

Ordinary, Every Day Teas

Are as Skim Milk is to Cream
Compared With

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

It is the pure and unadulterated
product of the richest tea-growing soil
in the universe.Sealed Lead Packets, only 25c, 40c,
50c, 60c.FAITHFUL—
TILL THE END

Wortley bursts out laughing, and with a quickness she is not prepared for, catches her arm.

"What a little humbug you are!" says he. "Come back here, and eat your raspberries. You know as well as I do, that you are not going to die of your late wetting."

She looks up at him. He has let his hand slip from her arm down to her fingers, and he is now holding the latter in a very light clasp. Her look is provocative.

"Perhaps not of my wetting," says she, but one dies of worse things than that. What things—far worse."

"For instance—"

"Ill-treatment?"

"Ah, tell me his name!" says he.

"At this they both laugh.

"Do you know," he continues presently, "I have been wanting to say something to you all day, but I had not the courage."

"The courage?"

"Yes. Even if I tyrant and oppressor, as I am, with a big O' still I cover before you!" This admission ought to have paved the way for me—ought to have paved the way for my mercy to me!"

"What do you want to say?"

"I want you to take back that parol. It is the Pipe of Peace in our case. Can't you bring yourself to accept it?"

She shakes her head vigorously. "I don't smoke," says she.

"You will take it back, however," persists he, ignoring her nonsense.

"No! No! Never! I couldn't."

"Still, I wish you would."

"It is impossible."

Sir Stephen sighs.

"What a fraud you are!" says he. "You look so good-hearted, and yet—"

Well, I suppose I must only give it to old Miss Miggins!"

"To Miss Miggins?" Nell makes a little gesture of protest. "To her—oh, don't!"

"Why not? Either to her or into the fire."

"The fire first. It was lovely!"

"Was it?" says Sir Stephen. "That's strange. I'm not a judge of parols, admit, but, do you know, when I was buying it, I said to myself, 'I've just like you!'"

"Just I give it to Miss Miggins?"

"There was an alternative. In an compromising tone. "You can burn it."

"Tonight," says he, and a fresh delectation follows this, and a fresh delectation upon the raspberries. His overture has been rejected, and Wortley, with a feeling of anger against himself, for having so far tried to melt her to his most garden path, saying nothing more until Gaveston or Mickey comes back to give a graceful turn to their discourse. At all events she shall be the one to speak first, which, of course, means that speech is not a thing to be expected until the arrival of some third person.

Into the very midst of these most somber determinations falls a distraction. Right underneath his very nose a little palm is thrust with three big raspberries. It is all events she shall be the one to speak first, which, of course, means that speech is not a thing to be expected until the arrival of some third person.

"Eat them," says Nell.

"Is it a peace offering?"

He stoops, and eats them off the dainty dish that might be truly set before any king in all the world, and having eaten them, and still with the "dainty dish" within his grasp, he bends again, and presses a hasty kiss upon that lovely plate.

Nell does not withdraw her hand, but she blushes rosy red. A charming red, Wortley, still holding her hand, and looking at her, thinks he has never seen her look so pretty.

"Her beauty was new color to the air. And music to the silent many birds."

That she is surprised is beyond question. Astonishment is portrayed in the large eyes that are resting on him.

"Why did you do that?" asks she at last.

"Wortley laughs.

"On my word, I don't know."

Miss Prudenstein takes back her hand, and shrugs her shoulders slightly.

"I do—I do!" declares he eagerly, and with contrition. "It was because—"

He hesitates.

"Well!" She is evidently determined to have her answer. But the sun has given place to amusement, and her lips are now parted in a mischievous smile. "Is it so hard to say?" asks she.

"I may say it, then?"

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In the Land

Norwood Ceylon Tea.

Nothing Like It.

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\$5.00 per lb.

We offer a special lot at

75c per lb.

to introduce High Grade Teas.

Fitzgerald,
Seandrett & Co.,
160 DUNDAS STREET.

"How can I tell you? What do I know of your thoughts?" She laughs outright, and then, "You—maliciously—are afraid."

"I am!" giving in on the spot in a most craven fashion. "If your wrath were to descend upon me again today, I should be indeed undone. Give me permission, and then I'll speak."

"Oh, coward!" cries she. "No, no—there shall be no permission. And you may keep your answer."

Wortley says he, with sudden recklessness. "I'll risk the half of it. It was because your hand is the prettiest one I know."

