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E. N. HUNT, 193 Dundas Street

A DEAD HEART

A Love Story.

I wear that bright half-sovereign now. I had it pierced and placed on my watch-chain. I would not have parted with it for the world. For she loved me; it not, why should the chance resemblance, as she believed it, strike her so painfully? She loved me; or why should the voice she believed like mine stir her heart with sharpest anguish? If she did not love my memory, why had every soldier wounded in India a claim on her? My heart beat, my brain was dazed. She had loved me; she loved my memory. Why, then, had she, as soon as she believed me dead, married Sir Aleck?

I do not remember how I reached home that night, how I bore my pain, how I controlled myself at all. The words of hers that rang most in my mind were these, "Have you neither wife nor child?" and these, "Every soldier, wounded in India has a claim on me."

She loved me, or she would never have spoken so. She loved me, then why had she married Sir Aleck Uchard Glen?

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day I was set to trim some camellias that grew on the western terrace; and when I had been there some time the nurse brought the little one out on the terrace to play. I had longed for weeks past to have one look on the lovely baby face. I had seen it but once, and that was in the church porch. I wanted to look at it, to caress it, to kiss it, to see it and see if they were like Miriam's. Now was a chance. I went down into the forlorn-house where Abel Blithe was busy with the fruit, and asked him for a ripe peach with green leaves. He gave it to me, and I hastened back to the terrace. The little one was running to and fro, her golden curls shining in the sunlight, and her sweet face all laughter. I went up to her, and she shrank back in her nurse's arms.

"See what I have brought you, missie," I said.

Then the little one turned her sweet face to me. I gave her the peach, and then she came to me, and went with me among the flowers. I knelt before her and gazed into her lovely face. It was all Miriam's. Thank heaven, there was no trace of Sir Aleck. Miriam's dark eyes, her lovely mouth, her golden hair, her soft, white hands, were before me in miniature. I kissed the child's sweet lips, and she bore my mother. She was not angry with me; but she looked at me with clear, serene eyes, and left her little hand in mine. I cannot tell how or why, but the kiss of that innocent child seemed to still and cool the terrible fever that burned me, seemed to change the current of my thoughts.

Before now I had lain long summer nights through with my face buried in the long cool grass, the mad fever of love burning my heart, eating my soul away. I lay there because the walls of a house seemed to imprison me, and I could not breathe in them; but lying out there under the sky, I could toss and cry, and utter my restless moans freely. I dare cry, "Miriam, my lost love," to the silent stars, for they had seen me weep, and they knew— they knew. Then I suffered a longing that was terrible to bear—a fever that burned my very heart. My thoughts were always running on Miriam. I could not but pity him who had stolen my love from me. But the kisses of that innocent mouth stilled my terrible fever. Miriam was not only my love, but she was the wife of my enemy and the mother of his child. I could never be mine now. All the love and mad longing, all the fierce passion and tenderness, must be trampled under foot and killed. Looking into the little face and kissing it, I said to myself that no unworthy love should ever pain the mother of that child.

The next time I saw the child was one afternoon when her ladyship sat reading, not under the cedar tree, but near the pretty fountain where the golden swan, a fountain that rippled in the sunlight all day long, and always seemed to me to sing just the words, "Miriam May Deane and no other. I had no right in the garden; I had nothing to do there; but I had been working since four that I might have the pleasure of spending a hour there. I made some pretence of weeding a bed of flowers. The nurse brought the little one out and took her to her ladyship, who sent the nurse to the house for a shawl. And while she was gone the child caught sight of me and ran to me."

"I know you," she said in her sweet baby fashion. "I know you. You make the flowers grow."

"No, missie, I help you. I give them sweet cool water to drink when they are thirsty, and I keep away everything that hurts them."

A shadow fell over the flowers. Her ladyship was standing by the child. "What is my little daughter prattling about, Smith?" she asked, with a smile.

TEA.

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

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

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

Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

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169 DUNDAS ST.

"About the flowers," I answered. "Missie loves flowers."

"Yes," said Miriam. "She makes friends of them. When she has a bunch of roses I hear her tell them quite as though they could understand."

