

It Has Earned the Right TO BE CALLED THE TEA OF THE PEOPLE.

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

Stands Unrivaled and Alone.

Lead Packets Only. All Grocers.

The Face in the Glass.

Blythehurst's busy tongues wagged an excited buzz of comments when it became known for a fact that the old manor house in "Witches' Walk" was taken. The place had an eerie look and a reputation for being haunted. But the new tenants were not disturbed by the faint, far-off, dark whispers that reached their ears unasked.

The new family consisted of Arthur Whitting, a humorous writer and something of a recluse—bachelor—and his spinster sister, Miss Florimel, who kept house for her dreamy and impractical brother. That same determined lady was also in the habit of thrusting her brother out for a "constitutional" regularly after breakfast each morning, deaf to his meek entreaties that he might be allowed to "finish that chapter first." And it was during one of these strolls that he was first awakened to the startling fact that his manor house was "haunted" by the following little occurrence:

He passed a field and stumbled upon worthy Farmer Mayhew.

"You're from the old manor house, ain't you?" observed Mayhew, with a curious glance of his peering eyes from under the big rim of his sun hat.

Mr. Whitting replied that he was.

"Never see anything queer yet o' nights?"

"Any—I beg your pardon?" faltered Mr. Whitting, with a puzzled stare.

"Why, man alive! Man, didn't you know the place is haunted? Has been ever since a young fellow named Stephen came to live there. He was a powerful pretty—was struck dead by lightning in the little back room with the vines running all over the winder and the porch under it? No? Well, I'll tell you."

And he proceeded to edify the new owner of the manor house with a hair-raising chapter of horrors too lengthy to be quoted in full.

Arthur Whitting, the humorist, forgot his pet jokes now. This was no joking matter. If the servants should get tainted with this silly superstition (he recollected with a start having seen Stephen cast a nervous glance behind him in the library at dusk last evening), they would be giving notice next, and if there was anything he hated it was having new servants about.

Half an hour later, Mr. Whitting, not with his energetic homeward tramp, although a crisp October breeze was blowing, stepped into the kitchen and confronted Stephen.

"Here, you! listen to what I tell you, now, and see you heed it, or I'll make you; do you hear? No matter what silly rubbish you may hear from these country gawks, don't believe it—it's nonsense."

"About the—the ghost, sir?" faltered Stephen, in a whisper, with a sheepish look behind at the yawning cellarway.

Mr. Whitting laid a forcible hand on the fellow's coat collar by way of a gentle reminder.

"You blockhead. If I ever see you looking like that again I'll shake you. You're old enough to know better. No giving notice, mind. If you threaten to leave I'll lock you up. You can tell your wife the same thing from me. I'm not going to have my household demoralized by a lot of idle talk."

While Mr. Whitting was talking Miss Florimel entered the room.

"Why, Arthur," she cried, "what has disturbed you?"

Arthur deigned not to enlighten her then, but plunged at once into a vigorous plan of his own for setting his household and example.

"Florimel, my dear," he said, "I am thinking of changing my sleeping apartment. I shall take the little chamber in the wing—the back one on the ground floor, with the porch outside and the vines running all over the window. Be good enough to have the room thrown open and aired today. I shall occupy it tomorrow night."

Mr. Whitting had rented the manor house as the last occupants left it—furnished. The rector, its owner, had placed it in the hands of an agent immediately after the sad accident that befell his daughter, and had taken the rest of his family abroad. It had not occurred to Mr. Whitting that the next night was that deliciously horrible gala night of the spooks, Halloween.

Stephen quaked in his shoes as he lighted his master to the ground floor chamber at 9 o'clock, and the latter turned a disapproving eye on his trembling hands as the spluttering candle they held quivered nervously, and the fellow stared superstitiously into the black gulf beyond the rays of light.

When he was alone he speedily lost himself in his book. So absorbed was he that he did not hear Miss Whitting's low tap at the door until it was repeated more emphatically and her voice said through the keyhole:

"Arthur, if you have not yet retired, open the door. I have something for you."

