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The Strange Metamorphosis.

"Yes, you, sir, and let your companions regard you with the contempt and abhorrence you so richly merit. Here, needless to say, the whole school glared at poor Coggs with as much virtuous indignation as they could summon up at such short notice; for contempt is very infectious when communicated from high quarters."

"So, Coggs," said the doctor, with a slow and withering scorn, "so you thought to defy me; to smuggle compressed illness and concentrated unhealthiness into this school with impunity? You flattered yourself that, after I had once consecrated your contraband poisons, you would hear no more of it! You deceived yourself, sir! I tell you, once for all, that I will not allow you to contaminate your innocent schoolmates with your gifts of surreptitious sweetmeats; they shall not be perverted with your pernicious peppermints, sir; you shall not grave them by the subtle and insidious intubation of the cheap but cloying Turkish Delight! I will not expose myself or them to the throats of disease invited here by a hypocritical inanity of my walls. The traitor shall have his reward."

All of which simply meant that the doctor, having once had a small boy taken seriously ill from the effects of overeating himself, was naturally anxious to avoid such an inconvenience for the future. "Thanks to the fearless honesty of a youth," continued the doctor, "who, in an eccentric manner, certainly, but with, I do not doubt, the best of motives, opened my eyes to the fell evil. I am enabled to cope with it at its birth. Richard Buttitude, I take this occasion of publicly thanking and commending you; your conduct was noble."

Mr. Buttitude was too angry and disappointed to speak. He had thought his path was going to be made smooth, and now, all this ridiculous fuss was being made about a few peppermint lozenges. He wished he had never mentioned them. It was not the last time he breathed that wish. "As for you, Coggs," said the doctor, suddenly producing a little known cane, "I shall make a public example of you."

Coggs stared idiotically and protested, but after a short and painful scene was sent off to his bedroom, yelping like a kicked puppy.

"One more word," said the doctor, now almost calm again. "I know that you all think with me in your horror of the treachery I have just exposed. I know that you would welcome to participate in it. (A shrill and murmur expressive of intense horror and scorn, went round the benches.) "You are anxious to prove that you do so beyond a doubt." (Again a murmur of assent.) "I give you all that opportunity. I have implicit trust and confidence in you—let every boarder go down into the box room and fetch up his play-box, just as it is, and open it here before me."

There was a general fall of jaws at this very unexpected conclusion; but, contriving to overcome their dismay, they went outside and down through the play ground into the box room, where Paul among the rest, and amid universal confusion, every one opened his box, and, with a consideration especially laudable in heedless boyhood, choughfully and carefully removed from it all such dainties as might be calculated to shock or pain their preceptor.

Mr. Buttitude found a key which was labeled "play-box," and began to open a box which bore Dick's initials cut upon the lid; without any apprehensions, however, for he had given too strict orders to his daughter, to fear that any luxuries would be concealed there.

But no sooner had he raised the lid than he staggered back with disgust. It was crammed with cakes, butter-scotch, hardbake, pots of jam, and even a bottle of ginger wine—enough to compromise a chameleon!

He set himself to pitch them all out as soon as possible with feverish haste, but Tipping was too quick for him. "Hallo!" he cried. "Oh, I say, you fellows, come here! Just look at this! Here's this impudent young beggar, who sneaked off poor old Coggs for sucking jubbies, and very nearly got us all into a jolly good row, with his own box full all the time! butter-scotch, if you please, and jam, and ginger-wine! You'll just put 'em all back again, you young humbug!"

"Do you see those words to me, sir?" said Paul angrily, for he did not like to be called a humbug.

"Yes, sir, please sir," jeered Tipping.

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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

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

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I did venture to take such a liberty, sir."

"Then it was like your infernal impudence," growled Paul. "You be kind enough to leave my affairs alone. Up with you, what boys are coming to nowdays!"

"Are you going to put that tuck back?" said Tipping impatiently.

"No, sir, I'm not. Don't interfere with what you're not expected to understand!"

"Well, if you won't," said Tipping, easily, "I suppose we must. Biddlecomb, kindly knock him down, and sit on his head while I fill his play-box for him."

