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E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street

JESSAMINE.

After all, however, his brightest days were gained in his character as a carpet knight. Trained coquettes and professional flirts, rushed by a long course of victories, had put confident laze in rest and run vain-glorious flits with him. He was ready to accept the challenge, ready to become for a few days, or, in exceptionally tough cases, a few weeks, the apparent captive of the ambitious belle. The approach of proud beauty, to which nothing could have been more opposed to servility of spirit or demeanor; the gradual and finally apt absorption of his every faculty and sentiment into his unspoken adoration of her whose chains he wore; the delicate appreciation of each shade of feeling and thought, and presence of each desire—above and beneath all, his singular faculty of adaptation to the various phases of character that were set for his reading—could hardly fail, first, to disarm, then to flatter, and finally to captivate.

Up to this period of his career, when he had entered his nine-and-twentieth year, nobody said openly of him that his business in life was to win hearts for the pleasure of breaking them. If he had broken any, his victims made no moan. In the cases of veteran coquettes alluded to just now, sympathy would have been thrown away. These were stealthy whisperers to the effect, however, that others less wary, had been drawn into his snare; had dreamed of love, and, awakening to anguished preception of their folly, had shrouded bleeding hearts in robes of pride or Christian resignation, and lived on outwardly as little changed by the experience as he was. It is superfluous to remark that these cautious rumors lent lustre to his fame instead of diminishing it; that dozens of intrepid damsels were wrought by the hearing into a Curtius-like spirit of self-immolation; panted to leap, bedecked in their bravest array, into the gulf which yawned to destroy the safety and peace of mind of the whole sisterhood of marriageable women in the classic town of Hamilton. Neither the envious, nor the prudish, stigmatized him as a lady-killer. The coarse term would be an insult to his refinement, his notable honor, and equally notable kindness of heart. He was, beyond question, the most charming of men, a social diamond of the first water, although the house daughters of the simple-hearted tenant of the Dundas manse had not at once discovered it.

What wonder that he, sitting among the roses in the arbor, found infinite diversion in the recollection that he was pronounced by Jessie as "positively homely"—utterly unattractive beside her handsome lover, and that her more discreet sister had mildly echoed her disappointment?

He enjoyed the novelty of the incident and the laugh it gave him—was sincere in the half-spoken regret—"What a pity it is that I cannot venture to publish this verdict, and the manner of its delivery, in Hamilton!"

With that, he moved a branch of musk roses nodding above his head; broke it, pulled off the petals until he had a double-handful, and buried his face in the odoriferous mass. Roy came up with him as the sound of low sweet singing music, the dulcet of the garden and the sunset into music. The songstress was Jessie, lying within her oriel-window alone, and gazing at the amber ocean blowing above the purple hills at the outlet of the valley. Her rich contralto voice was like the colored light and the musk roses, Orrin thought, in no wise tempted to dislike or underrate her because she did not value him aright. That mistake would rectify itself, by and by. He could stay a fortnight in Dundas as well as in Roy had pressed him to do so, and he began to think he would.

This was what Jessie sang, never dreaming of the audience, fit, but few, hidden in the blossoming thicket:

Sleeping, I dreamed, Love—dreamed,
 Love of thee;
 O'er the bright wave, Love, floating
 were we,
 Light in thy fair hair played the soft
 wind,
 Gently around me thy white arms were
 twined;
 And as thy song, Love, swelled o'er
 the sea,
 Fondly thy blue eyes beamed, Love, on
 me.

Neither of the cousins stirred until the song was finished, when a robin in the nearest elm began his vespers. "This is Orrin," said Jessie, "tossing another spray—great white roses this time, with creamy hearts. 'It is home!' replied the other softly.

Orrin appeared not to hear him. "Or the Vale of Cashmere!" he went on, drawing in long breaths of perfume. Here are

Timid Jasmine buds that keep
 Their odors to themselves all day,
 But when the sunlight dies away
 Let the delicious secret out—

roses of Kathay and bulbous—and
 Noor-mahal!"
 Roy looked at him over his shoulder.