Then the child saw the crimson scar on my face. As I was kneeling she could just reach it, and she came close to me.

"What is this?" she asked. The next moment her soft hand lay on the disfigurement, and it never pained me so much as then.

"That," said her ladyship, "is the mark of a brave man, my baby. You do not understand."

"Does it hurt you?" asked the little one.

"Not now," I said, and her ladyship smiled when I kissed the baby's hands, "not now, missie; you have cured it."

The child ran away laughing, her ladyship looked thoughtfully after her and I heard her say to herself:

"If I love her so much, she will die. My father died. He died. Oh, baby Berta, I must not love you. I must not follow the little one, and I saw her no more that day. My heart was quite full. I was the one whom she loved, who had died. On my last darling, if I could but know why you had forgotten me and married Sir Aleck!"

I began soon after that to see that I could not live there much longer without betraying myself. My love was too powerful for my control, so great was my repression. I knew that soon I must go out into the wide world again. I had believed that I could live there always as her servant and her slave.

Could not the torture was then, I could bear. I would wait the summer out, then go.

I would not do as I had often thought of doing, return to my regiment and seek to identify myself. I did so, she would know that I was living, and I must spare her that pain.

Ah, how I suffered. I was grieved, too, for her. She was not happy. I often saw her dear face wet with tears. I heard bitter sighs that came from the depths of her heart. I heard soft, sweet murmurs and whispered plaints. Perhaps had she been happy I should have suited her less.

Sir Aleck was not a pleasant man. He did not drink or gamble; he had no great vices. But he had a terrible temper. He was passionate in the extreme and never sought to control his passion in the least. His servants feared and hated him, while they loved her ladyship. He had been known to shoot horses and dogs, to throw anything that came first at the heads of those who waited on him. His temper was uncertain, too. When one expected him to be angry he was not so; but a trifle or one thought of would rouse him almost to madness. As a matter of

[To be Continued.]

MONEY WAS USED

Conservative Bribers Were at Work in St. Thomas on Tuesday.

St. Thomas Journal: There was a large number of strangers in the city yesterday—the bulk of them from London—who were working in the interests of the Conservative party. The Liberal party managers assert that money was used freely in the city in the interests of Mr. Macdormid. They state that they already know many cases of bribery, and state that the possibilities are that the seat will be again protested on account of corrupt practices.

The managers of the Reform party in the city state that it is certain that there will be a recount, as their scrutineers report ballots marked for Macdormid which were not counted. Some have been. Some are marked with two crosses opposite Mr. Macdormid's name, and some with red and blue pencils. In No. 12 division there were five of these, in No. 8 three, and in No. 11 two.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

New York, Dec. 13.—A queer story comes from Detroit, telling of how the Rev. J. J. Axtell, a Congregational minister, fought a prize fight with a saloon-keeper, Gus Dondero, a saloon-keeper, to settle a controversy growing out of a liquor crusade.

When Mr. Axtell's efforts to close saloons on Sunday looked as if they would be successful he was waited on by a committee of liquor dealers and told he must fight or be branded as a coward. He accepted the challenge, and when Dondero was chosen referee, the saloon-keepers' side the minister met him in a barn, and before a large crowd fought him five rounds.

Mr. Axtell was an athlete at college, and pounded the saloon-keeper's prize over the ring, but the referee decided it was a draw.

The peso, a silver coin, is the monetary unit in Central America and Colombia, where it is worth 40 cents. The peso of Argentina is worth 100 cents, the peso of Cuba 92 1/2 cents, and the gold peso of Uruguay, \$1.05.

"I Thought I Would Never Be Well Again."

One of the saddest things that can happen to a woman is to fall into such a depth of despondency through unusual weakness and disease as to imagine that she can never recover. For two years I suffered from this state of mind.

Mrs. W. G. Day of Trussville, Jefferson Co., Ala., had suffered with weakness, headache, pain in my back and side, which would become so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my head on it. I had lost all my appetite, and many other bad symptoms too numerous to mention. Home physicians' treatment did me no good. I had become very despondent and thought I would never be well again.

