

Let those now drink  
Who never drank before,  
And those that have,  
Why, let them drink the more.



A Latter Day 19th Century Luxury.

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## THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

### CHAPTER XVIII

er and nearer came the trot, and the horse's hoofs, and now he heard the driver of the light pull up sharply, and utter an exclamation of surprise and alarm as if he had seen something of the most startling nature. The sound of his vehicle she heard an audible "Thank goodness!"

opened her eyes. It was not her brother nor Sir Innis Hatherfield, a stranger, a bluff, elderly farmer who was driving his comely wife market. Against the sight of a day lying by the wayside in such a plight, he threw his reins to the good woman, that he might alight and ascertain whether she was dead or alive.

"I don't think I am much hurt," said Vivien, as with his ruddy face full of concern he bent over her. "If you will help me to my feet, perhaps I can stand while you catch my mare. Will I mount her again? Yes, certainly I will if she will let me."

The creature was docile enough now, and the farmer soon contrived to secure the reins. By the time he had accomplished this Vivien—to whose assistance the comely matron had hurried—had made the pleasant discovery that she was comparatively uninjured. A little stiff and sore, certainly, but these were trifling unpleasanties that would soon pass off, and her spirits rose again as she began to cherish a hope that she might be able to conceal her misadventure from her own party.

With a little help from the farmer's wife, who kept up a continual chorus of "Deary me!" and "Lawks!" she smoothed her disordered hair, pinned up a rent in her habit, and arranged her veil so as to conceal the white blisters raised on her delicate cheek by the sting of the nettles.

This done, the farmer assisted her into the saddle, and thanking the worthy couple gratefully for their ready aid, she resumed her journey.

Concealing suary aches and pains under an air of smiling unconcern she rode up the hill, on the summit of which the ruined castle was situated, and was received with many expressions of pleasure.

"We were beginning to think something had befallen you," said one. "We have done the ruins and were longing to be off, for the air is bitterly sharp up here," said another.

"Vivien knows that with my weak chest, exposure to the cold is really dangerous," Lady Esselyn murmured, fretfully. "But she never thinks of me."

"I am so sorry you all waited," said Vivien, ignoring this rebuke altogether. "Where is Aymer?"

"He rode after you when your mare plunged away so madly. But here he comes!"

And the earl, who had contrived to lose himself in the bye-lanes, now came up hot and tired, and not in the best of humors, as he testified by an ungracious speech as soon as he saw that his sister was safe.

"I'll have those boys of Douceby's out tomorrow, and try whether I can't take some of the mischief out of them," he exclaimed to her. "He was an idiot to let you ride a brute that makes everyone uncomfortable by its tricks."

"Nonsense, my dear boy. Don't be fussy. I am very well satisfied with the mare," said Vivien, wishing, however, in her heart, that the creature would not pull so hard and almost defy her efforts to keep it under decent control.

Her annoyed brother turned from her without reply, and she saw him join Sir Innis, who, while making pleasant replies to Cressida's not over-wise remarks, contrived to hear and see all that passed around him, and had drawn certain inferences from the young lady's changing looks and ill-concealed weariness of which she did not dream.

Vivien was too much engrossed in herself and her fidgety mare to take much notice of anyone else. The cottage was now taking a homeward route, and in pity to the other ladies who were timid equestriennes, and shrieked and startled every time the bay grew restive, she reigned back her unmanageable steed until they were a few yards in advance.

"My dearest Vivien, what have you done to your face?" cried Julia Estridge, as she went by.

"Gnats," was the brief response, for Vivien was growing irritable. The difficulty of retaining her seat was be-

coming greater every moment, for her head ached, and the hand that grasped the reins was so numb she could hardly use it.

"Oh! to be at home at Esselyn Manor, and able to throw herself on her bed awhile, instead of feeling bound to hide from everyone what she was suffering!"

But now she found Aymer standing beside her, and holding up his arms to assist her in alighting.