"If you have pulled enough of Eun-

ice's rare early roses to pieces to satisfy your destructive proclivities, Orrin, we will go in," he said, pleasantly.

Something in his friend's eye and tone disconcerted him to pursue the theme. He could not suspect of an intention to ridicule Jessie or her home, but he felt the absence of sympathy with his own mood.

"Are they hers?" asked the other, brushing the wasted leaves in an unheeded way to the floor.

Roy paid no regard to the emphasis. He was strangely averse to talking about Jessie at that moment.

"They are," he said, leading the way to the house. Orrin reading of the scattered flakes of fragrance to gain the door of the bower. "She is an able florist. There is not another garden like hers for many miles around."

No one excepting Jessie observed that Mr. Wyllis did not accost her of his own accord while they were at tea, which was set out on a small table near the large window in the parlor. She used to petting, and what might have been considered an ingratitude, to court Orrin's notice, in her desire to produce an agreeable impression upon Roy's kinsman, did remark it, and was conscience-stricken by the fear lest her chagrin at beholding a man so unlike her pre-conceived ideal, had been reflected in her manner. She seized an opportunity, therefore, when Roy rolled the table to its accustomed place in the middle of the apartment, to court Orrin's notice.

"So you ascended our Mont Blanc this afternoon?" she said, smiling engagingly. "I must retract my saucy innuendoes touching your fondness for ease."

She was quite near her, but he must have been inattentive, for he turned his face to her, with—"Pardon me! I did not catch your observation!"

"It was nothing so dignified as an observation," she retorted, coloring and laughing. "If I were to repeat it, you would be reminded of the poor girl whose complaint—'The soup is hot,' uttered coincidentally to a deaf old lady who chanced to sit next her at a dinner party, was the signal for the solemn production of an ear trumpet, and the remark—audible to all present—'A very profound and interesting observation. I doubt not, my dear! Will you oblige me by repeating it?'"

Mr. Wyllis laughed in a well-bred moderation that, somehow, made Jessie feel that her little story was not very amusing, and had been tamely told.

"I submit to the consequence of my dearest, rather than annoy you by the ear-trumpet," was the answer.

Bowing deferentially, in quitting her, he followed Mr. Kirke to another window.

"We were speaking of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' today," Jessie heard him begin.

She had read the book, and would have enjoyed listening to their discussion of it, as did Eunice, to whom Mr. Wyllis appealed at her re-entrance, placing a chair for her by her father's, and establishing himself in front of them.

Roy apparently did not object to this arrangement, for he drew a stool to the sofa, and talked to Jessie, aside, things that would have interested her beyond all other subjects, but for the sight of that group in the moonlight that now flooded the room. It kept astride the uneasy sensation produced by Mr. Wyllis' marked avoidance of her at tea time. What a hand lay within her lover's, and her ear drank in all he said, and her heart beat, fast and warm, as he only could make it pulsate, as he was ashamed to catch herself watching the slender figure, bending easily forward, and bowing on the table at his side, his chin upon his hand, now in an attitude of respectful attention, while her father or Eunice spoke, again talking earnestly—she was sure, eloquently also—in the low, cleverly modulated accents of which he was the consummate master. Did he then regard her as a feather-brained rattle? a forward school girl, of whose prattle he was already weary, and whom he adusted incapable of entering into, or appreciating intellectual conversation?

"Oh, dear!" almost unconsciously escaped her, when she reached this point in the train of thought that was rapidly passing through her mind, as she lay apparently listening with the utmost attention to what her lover was saying.