When he had obeyed he was confronted by his sister and a dainty tray of smoking pippins.

"Have you clean forgotten that this is Halloween?" prattled Miss Florimel cheerily. "Why, Art! What a sleepy head you are growing to be, with your everlasting books and ink-pots—in your old age, I was going to say, but 48 is young. I am 55 myself, and see how I have to exert my faculties for us both!"

"You ought to be ashamed—we haven't missed keeping Halloween in at least 45 years—you haven't, that is."

I've kept it ever since I could remember, and—There, now, do close that book, and sit down and toast your feet by the fire and drink the ale while it's warm. Good night, dear."

Mr. Whitting blew out the candle and pulled the curtains aside to let in the bright moonlight. But the thick vine tendrils outside, still loaded down with their luxurious foliage of crimson and flecked gold, barred the way so that only a gleam of silvery light struggled through into the inner darkness. There was a suspicious dimness in the glass as seen by the uncertain light, too, which suggested dust—the bachelor's pet abhorrence. He drew a long track down the obscured pane with his forefinger. Yes, the glass was thick with it. He threw up the sash, and, penknife in hand, began the work of destruction. In ten minutes' time not a single tendril remained clinging to the window, through which a flood of fairest moonlight poured, subdued a little by the thick veil of dust.

Suddenly as he lingered there looking out upon the pleasant landscape, he was conscious of a faint, dim profile between himself and the outer world. He rubbed his eyes and looked again intently. It was gone—no, the faintest shadow of a shape still remained, like a thought undefined. He snatched his penknife from the desk and hastily rubbed it over the dusty glass, that he might see more clearly. Then he quickly threw up the sash and stared out on the little porch beneath. Not a moving thing in sight.

"Folks!" he muttered to himself, with an impatient laugh at his folly, "has the silly tattle of the country turned my brain too, I wonder?"

But soon that unpleasant consciousness of a mysterious presence intruded on the would-be sleeper again, this time strongly. With a low exclamation of disgust at himself and everything in general, he raised himself upon his elbow and looked toward the window, with difficulty restraining a positive start as he did so, for, clearer than before, it appeared again—a distinct face and figure, apparently standing just outside the window pane, in a position sideways to him.

Mr. Whitting could not have described it, so unreal was the experience, even while the spell was on. He leaned a little forward to see the eyes. Were they open? Only on the faces of sleeping children was that expression of utter oblivion to be seen. This was not the face of a child, but that of a young maiden.

"I'll see how long this thing will last," quoth Mr. Whitting grimly, to himself. "If she can stand it out there in the cold with a thin frock on, surely I can stand it in here. We'll see who gives up first."

(To Be Continued.)

Weak and Nervous

Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of this condition. This condition is remedied by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure. Hood's Pills are the best for indigestion, constipation, cure headache.

Brest will probably be soon made once more the starting point of French steamers for New York. Nearly a day will be saved thereby in the voyage.

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 purveyor of acknowledged efficiency. 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 sublimely Donatelli's famous oil. The Church of St. Anthony at Padua is to be reconstructed according to the original plan, making use of the fragments and bronze figures belonging to it, which are now scattered all over the church.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

A sure cure for headache and nervous depression. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by W. T. Strong.

The Bishop of Carlisle boasts that he "can sew a button on better than any woman." The late Bishop of Worcester learned to sew, so as to be able to take up his wife's dropped stitches when she grew old.

A Natural Beautifier.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Wife (returning home)—How is this, John—what made you put the children to bed so soon? Because they disturbed me in my writing, dear. "And did they allow you to undress them quietly?" "No, that one in the corner screamed dreadfully. "That one in the corner" (Goes and peeps). Why, bless me, what have you done, John—that's Freddy Smith from next door!"

The Best Cough Cure

Is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. T. Strong.

"All right, don't be in a hurry," "Well," call him away. "I have only just bought him, and forgot to ask his name. Just wait a minute whilst I go round to the shop to inquire."