"Come, Vivien, don't keep us waiting any longer," he cried impatiently. "You are going home in the dog-cart."

"No," said her wilful ladyship. "Why should I?"

"Because you're not fit to ride; that's why."

"Who says so?" she demanded, as in a very peremptory fashion she released her foot from the stirrup.

"Who says so?" she repeated, determined that, if he answered "Sir Innis," she would insist upon retaining her seat in the saddle.

"I do. I suppose I may use my own judgment sometimes?"

"But I hate riding in a dog-cart, especially on the back seat," she objected.

"You'll not have to do that. They have found room for Cressida in one of the carriages, so make no more excuses."

Vivien still murmured and resisted, making the exchange at least with an air of dignified submission, as if she was yielding solely to the wishes of her brother. Yet she sank back on the cushions of the vehicle with a sigh of relief, even though it was Sir Innis who was arranging them for her, and whose eyes were keenly observant of the twinges of pain that stole the color from her lips as well as her cheeks.

She essayed to make a few civil remarks as he took his seat beside her and drove on; but in a little while she found it as much as she could do to keep at bay the sickness that threatened to end in a swoon.

The struggle did not last long, for as they drove through the village that lay at the foot of the hills, a groom who, in obedience to a whisper from

the baronet, had ridden on in advance, handed him a small flask, and Vivien found that he was holding something to her lips.

"You are faint, Lady Vivien. A few drops of this will revive you. Excuse me if I insist that you swallow them."

She was in no condition to refuse; and the next thing she found herself forced to submit to was the sipping of a handkerchief dipped in a road-side spring, around her swollen wrist.

"It is nothing. I am not ill," she began to say, but a sob of vexation impeded her utterance, and when she glanced furtively at her companion, he not only detected the glance, but she saw in his eyes the same gleam of amusement that had already provoked her more than once. To be treated like a child was bad enough—to be laughed at was worse, and she would not endure it.

Her revolt against the summary proceedings of the baronet gave her strength to sit up and protest against them.

"I am quite well, pray do not treat me as if I were not."

"Perhaps, as you are quite well, and you know this, you would prefer going back and riding the bay mare home?" said Sir Innis, mischievously. "Shall I stop?"

No; Vivien knew she could not nerve herself to act upon the money and perfect giving trouble, or making a fuss," she said carelessly.

"Would not your arm be more comfortable if I contrived a sling for it?" asked her companion.

The polite offer was declined, and then she saw his eyes fixed in the long rent in her skirt. Why would he persist in seeing everything she wished to conceal?

"Yes, my poor habit has come to grief," she said, affecting a laugh; "the bushes, I suppose."

"It must have caught in your stirrup when you fell," he observed coolly. "It is fortunate that the material gave way, or you might have been dragged along the road."

(To be Continued.)

## In Woman's Interest

### Our Mannish Coats.

What say Paris' best-known modistes? That the fate of the long coat has been settled by elegantes.

They will wear it in its broadcloth silkiness and in shades of chestnut brown.

Some of the prettiest models are to appear in all shades of blue and in dark green.

Tall, slim women look with favor on the paleots, a style that copies a man's great-coat.

These are clumsy to walk in. They are exceeding smart in cut. Their very simplicity demands perfection in shape and finish.

Paleots reach to the bottom of the dress skirt, are double breasted and padded at the shoulders, the pads being called by the French tailor "American epaulettes."

The sleeves of the paleots are perfectly straight and trimmed at the wrist with wide turn-back cuffs.

### Queen Victoria's Teahouses.

The Queen, says the London Mail, has just had plans prepared for a number of dainty little teahouses, which are to be erected during the coming winter in the grounds and on the more extended drives about Balmoral. Spotted with lovely views of the mountains and of the River Dee have been chosen by the Queen herself, and on these they will be built. Each will have a "parlor," a dressing-room and a tiny kitchen. The walls are to be lined with pine wood from the forests about, and the roofs are to be quaintly thatched with heather and fastened with bands of the silvery birch tree. The cottages will be finished in May.