But with a faint heart I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and described my symptoms as best I could. He promptly answered by letter, and sent me a treatment of his "Favorite Prescription." He also outlined a treatment for me which I followed to the best of my ability, and after taking six bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," I can truly say that I feel like a new woman. In a few months afterwards, when I was suffering with the many troubles due to pregnancy, I procured "Favorite Prescription" again and took it to the end of my time. I soon became very stout and got well. I was in labor only a short time and felt along with her that I had never before. I had a fine boy, now two months old, and has never been sick since. I cannot find words sufficient to express my praise of Dr. Pierce's medicine. I never miss an opportunity to recommend it. I hope all suffering ladies will consult him, for they will be benefited by taking his medicine. Letters to Dr. Pierce are treated in the most sacred confidence, and never published without permission, and the most careful, professional advice is given by return mail free of charge.

Women would understand their own mental and physical natures better; they would make better wives and mothers; they would be every way healthier, happier, and more capable, by reading and studying Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is a veritable, complete family medical library in one magnificent volume. More than half a million copies have been sold at \$1.50 each, but a free copy, paper-bound, will be sent to any woman on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of a custom and mailing only, or if a heavier, handsome cloth-bound book is preferred, send 50 stamps.

Importance Of an Ideal

Canadian Farmers Urged to Aim High,

And Elevate the Standard of Our Live Stock.

Words of Warning and Advice for Stockmen

Delivered by Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. John Dryden and Others

At the Public Meeting in the City Hall.

The public meeting held in the city hall last evening under the auspices of the Fat Stock and Dairy Show Association was well attended, and a large proportion of the audience, although the hall was filled, were visitors to the city. They represented the live stock interests of an immense area—an area covering all of Canada and many of the States. Suggestions of the close relations between the stockmen of Canada and the United States were not lacking. Two of the speakers belonged to the latter country, and at the rear of the platform hung the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The speeches were interesting, and were liberally interspersed with music. An impressive feature was the fervor with which Capt. T. E. Robson's rendition of "Soldiers of the Cross" was encored. Sir John Carling, former minister of agriculture for the Dominion, was chairman, and the chief speakers were Hon. Sydney Fisher, the present minister of agriculture for the Dominion; Hon. John Dryden, minister of agriculture for Ontario; and Mr. Charles W. Peterson, deputy minister of agriculture for the Northwest Territories. Among the others who were present were John I. Hobson, president, and F. W. Hodson, secretary, of the Fat Stock Association; Professor Mills, of the Guelph Agricultural College; W. E. Skinner, Chicago; J. S. Woodward, W. H. Taylor, M.P.P., North Middlesex; John McMillan, M.P., South Huron; James Mattinson, president London board of trade; W. A. Patterson and W. F. Stewart, Fishery Commission, Delaware; Henry Wade, Toronto, and Capt. T. E. Robson, Edmonton.

SIR JOHN CARLING.

The chairman, on rising to deliver his opening address, was greeted with applause. He referred with pleasure to the presence of so many distinguished visitors, particularly the Dominion and Ontario ministers of agriculture. To agriculture, the most important interest in Canada, and in the world at large, the speaker had given much attention. He had for a time been identified with the interests of agriculture in the Dominion. The produce of Ontario was being sought in the markets of the world, and especially in Great Britain. It was especially to know that the different interests of the fruits and farm products of all kinds were being well looked after.

HON. JOHN DRYDEN.

Hon. John Dryden said he had received a command on Tuesday to present himself, as the head of the department of agriculture in Ontario. (Applause.) He considered that the work was peculiarly well situated for such a show. It was the center of a rich agricultural district. Its railway facilities were good, enabling representatives of the best skill and thought of the agricultural section to come here. These men deserved well of the people of the cities and towns. They had an industry affording scope for the keenest brains. They had to deal with live animals. Those engaged in this industry have an ideal. It existed in the mind of the breeder. He must have eyes like X-rays. He must study not the outward appearance, but the inner make made more arduous because the determination of success or failure had to be waited for. If they were successful it would add millions to the wealth of the country. Their work had to be done in comparative isolation. Each man did his own life's work. All over the country were men working with their hands and meditating with their minds. They were now gathered to show the effects of this work. People who were not personally interested should encourage such men.