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief, and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

A Street Scene—Help! help! Take your dog away, he is biting my leg."

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "What are you going to do with that dog?" asked a kindly gentleman. "I can't make up my mind," was the answer, "not till I find out what the dog thinks of doing with me."

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION

is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache, Paramelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Paramelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Seasonable Goods!

Cooked Ham, Canned Beef Tongue, Potted Meats for Sandwiches, Scotch Herring in Tins, Finest Brands of Sardines, Olives, Pickles, Sauces, etc.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.,

Phone 488

166 Dundas St.

The Scrap Bag

The September brides are sweet creatures. They can trip it with any assortment remembered in previous years, and the October darlings will be obliged to put on airs to live up to their immediate predecessors. Never has the conventional bridal gown been as swaggy as it is this autumn, never has the dressmaker been so fertile in resources, and it is, indeed, a monstrously plain young woman who doesn't look "perfectly dear" in the voluminous gown in fashion. It is a great pity that girls can't be married this fall, while there are such delightful things to be bought by papa's cash.

A delicious odor of wild grape stewing over the kitchen fire for future jelly pervades many a household these days. There is no fragrance quite like it; certainly none that carries along such a sense of old-fashioned comfort, or suggests the country with its changing woodland more delightfully.

As I came down the budding lane, The birds a-singing free, There came along an old witch-wife, And shrilly called to me.

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said, "Oh, buy a charm of me, To chain thy sweetheart to thy side Though he is on the sea."

"I will not do it, dame," I said, "If false at heart be he, I'd rather have a charm to keep His face afar from me!"

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said, "Oh, buy a charm of me, To break the curse of foes of thine Who might work ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said, "If foul at heart be he, A deeper curse is laid on them Than ought they lay on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid," she said, "A potent charm of me, To bind the strong heart of thy friend In love and loyalty."

"I will not do it, dame," I laughed; "The charm could never be, Could make or break the chain that binds My friend's strong heart to me."

MARGARET GILMAN GEORGE.

Some writers of sea songs were poor sailors. "I'm on the Sea I'm on the Sea" wrote "Barry Cornwall," as if life on the ocean wave were a joy. But it was his imagination that wrote that song, for he was the sickest of sailors and detested the sea.

"I had it from Mrs. Proctor," says Santley, the singer, "who told me that she used to tease him, humming a strain of his jovial sea song as he lay, a very long, huddled in shawls and a tarpaulin, crossing the channel, with barely sufficient animation left to utter, 'My dear, don't.'"

"Which of your studies do you like best, Fred?" asked his father. "I like geography best. I don't like arithmetic; it's too thinkingsome."

A lapse of gallantry occurred the other day in Prof. Tait's class at Edinburgh. Under the new regime the front bench is allotted to ladies, and it happened that on this day the fair students numbered eight. The subject of discussion was, I think, crystals and their geometric forms. "An octahedron, gentlemen," went on the professor, "is a body with eight plain faces. For example—" A rude and reactionary male at the back saw his opportunity. "Front bench," he shouted.

Thomas Hardy's latest novel will be famous for its allusions. It was at first "The Simpletons"; it is now "Hearts Insurgent," and in book form it will be "Jude the Obscure."

A rumor that long earrings are to be the next "return" drives the believer in "cultured taste" to say wicked words about Dame Fashion. She is a jade if this barbaric absurdity ever comes into vogue again. Very few girls have their ears bored nowadays; indeed, no girl who belongs in the swim by right of birth and education wishes to decorate herself with earrings. If, perhaps, some woman has had her ears pierced she wears a solitary screw against the flesh, and that is all, any other style of ornament having been deemed bad form for several years. Let long earrings alone, fair ones.

A Peculiar Style of Hair Dressing.

A peculiar style of hair dressing has just been introduced. It is called the Boticelli, being named after the old master. The hair bulges out on each side of the head low down, growing wide as it descends, being either waved or plain, and the face peers from between as well as from under, thus aiding the effect upon it of the hat. The face looks delicate and appealing. There is here an instance where mere arrangement of dress gives to every woman a grace and charm of expression that she does not possess by nature.