This was neatly and quickly done. Biddlecomb tripped Mr. Buttitude up, and sat firmly on him, while Tipping carefully replaced the good things in Dick's box, after which he locked it, and courteously returned the key. "As the box is heavy," he said, "with a wicked wink, 'I'll carry it up for you myself,' which he did, Paul following, more dead than alive, and too shaken even to expostulate.

"Buttitude's box was rather too heavy for him, sir," he explained, as he came in; and Dr. Grimestone, who had quite a little to say, remarked that he "liked to see the strong assisting the weak."

All the boxes had by this time been brought up, and were ranged upon the tables, while the doctor went round, making an almost formal inspection, like a custom house officer searching contraband, and becoming milder and milder as box after box opened to reveal a fair and innocent interior.

Paul's turn was coming very near, and his heart seemed to shrivel like a burst bladder. He fumbled with his key, and tried hard to lose it. It was terrible to have one's self to apply the match which is to blow one to the winds. If it—the idea was almost too horrible—but if he, a blameless and respectable city merchant, were actually to find himself served like the miserable Coggs!

At last the doctor actually stood by him. "Well, my boy," he said, not unkindly, "I'm not afraid of anything wrong here at any rate."

Mr. Buttitude, who had the best reasons for not sharing his confidence, made no inarticulate sounds, and pretended to have a difficulty in turning the key.

"Eh! Come, open the box," said the doctor with an altered manner. "What are you fumbling at it for in this—this highly suspicious manner? I'll open it myself."

He took the key and opened the lid, when the cakes and wine stood revealed in all their damning profusion. The doctor stepped back dramatically.

"Hardbake!" he gasped, "wine, pots of strawberry jam! Oh! Buttitude, this is well—vastly well, indeed! So I have nourished one more viper in my bosom, have I? A crawling reptile, which curries favor by denouncing the very man who reveals its play-box! Oh, this is black duplicity! Buttitude, I was not prepared for this!"

"I—I swear I never put them in!" protested the unhappy Paul. "I—I never touch such things; they would bring my gut in bad an hour. It's ridiculous to punish me. I never knew they were there!"

"Then why were you so anxious to avoid opening the box?" rejoined the doctor. "No, sir, you too! Engage me, your guilt is clear. Go to your dormitory, and wait there till I come to you!"

Paul went upstairs, feeling utterly undressed and helpless. He thought word as to his real character might have saved him, he could not have said it, and, worse still, knew now that he could not.

"I shall be caned," he told himself, and the thought nearly drove him mad. "I know I shall be caned! What on earth shall I do?"

He opened the door of his bedroom. Coggs was rocking and moaning on his bed in one corner of the room, but looked up with red furious eyes as Paul came in.

"What do you want up here?" he asked. "I wish I could go away," said Paul dolefully; "but I'm—hum—I'm sent up here, too," he explained, with some natural embarrassment.

"What?" cried Coggs, slipping off his head and staring wildly; "you don't mean to say you're going to catch it too?"

"I've—ah—every reason to fear," said Mr. Buttitude stiffly, "that I am indeed going to 'catch it,' as you call it."

"I don't understand you," said Paul. "Don't come so near. Keep off your young demon, will you?" he cried presently, as Coggs, gasping and with his hands up, was rushing at him with an evident hostile intent. "There, don't be annoyed, my good boy."

He pleaded, catching up a chair as a bulwark. "It is a misunderstanding, I wish you no harm. There, my dear young friend. Don't!"

(To be Continued.)

It is scientifically affirmed, that in the thirty years which follow the change from the life of the woman, beginning at fifteen, and ending at forty-five, the average woman spends ten years of that time in physical suffering caused by irregular periods, disagreeable menses, female troubles, or other derangements of the functions of the delicate female organs.

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Mrs. M. F. Long, of Le Loup, Franklin Co., Kan., writes: "Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines. I have been in poor health more or less all my life. In the past nine years grew weaker and weaker, and after taking one bottle of your medicine, I began to look like a woman and not like a wasted skeleton. That weary tired feeling all left me, and it did seem as though life was worth living."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cleanse the skin.