"That a half?" says she. "Why, I call it a handsome whole. What more could you say?"

He looks at her intently.

"Is that another question? Do you still dare me?" asks he, in a low tone.

His air has grown suddenly intensified. Nell draws back, laughing lightly at ways, but her color has again risen, dyeing her face softly, even as far as the broad brow.

"I'll dare my guardian!" says she. She draws still farther from him, and Wortley comes back to the moment, with a laugh as light as his own. "What on earth has he been going to say. He doesn't know."

They are both a little silent as they go back to the house.

CHAPTER XL

Cecilia and Stairs—reluctantly on Cecilia's part—had gone up the garden, and from it had passed into the pleasure called the White Square, because on it all the sun that ever shines, shines brightest. A little spot it is, walled round and lined with giant beeches, and with high banks of mossy grass that make luxurious seats. In the trees the birds are singing lazily, and songs for their little ones, that now are surely old enough to sing their evening hymn for themselves. A gentle wind is playing on the leaves, filled with a delicate saturation from the ocean, far down there.

A faint sea-fragrance dwells upon the air.

Autumn's enchantment layeth hold on Stirling's sense to vaguest pang.

To glacial memories of days so fair, As no days ever were."

"As no days ever were!" Stairs, who has been quoting these charming lines to himself, stops short with a little sudden pang at his heart, and looks at Cecilia.

But Cecilia's eyes are over there—over, where behind one of the biggest beech trees, a small and beloved form is bending.

"Looking for rabbits, Geoff?" cries she.

Geoff extricates himself from the mound of loose earth that he and his terrier have been casting upon the world, and turning to her a face bright, excited:

"It's down here!" cries he.

"A rabbit? Oh, Geoff, a poor little rabbit!"

"Tien! a rabbit at all," screams he in his high treble. "It's a nasty little fellow."

"Never mind the rat. Come here."

Cecilia is glad of this happy interlude, and calls to the boy eagerly.

This conversation between her and Stairs is growing a little strained.

Geoff, giving his little terrier a cuff, as a command to proceed, a perfectly useless admonition, as a second again and is now scrambling up the earth as hard as ever she can, comes up a little reluctantly to his mother.

"This is Captain Stairs—you know him," says Cecilia to the child. Her tone is so different from the one he knows, and loves, that the child glances at her from under his long dark lashes as if questioning her.

"Say now, dry do, Geoff?"

Geoff advances with such evident dislikes, however, that Stairs has little difficulty about waving him off.

"That will do," says he, drawing himself up stiffly, pushing the boy back as it were, and the way, gladly accepting his terms, turns, and calling loudly to the terrier, runs quickly to the garden path.

"Why did you repulse him like that?" asks Cecilia, passionately. "You always hate him, don't you?"

"What have you done to him?"

"He is your own question," says Stairs coldly. "He is your child."

Is that a reason why you should never let me see him?"

"I can see it still, and he—so used to love always—what could he know of dislike unless you told him?" What have you done to him?"

"Her voice breaks. All the grief—the strange terror of the past few hours now declares itself in a flood of tremulous anger. Poor Cecilia! who has never been in all her short and thoughtless life how to be angry before, is now troubled and distressed by the very emotion that she so suddenly fallen into her days.

(To be continued.)

FALL FAIRS.

Where and When the Exhibitions Will Take Place.