A beautiful or ugly face makes no difference to this sort of charm; for the senses hold to immediate phenomena, and the senses are entranced by this complex coquetry; if after analysis discovers that the woman is plain there will ensue no disappointment, but the additional flavor of surprise. The epilogue finds olives much better than preserves, and a plump and white complexion is tame beside these subtleties. Here, indeed, is the triumph of art.

The Smallest Coin.

Which is at the same time the smallest coin and the coin of least value at present current in Europe? In the absence of a knowledge of any smaller and more worthless, I should be inclined, writes a correspondent, to award the palm to the Greek lepton, a specimen of which has recently come into my hands. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system current in countries belonging to the Latin union, the hundredth part of a drachma. Now, the Greek drachma is, while nominally the equivalent of the franc or the lira, at present worth less than six pence, the rate of exchange about a fortnight ago being 42.90 drachmas to an English sovereign. The lepton is, therefore, approximately worth about one-fifth of an English farthing.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BREAKFAST—Peaches and Bananas. Veal Cutlets. Baked Potatoes. Rice. Corn Bread. Raspberries. Jam. Butter Toast. Coffee.

DINNER—Beef Braise. Cauliflower. Mashed Potatoes. String Beans. Lettuce and Cucumber Salad. Orange Marmalade. Bread.

Cottage Pudding.

SUPPER—Poached Eggs on Toast. Cold Meat. Blackberry Jam. White and Graham Bread. Cookies.

CAULIFLOWER.

Take off all outside leaves; wash thoroughly. Put in bag and boil gently half an hour in salted water. Pour over melted butter with a spoonful of cream, or make a white sauce. Cook together one ounce of flour and two ounces of butter; add one pint of sweet cream or milk; simmer five minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

The influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her is almost boundless. Beauty is an insignificant power compared with this.

"Aho, there, Marie, how did you like the sail? Choppy, wasn't it?"

"Well, I should think so. There was an awful squall and the boat spoked and pounded so we got drenched. Coming home we could not run, but had to tack, and came within an ace of running on the bar."

In bewilderment I listened to the approaching voices. What did they mean by talking in that fashion? Turning to look at them I saw two maidens fair, dressed in nautical garb and wearing the



TO RIVAL JACK TAR.

insignia of the Defender. The mystery was explained—they had gone to the races and were yacht crazy.

As I say, these two maidens fair were dressed in nautical garb. White serge formed the gown of one, made with skirt and jacket. A bright red shirt waist and a white yachting cap were worn with this suit.

The other gown was characteristic of the wearer. She was a bonnie girl, divinely tall, divinely fair. Her figure was too gracefully rounded to admit of any concealment, and a tight-fitting bodice was her selection. The suit was a blue duck. An immense white sailor collar was edged with blue braid, and a blue silk tie was knotted in nautical fashion. A white sailor hat with blue ribbon covered the golden hair.

FASHIONS OF FRANCE.

The Newest Ideas and Designs in Parisian Modes.

In the work rooms of Paris are busy brains and tireless hands laboring ceaselessly at the problem of what shall be worn when the last balloon sleeve has been pricked by autumn's winds—if, indeed, it is to be pricked, for of all the vexed questions this of the sleeve is most vexing; and at this moment the dress-makers of the whole world are on pilgrimages to Paris, and there their days are spent from ten o'clock to four in said work rooms, where tentative models are passed and revised before them like magic lantern slides.

There they are dashing blindly at rouge et noir, and laying their money for luck, knowing not in the least what the end may be. They buy their models and take them home, but the ball will not cease rolling till frost-time and neither favor nor love can tell beforehand how many breadths will be accepted as correct in a skirt. Neither she knows that makes nor she that will wear.

