday's meeting Messrs. James Gilmour, Col. Lewis, T. H. Purdon, C. F. Complin, Dr. Balfour and Mr. Fred Henry were present. Mayor Little was absent on city business, and on this account no definite advance was made in the matter. The report and plans were submitted and briefly discussed, and an adjournment was made for a few days.

"The main building is about 116 feet long and 56 feet wide, with five stories, the basement floor being about level with the ground. There are also connected buildings for dry lavatories and laundry, boilers, fuel, etc. The college was erected in 1869, and is therefore about 26 years old. It appears to have been well built, and shows only a few signs of decay, but not sufficient to impair it seriously. The roofing is out of repair.

"The floors of corridors and certain rooms are of oak of fair quality, but uneven, and the other day, before the need for repair, while the others would require replastering.

"The plaster ceilings are very dilapidated, but have in most of the rooms been replaced by a covering of wood. Some of the latter would require renewal for hospital use, while all the remaining plaster ceilings must be renewed. The whole building, inside and out, should be repainted.

"The lavatories are well located in an addition adjoining the main building, but the plumbing is of ancient date, and is without adequate ventilation. It will be necessary to remove the plumbing in its entirety and install new appliances, besides fitting anew the basement, and raising this wing one story in height to obtain a lavatory for the hospital. The drainage is apparently good.

"The system of heating is steam, but there is evidently a considerable waste of heat. We would suggest placing the apparatus in the main building, thus saving in fuel and increased efficiency for heating would warrant this improvement. The present method of lighting is by kerosene lamps. We would recommend placing a small electric light plant in the basement and thus lighting the building by the incandescent system.

"No provision has ever been made for ventilation, which is absolutely necessary in a hospital. This could be done, however, in connection with relaying the floors.

"The building as at present is not large enough to properly accommodate all the patients, nurses, help, etc., in your present hospital, and it will doubtless be necessary to have some other accommodation for private patients in the future. As an addition is necessary, we propose putting up a separate building large enough to have public ward for twenty male patients on each floor. This would cost \$3,000 if two stories in height.

The estimated cost of the alterations is:

Roofing.....	\$ 400
Floors.....	1,650
Ceilings.....	500
Plastering.....	600
Painting.....	500
Heating.....	2,100
Lighting.....	1,000
Ventilation.....	1,000
Chutes.....	500
Raising lavatory addition.....	400
New public ward.....	8,000
Incidentals.....	\$10
Total.....	\$18,000

Supposed Murder in Bruce County—Incarceration in Chatham Suspected—Baptist Pupils Disciplined for Attending a Catholic Church—Western Happenings.

Postmaster M. Campbell, of Lucknow, is 76 years old.

Leamington citizens will ask the Government to bonus the beet sugar industry.

Rev. Samuel Lyle, of Hamilton, has secured his degree of D.D. from the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The late J. S. Shenstone, of Brantford, has left a large estate. Several bequests are made to the schemes of the Baptist Church.

Viscount Hill, the Paris (Ont.) editor who recently inherited a peerage, has left for England to take over his new possessions.

The Windsor Board of Health have decided to engage a plumbing inspector and have placed \$500 in the estimates for that purpose.

R. Wren, principal of the Hensall school, has resigned to accept the principalship of a large school in Keewatin, Algoma district, where he has been offered a tempting increase of salary.

There are in Bruce county 211 teachers in townships and villages—108 males and 103 females. The average salary paid male teachers is \$375; highest, \$650. The average female teacher's salary is \$266.

Over 100 attended the meeting of the Petrolia Young Liberals Club the other night, when the following officers were elected: A. E. Shaumessy, president; vice-president, I. Greenison; secretary, John Dale.

Several students of the Woodstock Baptist College attended the Sunday School on St. Patrick's Day, disobeying the principal's orders, and they have been ordered to remain inside every evening until Easter.

Interesting developments may be looked for in connection with the Sunday afternoon blaze in Chatham. John Baque, whose confectionery store was destroyed, has found that his rooms were ransacked and articles stolen. This tends to confirm the incendiary theory.

It is currently reported at Windsor that the Sarnia tunnel will close down for three or four weeks, and that all Grand Trunk Railroad freight will be crossed at Windsor. It is said that on account of the soft coal smoke the tunnel has become very dirty, and it is proposed to give it a thorough cleaning.

Rev. A. J. Snyder, of Rodney, gave his excellent and highly entertaining lecture, "What to do and say at home."

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Lyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

MIDDLESEX.

Peter Milner's house and barn near Wardsville were destroyed by fire the other evening. The origin of the fire is unknown, as all were absent from home, but the neighbors say that as both were on fire on the inside, it must have been of incendiary origin.

There are two new applicants for licenses in West Middlesex, namely, Jacob Wilson, Wardsville, and John Wm. Stilson, Delaware, both for tavern licenses. The board meets at Mount Brydges on April 16 to settle the matter. Chas. Edwards, who has been working for Dr. Morris, Delaware, was struck by paralysis Thursday and died the same night.

The township council of East Williams has consented to pay \$300 to Harry Lynn, who was seriously injured by his rig capsizing on the side-road between lots 30 and 31, on the 19th and 20th concessions of East Williams.

CATHARTH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catharth Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At W. T. Strong's and B. A. Mitchell's.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

If you want any papering, house or sign painting, drop a card to W. J. STRONG, 393 Simcoe street, London, ywt

J. & D. ROSS

Hats and Caps!

Latest Styles and Lowest Prices is Our Motto. See Our Leader at \$1 25.

Gents' Furnishings

Newest in Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves, etc., Just to Hand. All Winter Goods at Clearing Prices.

MERCHANT TAILORING!

Latest Goods in Cloths and Tweeds are now to hand, which we make up to entire satisfaction at most reasonable prices. No fancy prices asked, and best Union Labor Employed.

386 Richmond St.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

PRIZE COMPETITION

For Bright Children.

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which would be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under 16 years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize-winning advertisements will become our property, and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS—1. That competitors be under 16 years of age.
2. That the wrapper of a Cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.
3. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.
REMEMBER—One prize is given every week, and if not successful at first try again.
N. B.—Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address—

E. D., ACCOUNT ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.,
McCord and William Streets, Montreal.

SPECIAL PRICES For Two Weeks.

2 Pounds Choice Apricots for 25c.
2 Pounds Choice Nectarines for 25c.
2 Pounds Choice Silver Prunes for 25c.
4 Pounds Choice Blue Prunes for 25c.
1 Box (14 Pounds) Selected Raisins for 90c.
Fresh Finnan Haddie at 7c per pound.
Special SAMPLE Indian Tea at 35c per pound, equal to any package Tea on the market.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.
109 DUNDAS STREET.