### Girls Who Are Shunned by Men.

There are many such, and for the most part the fault lies with themselves.

The girl who never exercises herself to be agreeable unless she can have everything her own way is one of them, for there is not a man alive who will give way in everything to a girl.

The girl who scolds is another type; she may be perfectly good-tempered, but she has contracted the scolding habit, and so she is left alone to scold at her pleasure.

Then there is the girl with the haughty manner and cold stare. No man dares to make love to her, because there is nothing whatever to love in her. So the girl scowls at what she considers their bad taste, utterly ignoring the fact that her own foolish conduct is the sole cause of their neglect.

Another girl, without a lover is a painfully shy maiden. She likes to see men at a distance, but the moment they draw near she drives them back with her embarrassment. They retire simply out of pity, feeling her distrust and awkward bashfulness.

### Some Expenses of Woman's Dress.

The man who thinks it costs a woman a small fortune to dress does not know all her necessities. A woman is as particular about that part of her clothes worn underneath as that which the world sees; or she should be if she is not. And she can carry this feeling to any extent. For instance, there is the big gold hook, exactly in the shape of the every-day hook, which fastens into an ordinary every-day eye, which is secured to the corset to support the skirts. That hook in plain gold will cost \$5. In the Duchess of Marlborough's trousseau to every pair of corsets was fastened one of these gold hooks. If the hooks are set with jewels, diamonds, sapphires or emeralds, they will cost many times as much as the one of plain gold. And the corset clasps! The steels for the front, covered with white kid, have in each of the little gold buttons, over which a gold loop fastens, a diamond which will cost \$58 at the lowest calculation. If they come direct from a jeweler's they will cost more. And the clasps for side elastic, also gold, with a diamond or two set in one or two places, where they will be least in the way, will cost \$55; and there are only two or three small items purchased, and a good sum of money expended.

### That Well-Groomed Look.

It has certainly been shouted from the house-tops that smartness of apparel can never be attained without utter spotlessness. It is as impossible for a woman to make an impression of modishness with a creased gown, as it is impossible for a man to make an

impression of the same sort unless part of his attire is properly creased. Yet it is certain, from the signs seen on all sides, that women have not yet learned the art of neatness and perfect neatness. It seems still to be a question of temperament whether a woman has this last touch about her or not. Many women who can and do have most beautiful gowns lack the finish needed to carry them off—that well-groomed look; while other women who have to be most moderate in their expenditures for clothes have the air of the well-groomed woman. It should be more a matter of temperament. It should be a matter of the difference between a lady and a would-be aspirant for that title, this cleanliness.

Clean gloves, polished shoes, well-brushed skirts, spotless collars, dusted hats, fresh nails, are far more necessary to pleasing and fashionable attire than are gowns imported from Paris.

Dressing is an art, not an inexpensive one, by any means, but she who does her dressing with brains will need scarcely a quarter of the money to accomplish her purpose successfully that will be used by the woman who gives little thought to the matter, or, rather, whatever thought she gives, does not apply the right kind.

A well-known man on women and their attire the other day advanced the theory that women would look younger and fresher if they would only wear plain clothes, just as men do, contending that at 30 a man looks younger than a woman of the same age, on account of the difference in dress. The core of the matter he did not touch in his argument. It is the difference in their cleanliness. This is not the only difference between the sexes, but it is apt to be out of doors more and lead more active lives, and this has much to do with youth. But the look of freshness which a man often wears after a woman of the same age has lost it is explained by a well-known fact, that his face at least gets a much more liberal allowance of soap and water than hers does. And it is often true that he uses soap and water oftener on all parts of his anatomy. Happily, this day and generation is learning the value of water applied early and often.