Western, London, Sept. 9 to 18
Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 30-Sept. 11
North-West, Ottawa, Sept. 14-16
Central, Guelph, Sept. 13-16
South-West, London, Sept. 14-16
Morristown, Milverton, Sept. 14-17
Central, Ottawa, Sept. 17-23
East-End, London, Sept. 17-23
North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 21-22
Great Northern, London, Sept. 21-22
Southern, Stratford, Sept. 21-24
Ontario, Chatham, Sept. 21-24
North Oxford, Windsor, Sept. 22-23
Hay Agricultural Society, Zurich, Sept. 22-23
Great Northern, London, Sept. 22-23
Horticultural, Guelph, Sept. 23-24
Ayrmer, Stratford, Sept. 23-25
Palmerston, Palmerston, Sept. 25-28
Barnet, Barnet, Sept. 25-28
Ontario and Durham, Whitby, Sept. 25-28
Buckingham, Dunsmuir, Sept. 25-29
South Oxford, Eltonburg, Sept. 25-29
Zane and Bothwell, Sept. 25-29
Lambton, Sarnia, Sept. 25-29
Cayuga, Sept. 25-29
Essex, Sept. 25-29
North Bruce, Port Elgin, Sept. 30-Oct. 1
West Elgin, Wallaceburg, Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Elmlea, Lucknow, Sept. 30-Oct. 1
East Nisour, Sept. 30-Oct. 1
London, Toronto, Sept. 30-Oct. 1
South Norwich, Otterville, Oct. 1-2
Bruden, Oct. 5
Custer, Oct. 5
Moss and Keford, Oct. 5-6
North South, St. Mary's, Oct. 5-6
Woolwich, Elmira, Oct. 5-6
North Brant, Paris, Oct. 5-6
N. and W. Oxford, Ingersoll, Oct. 5-6
Westminster, London, Oct. 5-6
Alvinston, Alvinston, Oct. 6-7
Highgate, Oct. 6-7
Petroles, Petroles, Oct. 7
Wes. Nissouri, Thoradale, Oct. 8
Norwich, Norwich, Oct. 8
Howard, Oct. 8-9
Ogden, Oct. 11-13
Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 12-14
Ridney, Oct. 12-14

LIFE SAVER.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Grim Death
Stalks ThereScarcity of Food Checks
Work at Klondike.Plenty of Money There But the
Stocks of Stores Are Low.Famine Likely to Put in an Ap-
pearance Before Winter
Ends.Gold Hunters Find They Must Get
Out or Starve.Looking for Gold in Michipicoten — A
Government Expert Sent Out.

Eureka, Cal., Sept. 9.—The news by the steamer National City from St. Michael's corroborates what has been said of the prospects of short rations in the gold diggings of the upper river during the winter. The steamer brought three passengers. One of these is J. A. Halston, of 214 McCallister street, San Francisco. Halston says there is gold and lots of it, in the Klondike, but it is generally still in the ground. That vessel left San Francisco on the 20th of August, and now located could turn out 50 tons this winter if the

SCARCITY OF FOOD did not prevent full operations. He gives a rough guess that the Klondike is good for \$200,000,000 before returning out.

Six thousand men in the mines about Dawson City is the estimate of Halston. The supply of the necessities of life to feed these men, he says, is totally insufficient. In fact, he estimates that the stores will be exhausted before the winter is half over, when the famine will be on in earnest, and especially as the number of men in the country will be greatly augmented by the late arrivals over the passes.

There is whisky, beer, and all kinds of liquor in profusion, he says, but their places could have been better filled on the steamers with flour.

PLENTY OF MONEY THERE.

It is not that the men in the country have not money to buy supplies, but that the stocks of the stores are inadequate. Halston says one of the best claims on Eldorado Creek is the property of James Hallack, Missouri. It will turn out at least \$1,000,000. Claim No. 12 on Eldorado Creek is also very rich. It is so uncommonly rich that it would take two ounces to the pan from any part of the claim. What wealth is coming by the steamer.

Those of the Healey who came to St. Michael's were very well off, and their store of dust. With the exception of Halston and his companions all the passengers of the Healey took passage on the Excelsior. That vessel left St. Michael's the night of August 25 with 80 passengers.

AGROUND 20 DAYS.

On the way now down the river from Dawson City, which place the steamer Healey left Aug. 14, the steamer Weare was found hard and fast on a bar for 20 days, and the Healey lay alongside, took off her passengers and some of her freight, and then proceeded on her way, leaving the unfortunate boat hard and fast aground with small chances of getting off before the river closes.

E. Leonard says the Weare had on board 150 passengers and about \$750,000 in treasure. This steamer was taken to the Healey and taken to St. Michael's. A considerable amount of the will arrive in San Francisco on the Excelsior.

GET OUT OR STARVE.

When asked why he returned, Leonard said: "I found that I had to get out or starve. There were about 4,000 men in Dawson and not more than a third of them have work. If you have not a stock of grub you cannot get work at any price. I have provisions for three months and no one wanted me, a hard not enough to work my own claim until spring. I sold my stock at a good figure and will wait until spring. Jim Damsour, the Eldorado Explorer, has had a stock of provisions ordered for some months, but has not been able to obtain more than a fifth of it, even at exorbitant prices in advance. These coming out, however, did not bring all their clerical with them."

FIFTY DEAD FROM SCURVY.