RELIGION AIDS THE PHYSICIANS

To Prolong Life—Dr. Talmage Preaches the Doctrine of Physical Care as Part of Christianity.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 28.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage gives prescriptions for the prolongation of life, and touches the question of physical health. He said in part: "Through the mistake of its friends, religion has been chiefly associated with sick-beds and graveyards. The whole subject, to many people, is odorous with chloroform and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clippings of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph. Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is salutary, curative, hygienic. The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and Noah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were, at one time in his empire, forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zanker died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of life will be increased."

NOT A WHIMSICALITY.

Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for four centuries, and what will be the strength of man, and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all? My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, by the fact that it makes the care of your mouth a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: 'God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars, or mar its walls, or crumble its pillars, is a God-defying sacrilege.' Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the realm of cook-pot, to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue, for all you must be brought to judgment. Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine, logging and strychnine, walking with a limp, or having your feet look delicate, pinched at the ankles, and you are right out in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly!"

A PROTEST AGAINST SIN.

Again: I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipation, which injures and destroys the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at the age of 36 years, of age, himself his own Mazarin, of unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age, on the bust above his door was the inscription:—

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond middle-life, then died at St. Helena, the man who by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austria, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box! How many people we know who have not lived half their days because of dissipation and indulgence! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

There are aged people who would have been dead years ago but for the defenses and the virtues of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries today, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the night of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You see the aged Christian man, walked about by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. There is all the difference between you. If this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of life. It is not work when a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy, and when to sell; and if he gains, that is best, and if he loses, that is best.

THE PERFECT PEACE.

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments will attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man! God is on your side; he will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine to the healthy. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with



Music.

One of the most attractive departments of our Big Store is the Music Department. A piano and pianist in attendance all day. We keep all the latest Sheet Music, only 25c sheet. "Gold Will Buy Me." Anything but a True Girl's Heart. "Zenda Waltzes." "The Light of Love." "Church Across the Way." "Hello, Ma Baby." "Ambolena Snow." "Belle of the Hunt." "Just as the Sun Went Down." "Whistling Rufus." "Georgia Camp Meeting." "Because." "Eli Green's Cakewalk." "I Don't Like No Cheap Man." "Take Your Clothes and Go." "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia." "Ma Ragtime Baby." "Kiss Me, Honey, Do." "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby."

Special, 3 for 25c.

On Saturday and Monday we will sell one lot of the popular waltzes, cakewalks, two-steps, songs, and so on, 3 for 25c.

See our special Music, 5c sheet, and six sheets for 10c; all up to date music; some pieces have the corners slightly torn, but the music is all perfect.

Latest Books.

"David Harum," "Double Thread," by Ellen T. Fowler; "Dress," by Merriam; "Money Market," by E. F. Benson; "Richard Carrel," by Winston Churchill; "In His Steps," and seven other works in paper covers, clear type, good paper, 10c each.

"Miracle at Markham," John King's Question Class," and so on, by Charles M. Sheldon, paper cover, only 30c.

Shakespeare's complete works, cloth binding, 65c.

Battenburg.

Sideboard Scarfs, Dressing Case and Commode Covers, Centers, Dollies, Cushion Tops, Table Covers, and End Pieces, Tea Towels, all the newest designs in Battenburg, Honiton, and French Renaissance.

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Gentlemen's Umbrellas, 24-inch, extra strong, covered with gloria covering, fancy natural wood handles, only 65c.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas, 24-inch, steel rod, good gloria or corolla covering, natural wood handles, with silver trimmings; regular \$1, sale 85c.

Ladies' Umbrellas, silk and wool coverings, great variety of designs, Dresden and good handles, steel rod; regular price \$1.25, at \$1.

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New Fall Veilings, in black, white and colored fish-net, plain and spot Brussels, chiffon and washable Veilings, per yard, 10c to 35c.

Kid Gloves.

In Perrin's and Powny's makes, in all the latest shades, from 65c a pair up to \$1.50.

We guarantee and fit all Gloves at \$1 and upwards.