Mr. Dryden dealt with the objects of the show. It would stimulate the men and encourage them. The judges had an important position because it was not simply a matter of giving so much money to each man, but it would mean the placing before those concerned a certain standard of excellence. Buyers could also assist in giving to the young men an ideal to which they should aim. He desired to complain of the fact that we have not enough discrimination in the purchase of our live stock. This was not so in England. In England a better article brought a higher price. This exhibition should be an educative medium, reaching out through all classes of the community. He wanted the average of all stock in the country to rise above the present standard. Only the best should be sold from this country. He desired to say that this function that he would like to show that the man who placed splendid apples upon the top in a barrel, with poor ones beneath, is a criminal, bringing injury to his neighbor and his country. So also about bacon. The object was to produce the best quality. He thought that some effort should be made to bring the packer and buyer more closely together. In regard to the bacon trade, he told those present that they should be more careful in their export, because, as the English market dropped off in certain seasons, they should not export during the months of October and November.

HON. SYDNEY FISHER.

When introducing the Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, Sir John Carling said it was pleasing to see at assemblies of this kind they could talk about the great interests of the country without introducing politics.

Hon. Mr. Fisher was warmly received. He made a kindly reference to the permanent work as minister of agriculture. "There were none of my predecessors," he said, "who had more at heart the interests of the country than you." (Applause.) The speaker was pleased to be present to meet the backbone of the agricultural interests of the country. This year had been a prosperous one for the farmers of Canada, and that the prosperity had been evenly and evenly distributed was a subject for sincere congratulation.

The increase in the exports of the country was a theme on which they could dwell with pride. Yet the exports were but a small part of the produce of the country. There was actually consumed in Canada far more produce than was exported. Notwithstanding the growing increase last year in the amount of butter exported, there was used in Canada more than double the amount exported. We must not forget that, for the people of Canada," he said, "and avoid the danger of thinking the exports too important. Five sixths of the value and bulk of the products of our fields are fed to our live stock. It is well to understand this to realize how important live stock is to the development and prosperity of the country."

Mr. Fisher then pointed out that the development of live stock interests during the past year had been most marked. The business both in the home and foreign markets had been exceptionally good. Better prices had been obtained for cattle, sheep and horses. And though hops had not brought so much per pound, the aggregate business would make a greater total than ever before. Poultry and eggs had been sold in greater quantity. The market in another land was constantly growing better and better. Dairy produce was winning high distinction abroad. Canadian cheese had obtained the first position and Canadian butter had commanded two cents a pound more than ever before in the English market. These various products were attributes of the live stock business. The speaker was pleased with Mr. Dryden's words of warning and advice. He was glad Mr. Dryden had insisted upon live stock men keeping in view a high ideal, that the bulk of the farmers, who had it in their power to keep the standard where it was or raise it, did not realize the importance of breeding to type. In the words of the speaker, the importance of impressing this on all audiences they addressed. We go to the old land when we want an animal to improve our herds. There the breeders were named after counties or districts. Certain communities were characterized by certain types of animals. This was distinctive of the localities where the best breeds of animals were to be found. In Canada, good herds were found here and there, but for the most part the animals were cross-bred with every conceivable class. Stock associations should continue their efforts to remedy this. A buyer looking for a certain class of animals would be sure to find the most of the animals in any one district, but at all suited to his purpose. Breeding to a type should be encouraged.

Last year the speaker had asked for a grant to promote live stock in the Northwest Territories. Mr. Fisher hoped they would be able to organize the stockmen of the other provinces as they were organized in Ontario.

Dr. Mills, principal of the Agricultural College at Guelph, delivered one of the brightest and most interesting addresses of the evening, which lack of space prevents us from publishing at this time, but which we may use later.

Mr. Charles W. Peterson, of Calgary, deputy minister of agriculture for the Northwest Territories; Mr. W. E. Skinner, of Chicago, and Mr. J. S. Woodward, of Lockport, also gave interesting addresses. The speaker, Mr. Peterson, said that the Canadian contingent now find themselves.

