

"EMINENT PHYSICIANS,"
"FOOD SPECIALISTS,"
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CEYLON TEA

Is Far Superior from a Health
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and 60c per lb.—At Your Grocer's.

HONORE'S FATE.

Quietly and unobserved, even by the old man's watchful eyes, he put sovereign down upon the table, then retraced the little garden path, and mounted Robin.

"A nice evening, sir; you'll have a pleasant ride."

The old laborer had not seen the sovereign, yet his tone was changed. It was even respectful, though he could not have told what it was in his visitor which had caused this involuntary change. Royden did not notice it. Touching his hat kindly, in answer to the old man's awkward bow, he rode on up the lane at a trot.

No other cottage, and no other human being came into sight until, a mile farther on he reached a stile, over which a woman was climbing, with a heavy sheaf of wheat upon her head and a bag in her arms. Royden waited until she came down into the lane and turned to go his way; then he spoke:

"You are heavily laden tonight. Let me carry the little one as far as we are going on the same way."

He took the child and made her snug before him on the beautiful black horse while the mother watched him, looking half-afraid, until she saw the proud delight of the little girl so safely held in her grand position.

"You have been gleaming, of course," said Royden, making his horse's steps suit the pace of the tired mother.

"Yes, sir."

A little pause. Royden's motive in talking was not to pass the time away, but to make the wisest use of it.

"I have just been," he said, breaking the pause as soon as he could, "to that ruinous cottage on the outskirts of the Abbotsmoor woods; do you know it? The Territs used to live there—a miner and his daughter, who made themselves well known at the time of the trial of old Mr. Myddleton's murderer."

"I remember, sir," replied the woman, respectfully; "at least I remember a little about it. Margaret Territ married just after, but I needn't tell you that, sir; those who know about the murder—any rate about the escape—must know about Margaret's marriage."

"Is her husband living now?"

"No, sir; at least I thought to say even that for certain, for I only know what my ears pick up by chance. Margaret's living somewhere in this very neighborhood now, sir, I believe. I've never seen her, but I've heard she came back here some bit ago as a widow. It may be many miles off that she is, but I don't know; people talk about her as if she was somewhere around about here."

"You are sure she is a widow?" questioned Royden.

"They said so, sir, when she came; that's all I know."

"You do not really believe to this part, I suppose—I mean you have not lived here all your life?"

"No, sir, only since my marriage, four years ago. I come from Wales, but my husband has always lived here, and he knows more about the Territs than I do. The old man was hurt in a mine, and was a long time dying. I can't tell you why Margaret should have come back to live about here. She was left a widow, with just enough to live upon."

"And you cannot tell me what her husband's name was?" queried Royden.

"No, indeed, I can't, sir; and I don't know who can. It never seems to have been let out, or else it was never cared about. That's the way, sir, across the field, and we turn up here. Thank you, kindly."

She took her little girl from Royden's arms and went on her way, the child crying to go back, and the mother soothing her; while Royden rode quickly on, crossing meadows, and following lanes, until he had left Abbotsmoor miles behind, and found himself on a small, rugged heath.

"I ought," he mused, glancing round him, "to be able to get back to Kinbury without retracing the way I have come. How will it be? Kinbury lies over there, due east, so if I cut off

WE HAVE IT...

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which has the indorsement of its
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delicious, and only takes five
minutes to cook. We keep it,
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169 DUNDAS STREET.

a corner of the heath and push straight on, I can hardly miss my way, though I must necessarily be late."

When he had cut off the corner of the heath he stopped in surprise. At this spot two high hedge-rows ended abruptly, and between them the grass grew rank and untended. A narrow, hedged-in strip of scanty pasture land it might have been, but Royden's quick eye detected at once that this had been a lane. Was it possible now?

Just then he caught sight of a man crossing the heath at a little distance, and, riding quickly up to him, he questioned him.

He was a farmer, young and well-to-do, but he spoke in a tone of quiet respect, as he glanced with shrewd criticism at horse and rider.

"I'm almost a stranger here myself," he said, "but I have heard these lanes spoken of as impassable. When the line to the mine was cut, it made those old lanes useless, so new roads were made, and those by-ways have been allowed to rust to seed, as you see. I don't think I would attempt to take them, if I were you; you want a stiff, north-country pony for such an experiment, not such a horse as that."

"Thank you, but I think I will try," said Royden.

"Pure perverseness," muttered the farmer, left to his solitary walk again. "He's sure to have to turn back again."

Along that grass-grown track between the high hedge-rows Royden rode, the steps of his young horse constantly impeded, and its head tossed impatiently under this unusual treatment.