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Eiderdown, in red, white and fancy designs, made with yoke, full skirt, deep cape, rolling collar, full sleeves, lined throughout, with oyster fasteners. We have them plain and trimmed, with white Angora, and black Astrachan fur, sizes to fit all children.

Big Reduction Sale in Graniteware, in the Basement, for Saturday and Monday.

twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the River of Life from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul. I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pallbearers let down your dead, let them clear through into heaven. Glory be to God for this tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

Are There Any Hints Here for Canada?

Forty-two years ago the first village improvement society—now known as the Laurel Hill Association—was organized in Stockbridge, Mass. Its annual meeting is of interest not only to Berkshire county, but to many villages throughout the country which owe their own beauty to its example. Much of the good done is possible anywhere, such as the cure of roadsides, boxes for refuse, paths with seats at good viewpoints, and planting of trees where the original growth has been sacrificed. Massachusetts was the first state to appoint a board of trustees for public reservations. They look after the parts of seashore, riverbanks, and mountain-tops already in private possession, to the exclusion of public enjoyment. Acquisition by the state, when possible, is slow and costly. Could private wealth build better memorials than those in Stockbridge? There is hardly a village which has not some choice spot which might now be easily secured for the pleasure of posterity. The annual meetings of the Laurel Hill Association are held in the woods of Laurel Hill. On Sept. 12, the grassy amphitheater was crowded with friends and well-wishers from Berkshire resorts. The stone platform is built against the face of a massive rock, over which awayed the American flag. The speakers were the Hon. Samuel S. Rogers, of Buffalo, John E. Parsons, of New York, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The latter, "perhaps

SATURDAY and MONDAY ATTRACTIONS In All Parts of the Store.

Flannelette Wear.

LADIES' GOWNS—Striped flannelette, yoke back and front, neck, sleeves and box plait trimmed with ruffles, Saturday and Monday sale price only 43c.

LADIES' GOWNS—Twilled flannelette, in pink and white, trimmed with deep ruffle 85c.

LADIES' GOWNS—Outing flannelette, in pink, white or blue, trimmed with deep ruffle, edged with Torchon lace; only \$1.00.

LADIES' GOWNS—Outing flannelette, made in three different styles, York choice at 50c, 55c, 60c.

CHILDREN'S GOWNS—In flannelette and outing flannelette, from 39c up to \$1.50.

MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS—Heavy striped flannelette, all sizes at 75c.

LADIES' DRAWERS—Fancy striped flannelette 25c.

CHILDREN'S DRAWERS—Fancy flannelette, well made 25c.

CHILDREN'S DRESSERS—Flannelette, in checks and figured, all sizes 65c.

Ladies' Wrappers.

Wrapperette Cloth, light-fitted in front, full back and back, belted, extra wide, in red and black, green and black, blue and black, white and black, and brown polka dot; regular \$1.50. Bargain wrapperette cloth, full front and back, yoke and rolling collar, trimmed with military braid, in mauve, blue, red and fancy stripes; \$2, reduced to \$1.65.

Outing Flannelette Wrappers, velvet yoke, tight-fitting, interlining, fancy sleeves, trimmed with fancy braid, in red and black only; \$2.50, reduced to \$1.75.

Ladies' Waists.

Outing Flannelette Waists, lined throughout, stripes and plaid, full front and yoke back, cuffs and stock collar; \$1.25, reduced to \$1.00.

MILKED SATIN WAISTS, black and white stripes and polka dot, full front, yoke back, cuffs and stock collar; \$2.25, reduced to \$1.75.

SILK WAISTS—Fancy Liberty Silk, in pink, blue, mauve, white and black stripes; regular \$3.25, for \$2.50.

Wall Paper.

Now is the time to get your Wall Paper; all the newest designs and tints, for parlors, halls, dining-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, dens and smoking-rooms, kitchens, etc., from 10c to 25c per roll up.

See our special line of Wall Paper, with 18-inch borders, for 7c, 8c and 10c.

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Best Oiled Linen, Spring Roller, brackets, fixtures and pull; all complete, fringed 25c.

On-Carts, all sizes and prices. Express Wagons—We keep a big assortment.

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