Leonard recites numerous instances of men who had cleaned up \$50,000 to \$100,000, but had taken away barely a third of that. The steamer Weare made nothing except at wages at \$15 a day for a month or so.

P. F. Lamb, of Portland, is authority for the statement that over 20 men have already died of scurvy this summer.

In regard to discoveries on Stewart River Halston says there are many rumors of rich strikes, but up to the time he had left Dawson nothing definite had been received. The National City was eleven days from St. Michael's, Alaska, where she left 50 eager gold-seekers. It is very doubtful whether any of the passengers who went up on the National City will get through this year. The small boat which some of the passengers had taken up on the deck of the steamer has proved a disappointment. Her machinery has gone wrong and she draws too much water.

There is enough provisions in the party, however, to winter it out and proceed up the river when spring opens. The Cleveland was expected to sail on the day after the National City departed. The Excelsior left St. Michael's 12 hours before the National City.

A CATTLE TRAIL TO THE KLON-
DIKE.

Ottawa, Sept. 10.—The controller of mounted police has been notified that an expedition which has been equipped by his orders, has left Edmonton by the overland route to Yukon. The party numbers 24, and is equipped for a severe journey. The object is to establish a cattle trail, so that live stock may be driven from western territories to the mining country and furnish food for the seekers after gold. The commissioners state that it will in all probability take a year or two to complete. The expedition from Edmonton to Dawson City, they will therefore be started on the journey's end matter.

LIFE IN DAWSON.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 10.—Harry Adair, of George B. Adair & Son, powder dealers of the city, is on the steamer Portland, the following

208, 210,
210¹, 212

GRAND REOPENING

LONDON'S GREATEST STORE

(RUNIANS & BUTLER.)

After two months' tumult the noise of the builders has ceased and the new annex is about ready to move into. This new wing with its three spacious floors will give us an area over all of about 36,000 square feet, making the

BIG DEPARTMENTAL

one of the best in the Province, well lighted, well heated, well ventilated and thoroughly modern in every respect. Every department easy of access and not a dark corner in the house.

Our Reopening Will Take Place on Saturday,

and continue all next week, when we will present to the public the finest and most extensive array of high grade goods ever shown in London, and we extend a cordial invitation to our friends and the general public to come and see the new premises and examine the new stocks.

We have planned for big things during the reopening, and have prepared prices accordingly. Our exceptional purchasing power will be fully demonstrated on this occasion—both as to price and displays—and no matter how big the crowd customers can rely on the most satisfactory service.

Remember, we sell nearly everything, and every department is brimful of new goods with prices to square, with every purse, from the popular grades to the ultra-fashionable.

The Big Store will be one of the sights during the exhibition next week, and we invite visitors to make it their headquarters while at the fair. We have rooms specially set apart for them where they can leave their wraps, parcels etc., and get them checked free of charge.

One of the brightest spots in the Big Store next week will be the Dress Goods and Silks Department. We are prepared for an immense trade and have enormous displays. All the fashion leaders of the world are represented here by their choicest creations.

The new Mantle and Costume rooms upstairs will be well worth a visit. The display of Jackets and Capes to suit the season is simply elegant, and not an old garment in the store. You will be interested by a visit to the

BIG DEPARTMENTAL

RUNIANS & BUTLER, Importers.

letter from Ben Cavanaugh, a well-known and very reliable young man of Seattle, who is now in Dawson City.

Friend Harry—I wish you would drop me a few lines and let me know how things are in Seattle and how the colts are getting along. I wish I had them up here. I could easily sell them for \$1,200. I saw a team sold today for \$1,100. I really saved that good as my colts. I offered the man \$550 for them myself. I could earn from \$60 to \$75 a day with them. I had them. I sold the mule I brought from Seattle for \$200. She cost me \$10 in Seattle. I have the horse left, and which also cost me \$10 in Seattle. It is a very expensive feed, too. It costs \$240 per ton.

Mr. Peters and myself could not resist the temptation to get in on the Dawson City real estate boom, so we have bought a lot 50x100 feet in size, paying \$1,100 for it. That breaks me for the present.

I will not be able to come out on this boat, as I can only coax the old horse to live until winter I will come out on the ice.

GOLD GALORE.

"Harry, I have seen more gold since coming here. I really saved that my life. The mine owners' cabins are stored with gold. There are old rubbers, boots, and trunks, and anything and everything in which it can be put lying around filled with it.