"Where can we be?"

The exclamation broke from Royden, when, after half an hour's slow riding he reached a chained but broken gate which stretched like a terminus across the rough, forgotten way. Robin, at all events, could not pass this padlocked barrier.

"The question is," mused Royden, "can I venture to leave him as for time, or must I turn now? I would rather go on if I could, and see if there is any cottage hereabouts where they remember."

The thought was broken by a rustling in the hedge, and presently there emerged into the lane a ragged, hatless child, with a look in his bright eyes, half of fear and half of defiance.

"Trespassing!" said Royden, looking coolly down upon him. "What are you going to do with the nuts?"

"Nuts, sir!" the lad echoed, with the innocent look of one well versed in falsehood. "What nuts?"

"These," said Royden, touching with his riding whip one after another of the pockets which bulged from the lad's shabby garments.

"Oh, those," said the boy, brought sturdily to bay; "mother'll sell 'em."

"What will your mother get for a handful—sixpence?"

"Bless ye, no, sir; threepence, maybe."

"Well, I will give you sixpence for the first handful, and you shall see how cleverly my dog can crack and eat them."

To the boy, grasping his chance in one hand, and supplying with the other the nuts which Lachne deftly cracked, those ten minutes were minutes of perfect enjoyment, but they faded into insignificance when the crowding joy was given.

"If I tie my horse to this gate," said Royden, suiting his action to his words in his prompt, cool way, "can you watch him and take care of him till I come back? Don't come too near him—he isn't used to little lads; but you've watched a horse before now, I dare say, and if you do it well this time, I have some loose shillings in my pocket which may find their way into yours."

The boy's eyes widened and brightened under his shaggy hair.

"Yes, sir; I've tended horses afore now, sir," he said, with a friendly nod. "Will you take the dog, sir?"

"I will do as he likes," said Royden, as he climbed the gate and walked on.

But the boy's doubt was soon settled, for the greyhound darted over the gate and was close beside his master in a moment.

Through two or three fields Royden had walked, when he found himself in a small, three-cornered patch of a meadow, shut in entirely by two hedges and the embankment of that single railway line into the mines, which was the cause of the way being so neglected and forsaken.

"Will there be a little nook beyond the line?" questioned Royden to himself, "or does it open presently to the highway? I suppose I had better not go on from here this evening. Ah—great heaven!"

To be Continued.

Bentley Falls, a farmer, near Rock-lynn, Ont., the other day noticed a stranger coming out of his gate, loaded with silverware, jewelry and money, taken from his house. Guy in hand he pursued the thief, and forced him to disgorge.

Love is crowned triumphant only in the home where a baby comes, the child crying to go back, and the mother soothing her; while Royden rode quickly on, crossing meadows, and following lanes, until he had left Abbotsmoor miles behind, and found himself on a small, rugged heath.

"I ought," he mused, glancing round him, "to be able to get back to Kinbury without retracing the way I have come. How will it be? Kinbury lies over there, due east, so if I cut off

There are to-day thousands of homes all over the country that were once childless and unhappy, but that to-day echo with the laughter of happy babyhood, as a result of a marvelous medicine, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the greatest of all medicines for women who suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them healthy, strong, vigorous and elastic. It makes them pure and virile. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant period, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health, and a bountiful supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy mothers. An honest dealer will not urge an inferior substitute upon you.

"I am now a happy mother of a fine healthy baby girl," writes Mrs. E. B. Cummings, of No. 430 Humphrey Street, St. Louis, Mo. "Feel that your 'Favorite Prescription' has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using it. I was only in labor forty-five minutes. With my first baby I suffered six hours then had to lose delicate and only lived 12 hours. For two years I suffered untold agony and had two miscarriages. The Favorite Prescription saved both my child and myself."

Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free letter of advice, and enclose 25 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, for a paper-covered copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," or 50 stamps for a cloth-bound copy. A medical library in one volume.

Western Ontario.

Wallaceburg Has Passed a Free
Library Bylaw—An Alvinston
Firm in Difficulty.

Wallaceburg has passed a bylaw for a free public library.

John Richmond, of Harrow, the oldest justice of the peace in Essex, has resigned.

The German Methodists of the tenth line of Carriick have opened a new \$4,000 church.

There is talk of the erection of a new \$50,000 opera house at Brantford by a syndicate.

James Cunningham, of Essex, who underwent an operation in Detroit for cancer a year ago, died on Wednesday. He was a prominent Mason.