### Tinted Cheese Balls on Lettuce.

The wholesome and pretty dye extracted from spinach, together with a little home touch, will so improve the ordinary cottage cheese that it will truly be transformed into an article of "quite another color." One or more of the 5-cent rolls of cheese are to be pressed through a sieve; it will fall in delicate flakes, and each ball should be covered with a large teaspoonful of soft butter; salt to taste, a dash of cayenne pepper, and a few drops of the coloring. Roll into small balls, place each one on the light-colored leaf of heart lettuce, with either French or mayonnaise dressing, and the effect will be cool, pretty and appetizing.

Several of these small cheeses worked over in this way with either cream or butter, made into one mound and garnished with a little parsley, then set away to cool, is a delightful change eaten with thin bread and butter for luncheon or tea. Sandwiches are also very good made with this improved cheese.

### CATARRRH

Can Be Cured and Is Being Cured Every Day by

DR. A. W. CHASE

Thousands of people have been cured of catarrh during the last thirty years by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Some of them had merely a cold in the head; many of them had suffered for fifteen or twenty years and had experimented with doctors and patent medicines, but they were disgusted and discouraged. It is just such cures that have made Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure famous throughout Canada and the United States. It is just such cures of chronic long-standing catarrh that have proved Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure to be a positive and absolute cure for catarrh.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is perfectly free from cocaine and similar dangerous drugs, which only deaden the membrane and do more harm than good.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure clears the air passages, allays inflammation, heals the ulcers and produces permanent cures. It gives instant relief, stops headache, sweetens the breath and restores hearing. It prevents consumption by curing catarrh. 25c a box, blower free.

All Dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont.

## JOHN W. KEELY OF MOTOR FAME

Induced People to Invest in a Seeming Fraud

And Lived in Luxury for Years on the Scheme.

Philadelphia, Nov. 22.—Back in 1872, John Worrell Keely, who died here on Saturday, started the scientific world by announcing that he had discovered a mysterious force which might be used for motive purposes and which possessed almost magic power. He claimed to have invented a motor for the application of this marvelous force, the existence of which was unknown to scientists, and the exact nature of which he jealously kept secret—so secret, in fact, that imprisonment in 1888 for contempt of court failed to wring a statement from him, and death itself did not unlock his lips.

The Keely motor was a curious affair. In Keely's little two-story, red brick workshop at 1422 North Twentieth street, on a moveable wooden stand resembling a truncated cone, there stood for many years a strange piece of mechanism which the inventor called his "vibrating and vibrating," and which resembled nothing in heaven above or earth beneath known to mortals. The thing was about the size of a cheese-box, made entirely of metal, pulley wheel, and something like a pulley wheel, and studded with scores of rods left free to vibrate when struck, radiating from a circular frame were 40 tubes or keys, standing out like miniature cannons.

LIVED IN LUXURY.

With this apparatus of mystery, assisted by his magnetic personality, and indomitable assurance, Keely for years maintained himself in luxury. Periodical "Keely motor" crazes were incited by announcements that he had at last perfected his machine, and credulous people greedily snapped up stock in the promotion company of which Keely was autocrat, only to be disappointed by some fresh failure, always charged to some overlooked imperfections in the machine which was to "utilize the currents of the earth."

For years the Keely Motor Company was sustained by Mrs. Moore, a wealthy Philadelphia lady, who supplied Keely with \$500 per month for expenses for a long period, in consideration of which he was to do nothing without her consent. Her dealings with Keely cost her about \$25,000, and to a suit in 1888, begun by stockholders who demanded the production of tangible results—an attempt which proved useless. Stockholders from time to time put an approximate total of \$500,000 into the company, and the price of shares fluctuated all the way from 10c to \$150 each. Fortunes were made and lost in dealing in them. John Jacob Astor, in 1895, headed a syndicate to resuscitate the Keely Motor Company. At another time, twelve California millionaires backed the company.