I paid my father 50 cents for an iron lock, which I sold here for \$8. The only trouble is we have not goods enough to sell. We were wrecked while coming down the river and lost a lot of things. Luckily we escaped paying duty altogether. The duty in most cases is more than the first cost of the goods.

"This is a good country so far as that the mine owners' cabins are stored with gold. There are old rubbers, boots, and trunks, and anything and everything in which it can be put lying around filled with it.

"I can make a little outside of what I have put in that lot I will come out the first part of the winter. I may get a good chance to go out after horses."

STUCK IT RICH.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio, Sept. 10.—Mrs. Minnie Peck, of this city, has received a letter from her son, Harry B. Peters, who is en route to the Klondike, dated St. Michael's, Aug. 13, in which he says he met J. A. Halston, Marysville, Ohio, who, with a partner, made \$120,000 each out of one claim they discovered last winter, and then sold it for \$120,000. Powers is on his way home, and says the Klondike is the richest country in the world. Peters says there will be great suffering this winter, and cautions everyone not to go to the Klondike before next June, and says to one should attempt to go over the trail unless a good canoe man, the necessary cash for the trip, he says, is at least \$500.

STILL THEY GO.

Port Townsend, Wash., Sept. 10.—The steamer Queen has sailed for Alaska, and carried north 110 persons, bound for the Klondike via Dyce. While at

her dock here the Queen was subjected to a rigorous search by the customs officers in quest of contraband intoxicants, but nothing of that character was found. All ships sailing from this port for Alaska will hereafter be carefully searched before clearing.

RAILWAY ROUTE.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 9.—A company is being organized here, which has for its object the construction of a narrow gauge railway from the water on Prince William Sound, up the valley of the much-talked-of Cooper River, and thence across the divide to a point on the Yukon River, near the boundary line. The name of the company will be the Alaska Central Railway Company, and its capital stock \$5,000,000. The promoter of the enterprise is Col. John Underwood, of this city, and a former extensive railway contractor. Associated with him, he says, is Elijah Smith, of New York, the controlling spirit of the Oregon Improvement Company, and John J. Cudaby and P. B. Armour, the Chicago packers, and one or two local capitalists. The proposed road will be about 222 miles long. Senator Perkins and Capt. Goodall are mentioned as members of the board of directors.

MICHIPICOTEN

Capitalists Securing the Good Claims—Ontario Government Acts Promptly.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 8.—The north shore steamer arrived from Michipicoten at 11:30, but brought no passengers or letters from Lake Wawa. Capt. Ganley learned from Indians that two Port Arthur capitalists had arrived at the gold fields and were buying all the claims that looked promising, paying spot cash. The telegram leaves at 2 o'clock with between 50 and 60 passengers, many of whom are from outside places. About 20 Saulters will go up, and there are 15 or 20 outsiders who will be on the passenger list today. Numerous telegrams have been received by Saulters & Ganley to reserve berths for later trips. At least 20 of those going today will sleep on cots tonight.

Ottawa, Sept. 10.—Prof. A. B. Willmott, who has been assisting Prof. Coleman, the provincial geologist, during the past two seasons in the geological exploring in northwestern Ontario, will leave on today's noon train for the Michipicoten gold field. He is sent out by the Bureau of Mines. He will enter the district of Missanabie Station, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the north side of Dog Lake, and will descend the Michipicoten River to its mouth. He will then visit the gold locations in the vicinity of Lake Wawa, and proceed northward by a series of water stretches, and come out again at Missanabie. Thence he will go west by the railway to the crossing of the Maple River, and will descend the waters of that river to the Hudson Bay Company's post at its mouth. In this way the country will be crossed sectioned three times from north to south. Numerous excursions will be made. A preliminary report of his exploration for the benefit of explorers interested in Ontario's new gold field.

A. MCGREGORY,
Cornwall, Ont.

Dodd's Kidney Pills
Always cure Urinary Troubles

New Presbyterian Hymnals
Full line just received. Also

New Customs Tariff for '97

JOHN MILLS,
404 Richmond Street.

Gift 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.

"THE FOUL THING"

Is the Way a Southern Newspaper Speaks of McKinley.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 10.—The Times-Democrat, the leading New Orleans paper, referring to the colored politician, Demas, whom President McKinley has made naval officer here, says:

"That the president should take up a man of this type and make him not only the people of