The character of the dress is formed largely by the hat. It is wide in front, where it seems weighted with trimmings; it is wide at the sides where the trimming is built out to the edge and beyond, and it turns up high behind with the effect of an enormous Spanish black comb, and this comb has set flat against it a garniture of flowers. At times it seems to be the width that dominates and at others the weight of the front or the height of the back. Its analysis is subtle and evasive. There have been hats higher and hats wider; but there have never been any more surprising and complex. A part of its effect is due to its position on the head; it is worn tipped low over the face, so low that the brim cuts across the disc of the eyes. Then this high flowered back comb and the eyes glancing out from beneath the shade have an effect of extreme coquetry. The apparently modest produced by the really complex has resulted in the extremely pleasant, and hereby it may be noted that the dressmaker's art has in no wise lost its grip.

A peculiar style of hair dressing has just been introduced. It is called the Boticelli, being named after the old master. The hair bulges out on each side of the head low down, growing wide as it descends, being either waved or plain, and the face peers from between as well as from under, thus aiding the effect upon it of the hat. The face looks delicate and appealing. There is here an instance where mere arrangement of dress gives to every woman a grace and charm of expression that she does not possess by nature.

A beautiful or ugly face makes no difference to this sort of charm; for the senses hold to immediate phenomena, and the senses are entranced by this complex coquetry; if after analysis discovers that the woman is plain there will ensue no disappointment, but the additional flavor of surprise. The epilogue finds olives much better than preserves, and a plump and white complexion is tame beside these subtleties. Here, indeed, is the triumph of art.

Which is at the same time the smallest coin and the coin of least value at present current in Europe? In the absence of a knowledge of any smaller and more worthless, I should be inclined, writes a correspondent, to award the palm to the Greek lepton, a specimen of which has recently come into my hands. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system current in countries belonging to the Latin union, the hundredth part of a drachma. Now, the Greek drachma is, while nominally the equivalent of the franc or the lira, at present worth less than six pence, the rate of exchange about a fortnight ago being 42.90 drachmas to an English sovereign. The lepton is, therefore, approximately worth about one-fifth of an English farthing.

Free—Free

Send us 25 wrappers of either Star Laundry or Dish Cloth Soap and secure your choice of the splendid steel engravings, "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher," or "The Death of Nelson."

Dalton Bros., Toronto.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN. PAIN KILLER KILLS PAIN.

A Midnight Walk

with a colicky baby or a colicky stomach isn't pleasant. Either can be avoided by keeping a bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER on the medicine shelf. It is invaluable in sudden attacks of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea. Just as valuable for all external pains. Dose—One tea-spoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

Karl's Clover Root Tea

FOR CONSTIPATION.

Royal Limited

Royal Lady

At Wholesale.

Royal Limited (Gents), 22 lbs., \$75 00 - Royal Lady, 24 lbs., \$75 00
EQUAL TO ANY MACHINE SOLD AT \$110 00.

HOBBS HARDWARE CO.

GRAHAM BROS.

GREAT

\$1.00

Fedora Hats

IN BLACK, BROWN AND CUBA.

LATEST SHAPES

Double Store, - 159 Dundas St.

Bowman, Kennedy & Co.,

Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

Window Glass,	Paints,	Cut Nails,
Enamelled Glass,	Oils,	Wire Nails,
Galvaline Glass,	Putty,	Galvanized Wire,
Rolled Plate,	Ropes,	O and A Wire,
Spades and Shovels,	Harvest Tools,	Builders' Hardware.

We are just opening spring importations of Cutlery and English Shel Goods.

All Goods bought for cash at lowest value. We lead in prices, quality and new goods. Prompt shipment and best attention guaranteed.

A Silent Helper

An ill-fitting shoe makes you forget all your troubles—and your comforts too.

The Slater Shoe

is a silent friend, which helps you to remember things by permitting you to forget your feet. Costs less than the painful ones—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 per pair (stamped on the sole). Best imported calfskin—black or tan—made with the Goodyear Welt. Six shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Ask to see THE SLATER SHOE.

FOR SALE BY POOCK BROS.