The musical numbers were excellent, and included solos by Mr. J. T. Dalton's Imperial Quartet—Mr. Dalton, Mr. E. Galpin, Albert Riddell, Capt. T. E. Robson, Miss Grace Wilson, of Brantford, and Miss A. Scott, city, and a cornet solo by Mr. Court Irwin. Capt. Robson proved an admirable musical director.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membranes of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or weakness of the chest, bronchitis, etc.

Why is it that nearly all aged persons are thin? And yet, when you think of it, what could you expect? Three score years of wear and tear are enough to make the digestion weak. Yet the body must be fed.

In Scott's Emulsion, the work is all done; that is, the oil in it is digested, all ready to be taken into the blood. The body rests, while the oil feeds and nourishes, and the hypophosphites makes the nerves steady and strong.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



Santa Claus Is Here

And will hold a reception every afternoon, 2 to 4 o'clock.

DEAR old Santa is with us once more. He has carefully looked over all London, and has concluded to again make the Big Store his headquarters, and here you will find him every afternoon, from 2 to 4 o'clock, ready to receive and shake hands with all the little children. Remember the hour—every afternoon, 2 to 4 o'clock.

Santa Claus' Letter-Box.

Santa has placed in our Candy Counter his own private letter-box for the little children to mail their letters direct to him. Hundreds of letters are pouring in.

Our Basement==Toyland.

If grown-up people would only stop to consider the pleasures they derived from Toys in their childhood, they would gladly spend a little money occasionally in this way on their own little ones.

Our Toyland is in the Basement. It is one of the sights of this interesting store to watch the children go through it.

The BOOKS, the DOLLS, the GAMES, the TOYS are massed in serried ranks.

Special showing and attractive offerings in Leather Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Books, Fancy Goods, Umbrellas, Sterling Silver Novelties, etc.

Music on first floor all day.

Great Kid Glove Sale Saturday. See tomorrow's advertisement.

The End of the Century Remedy for the End of the Century Disease.

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NERVES

This Great Remedy has until now been obtained only by the wealthy patients of an eminent Nerve Specialist. A scientific treatment for Nervous Exhaustion and its allied evils, Headache, Dizziness, Weariness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Mental Depression, Irritability, etc. Tiny Tablets will positively cure NERVOUS PROSTRATION and loss of Physical and Mental vigor. At Druggists for 50 cents; or by Mail from the Dr. Hope Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

A Tiny Dose—Positive Results.

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J. P. PAUL, City Passenger Agent, O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 10, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m., for Halifax, N. S., St. 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 Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Havre de Loup at 10:30 a.m., and leave for Montreal at 10:40 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, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting with gun, duck, trout and other fowl common to this part of the continent. For information as to game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of "Red and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the Intercolonial Railway, 295 Richmond Street, Montreal. William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 26 York Street, Rossmore House Block, Toronto. Car service from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast is an inducement not offered by any other company.

An experienced and competent porter is in charge of every car. Any Canadian Pacific agent will gladly give you further particulars and a saving agent.

A. H. NOTMAN, A.G.P.A., 11 King Street East, Toronto. THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, 161 Dundas Street, corner of Richmond.

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RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, \$20 and upwards. Second cabin, \$15 and upwards. Third cabin, \$10 and upwards. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets. London agents: E. De La Hooke, T. R. Far, Ker, F. B. Clarke.

ALLAN LINE.

Royal Mail Steamships. For Liverpool, Calling at Moville, From Portland, Halifax, etc. Dec. 15. Will not call. Dec. 16. Call. Dec. 17. Liverpool direct. Dec. 18. Call. Dec. 19. Call. Dec. 20. Call. Dec. 21. Call. Dec. 22. Call. Dec. 23. Call. Dec. 24. Call. Dec. 25. Call. Dec. 26. Call. Dec. 27. Call. Dec. 28. Call. Dec. 29. Call. Dec. 30. Call. Dec. 31. Call.