### CONFLICTING CLAIMS.

Scientists professed themselves puzzled at times, and at other times decidedly skeptical as to Keely's alleged discovery. Keely himself made apparently conflicting claims—sometimes that his force was earth currents—again a mysterious gas—then an application of air as motive power—but never pressed far enough to get a patent on any of his machinery or to make wholly successful experiments, although it is claimed his motor fly wheel occasionally made 400 revolutions per minute. Skeptics claimed Keely was simply experimenting with the propulsive force of soda gas. His death will probably settle the problem.

In 1888 Eustace Wyszynski, a Chicago engraver, claimed to recognize Keely as a swindler named John Adam Huss, whom he had known many years before, and who had swindled Louisville inventors out of \$450,000 with a motor mystery. Keely successfully denied the charge, and Wyszynski was unable to make it stick, or to weaken Keely's hold on his followers.

### You Should Know

what Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills so efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public confidence.

Washing is done in Japan by getting into a boat and letting the garments to be washed drag after the boat by a long string.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength has gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the chief ingredients into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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## Blue Ribbon Tea.

Ask your friends about it.

## A Pretty Foot Goes a Long Way



But what is the use of a pretty foot, in this country in the winter time, if you do not have a perfect fitting Rubber or Overshoe. Now, this may be news to you, but you will find it to be a fact; there is only one make of Rubbers and Overshoes, in this country, that are right up-to-date in fit, finish, quality and durability and they are the

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## Navigation and Railways.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY RATES.

Round trip tickets will be sold at Single First-Class Fare between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East, and to and from Detroit, Mich., and from stations above specified, but not from Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y., good going on all trains Nov. 23 and 24, and good returning up to and including Nov. 23, 1898.

C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Pass. Agent, 161 Dundas street, corner of Richmond.

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## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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## Thanksgiving Day

Nov. 24, 1898.

Will issue return tickets at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE between all stations in Canada, and all stations in Canada to and from Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.; from all stations in Canada to Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Black Rock and Buffalo, N.Y. Good going on all trains Nov. 23 and 24. Good returning from destination not later than Nov. 28, 1898. For tickets and information apply to E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, "Clock" corner, C. E. HORNING, G. T. depot, or from M. C. DICKSON, D. P. A., Toronto.

## WHITE STAR LINE

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS.

MAJESTIC, from New York Dec. 13, at noon, arriving at Queenstown Dec. 19, Liverpool Dec. 20.

CYMBRIC, from New York, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

Saloon rates by this steamer \$50 and upwards. No second cabin. Steerage \$25. Passengers by these steamers will be able to reach any part of Great Britain and Ireland in time for Christmas.

E. De La Hooke,

"Clock" Corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, Sole Agent for London.

## Navigation and Railways

## ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool Calling at Rimouski and Monville.

NUMIDIAN, Nov. 26, 9 a.m. From Montreal.

MONGOLIAN, Nov. 28, 9 a.m. From St. John, From Halifax.

PARISIAN, Dec. 7, 1 p.m. Dec. 8, 1 p.m. From New York.

LAURENTIAN, Dec. 21, 1 p.m. Dec. 22, 1 p.m. From New York.

MONGOLIAN, Nov. 16, 9 a.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin, Derry and Liverpool, \$32.50 and upwards; return \$60 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, \$35; return, \$65.50. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, \$22.50. Glasgow-New York service. Cabin—\$47.25 and upwards; return, \$89.75 and upwards; second cabin, \$32.50; return, \$61.75; steerage, \$22.50.

AGENTS—E. De La Hooke, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas, Thomas R. Parker, southwest corner of Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 24th

## EXCURSIONS AT SINGLE FARE

For the Round Trip, to all local stations in Canada, Detroit, Mich., Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, N.Y. Tickets will be issued Nov. 23 and 24.

GOOD TO RETURN NOV. 23.

Rates, tickets, etc., at City Ticket Office, 365 Richmond street.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent.

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