The creditors of Lee & Co., general store-keepers, of Alvinston, met and passed a resolution calling upon the firm to assign to Mr. Henderson. The assets and liabilities are nominally equal, at \$15,000. The assets consist entirely of stock, there being no book debts.

Mr. Charles Smith, the ledger keeper in the Listowel branch of the Bank of Hamilton, who was arrested on a charge of forgery, preferred by John Scott, a cattle dealer, was honorably acquitted yesterday. There was no evidence to support the charge.

At Owen Sound, in the suit for \$10,000 damages brought by the estate of Robert Watson against Solomon Hill, of Markdale, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$13,700. Watson was accidentally killed in Hill's elevator by the bursting of a large bin of peas.

The \$2,078 worth of drainage debentures offered by tender were purchased by the Crown Savings Company of Petrolia, at a premium of \$10. Of the amount sold \$2,000 will bear 5 per cent interest, and the balance 6 per cent, making the actual rate of interest less than 4 per cent on the lot.

Wentworth county council road and bridges committee passed the following resolution by the chairman's casting vote: "That the city of Hamilton be asked what proportion it would be willing to pay in the event of the county purchasing and freeing toll roads, or would the city be willing to abolish market fees."

Mr. Richard Broughton, of Mitchell, died at his residence in the north-west on Sunday afternoon in his 60th year. His remains were taken to Brantford for burial in the family plot in Greenwood cemetery. Deceased leaves a widow, four boys and three girls to mourn the loss of a kind husband and loving father.

At the Simcoe police court on Tuesday, Magistrate Beemer imposed a fine upon Dr. Ruthven, of Port Dover, for practicing medicine without a diploma. The doctor went there last summer from Dutton, and after spending several months in town opened an office in Port Dover. Dr. Ruthven is a member of the Medical Society, was the complainant.

Messrs. G. A. Stinson & Co., Toronto, have received the order for the purchase of the \$18,000 town of Kingsville debentures, which were issued by the town to purchase the town of Kingsville. The gas plant that was being operated in that town. It is expected that the revenue under the next three or four years will be sufficient to pay the debentures.

Three old residents of Essex county have just passed away. Mrs. Henry Patrimoux, of Amherst, aged 84, died on Wednesday. Mrs. James Burdick, aged 80, died at her home in the town of Essex on Wednesday, and James Cunningham, aged 50, a prominent Mason, of the town of Essex, was buried on Wednesday afternoon.

J. W. Hanna, of Windsor, sues the township of Colchester South for \$10,000 on behalf of John Larabee and Duncan Woodruff, of Harrow, on the ground of false arrest. Constable Wm. L. Henson summoned the plaintiffs as witnesses against a local doctor, who they disregarded the summons, as it was not accompanied by witness fees.

Skagway, this enterprise is understood to be the result of the visit to Skagway of the Hon. James Burke Roche, who has just returned from Canada.

Both ships are chartered for freight by Lipton, a millionaire provision merchant, for the voyage west, and he is said to have a scheme for building a new town to be called Liptonia, near Skagway. This enterprise is understood to be the result of the visit to Skagway of the Hon. James Burke Roche, who has just returned from Canada.

Ottawa, Nov. 19.—Mr. McArthur, one of the staff of the Dominion surveyors, is in the city, and, having traveled over the Dalton trail, speaks most favorably of that route. He says that it is much shorter than any other trail, and can be made passable at a small expenditure of money. During the past year Dalton took in cattle by that route, and gained 2,000 pounds on the trip up, the grass being principally bunch-grass, and highly succulent.

MORE WHEAT THAN THEY WANT
Buen Ayres, Nov. 19.—Several cargoes of American cereals, which arrived here recently, could not be sold, and will be taken to Europe. The steamship Sardinian Prince, which arrived here last week, with a cargo of wheat, will sail without unloading it. This refusal of American cereals is due to the fact that Argentina's crop is more than sufficient for home use. Millers refuse to receive foreign grain.

A UNITED STATES MEDLEY.
Newspapers are published in 23 languages other than English in the United States. There are five Portuguese newspapers, four Polish dailies, and seven Polish weeklies; there are many Spanish weeklies in New York, Arizona, and New Mexico, and two dailies, one published in New York and one in Bay West; one Russian weekly, one Armenian, two Chinese weekly, five Bohemian dailies in New York, Chicago and Cleveland; three Danish, many French dailies in New England cities and in New Orleans; thirty Swedish papers, eleven Norwegian, four Italian dailies, four Lithuanian, and twelve Jewish, three of the latter being dailies. German dailies are published in all the large American cities.

London's Greatest Store

208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas Street.

Yesterday was the first day of our

GREAT DRESS GOODS SALE

And everything went with a rush—every department crowded and everybody pleased.

We Started Right,

And the success of the big sale is already assured. We have prepared a liberal programme for this sale, and are bound to carry it out in every detail. The following bargain list speaks for itself, and shows how we are going to do it:

Dress Goods Section.

25 pieces Heavy All-wool Serge 42-inch; regular price 40c, for 25c.

20 pieces Heavy Tweeds; regular prices 40c and 50c, for 25c.

14 pieces Fancy Shot Effects; regular price 45c, for 25c.

15 pieces Heavy Cheviot Tweeds, for girls' suits; regular 65c, for 35c.

10 pieces Fancy Boucles, new colors; regular price 75c, for 50c.

12 pieces Fancy Tweed Suitings; regular prices 90c and \$1, for 50c.

13 pieces Tweed Suitings, 54 inches wide; regular price 90c, for 50c.

5 pieces Covert Suitings, 54 inches wide; regular price 75c, for 50c.

10 pieces Plain Satin Cloth Suitings; regular price 75c, for 50c.

13 pieces Fancy Figured French Goods; regular price 40c, for 25c.

11 pieces Figured Satin Cloth, All-wool; regular price 50c, for 35c.

7 pieces Figured Satin Cloth; regular price 75c, for 50c.

9 pieces Heavy All-wool Serge, 43 inches wide; regular price 40c, for 25c.

Ladies' Underwear.

Long Sleeve and High Neck Heavy Vests; regular price 25c, for 20c.

Fine All-wool Vests; regular 65c, for 50c.

Corsets.

Our Special at 75c is as good as any sold elsewhere for \$1. Good Sateen Corsets for 43c.

Linens.

Here's a Chance to Buy Your Thanksgiving Linen:

63-inch Fine Satin Finish Belfast, Bleached; regular 70c, for 49c.

70-inch Bleached, Handsome pattern; regular price 75c, for 50c.

70-inch Very Fine Bleached Damask; regular price 90c, for 65c.

72-inch Bleached Damask, choice goods and worth \$1, for 70c.

1 piece only best Double Damask, 70 inches; regular price \$1 75, for \$1 25.

Mantle Room.

Silk Brocade Fur-Lined Capes, Sable Trimmings; regular price \$50, for \$40.

Fur-Lined Capes; regular price \$25, for \$17.

Black Brocade Capes, Fur Lining; regular price \$15, for \$12.

Another lot of New York Jackets, including the New Russian Blouse, at reduced prices.

Hosiery.

Ladies' Wool Hosiery; regular 25c, for 19c.

Heavy Ribbed Hose; regular 25c, for 20c.

Fine Black Cashmere; regular 45c, for 35c.

Extra Ribbed Cashmere; regular 45c, for 35c.

Extra Ribbed Cashmere; regular 65c, for 50c.

Gloves.

Kid Gloves, regular \$1, for 75c.

Ladies' Ringwood Gloves; regular 20c, for 15c.

Ladies' Black Wool Mitts; regular 35c, for 25c.

Children's Wool Mitts; regular 15c, for 10c.

Basement.

The choicest selection of Christmas Groceries the market can produce—London Layer, Blue Muscatel, Sultana and Valencia Raisins; case and barrel Currants; Orange, Lemon and Citron Peels; Filbert, Almond, Walnut and Brazil Nuts; Extracts, Spices, etc.

One pound of our Imperial Black Mixed or Japan Tea, worth 40c and six pounds of Granulated Sugar, for 50c.

Our Cooks' Delight Baking Powder, in one-pound tins, net for 15c; equal to any other sold at 25c.

One dozen Dessert Knives and Forks; regular price \$1 25, at 99c.

One dozen Knives and Forks, slightly soiled; regular \$1 50, for \$1.

Lamps and Glassware

Handsome Vase Parlor Lamps; regular price \$3, for \$1 69.

A Handsome Lamp, decorated shade, regular price \$2 25, for \$1 40.

Just opened, a large consignment of Ornamental and Fancy Vases, 5c, 10c and 15c; 6, 8 and 10 inch.

Also very handsome patterns in Bread and Butter Plates, with tea plates to match.

Ladies' and Gen's Rubbers and Overshoes at special prices, and balance of Sample Shoes less than manufacturers' prices.

Special Clothing chances for Saturday and Monday in Suits, Ulsters and Overcoats. Underclothing bargains.

Carpets and Oilcloths, Oilcloth Squares, Rugs, Mats, Curtains and general Housefurnishings.

Runians & Butler, IMPORTERS.