Roy looked amazed, almost aghast, as well he might. He was in the middle of a description of their future home, prefatory of a hint he deemed it best to drop relative to a petition he had laid before the trustees of the college in which he was professor. This had asked a year's leave of absence, that he might pursue the study of German language and literature abroad with one or two other branches of his profession. Orrin Wyllis had brought him letters of approbation from the body named, and the time had come when his must feel his way gently and cautiously to the announcement of the approaching separation.

"My darling," he said, in reply, as it were, to her ejaculation. "What is it? Are you in pain?"

(To be Continued.)

The cut is after an old painting of a man gambling with death with his life as a stake. Behind the man stands a good angel striving to save him.

This game with life as the stake is the every day game of men and women. Behind the player stands the good angel Nature, striving to preserve the life. Even when the game is almost lost, the good angel Nature, striving to preserve the life.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better for him; it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Reg. of Pensacola, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 55), he states: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case as stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me), to perfect health. I value your remedies very highly, and am recommending them to any and all who suffer as I did. Four months ago I did not think to be in shape to assist our Uncle Samuel in case of war, but thanks to you, I am now ready for the Don!"

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 Rodel French Peas, 15c.
 Rodel Mushrooms, 28c.
 Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.
 Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans,
 French Kidney Beans, Succotash,
 Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce,
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 California Silver Plums, 12½c per lb.
 California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

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Supplied Daily to the Residents of London.

And in Large Quantities—The Average Consumption is Half a Pint of Milk Per Capita—Individual Reports.

London's milk supply is good—the best in Ontario. So says the medical health officer in his semi-annual report, just issued. The average percentage of butter fat is the highest in the country—a standard that speaks volumes for the efficient work of the M. H. O. and the honesty and skill of the dairymen. Londoners realize their good fortune, for Dr. Hutchinson's report shows that the consumption of milk in the city is exceptionally high per capita.

The report is as follows: "The Chairman and Board of Health; Gentlemen,—I have the honor to lay before you a report of the inspection of herds and dairies and quality of milk sold in the city during the last six months."

The herds and dairies are arranged in three classes—A, B and C, and the milk also in three classes—1, 2 and 3.

"The regulation prescribes that in class A the buildings shall be properly constructed as to accommodation, protection and ventilation, the walls being whitewashed, and the floors of non-absorbent material, and the entire equipment without fault. In class B and C are entered those cases of a less degree of perfection. Class 1 includes all samples of milk containing four per cent and upwards of butterfat; class 2, from 3½ to 4 per cent; class 3, from 3 to 3½ per cent. Many of the herds in class B were in faultless condition; in fact, better herds and strains of cattle would be hard to find. Still, under the regulation, they are obliged to take second place.

"Eight thousand quarts are sold in the city daily, exclusive of families who keep their own cows. This gives the large average of eight ounces or nearly half a pint a day to each of the forty thousand people in the city. This is well, for in sickness or in health there is no better or more wholesome food than pure milk."

"The average percentage of butterfat of all the samples was within a fraction of four. This is a higher average of market milk than is reported from any other municipality in Ontario. The number of persons employed in supplying the city with milk is increased annually. There are now one hundred and thirty living in five townships."

Following is the list, namely: Kains Bros., Byron—A; sells to McGreene Bros. and A. Pack.

R. H. Reid, London township—A; sells to McCullagh.

Isaac Saul, Niagara—A; sells to Johnson and Windrum.

W. J. Walker, Westminster—A; George Riddle, Westminster—A; supplies W. S. Evans.

A. Higgs, London township—B1. J. E. Wilkins, Westminster—B1. Job Cox, London township—B1; supplied by John Wilkins.

J. W. Wilkinson, River road—B1. Samuel Flory—L. R. L. Hart, Richmond street north—B1.

Mrs. Hackett, London township—B1. Mrs. Freeman, London North—B1. W. J. Lasbrook, city—B1. Allan Swanson—B1; supplied by John O'Brien.

James Malloch, city—B1. W. A. Sage, Nilestown—B1. B. L. Swarts, orchestra township—B1; cream added.

Miss Redding, Grey street—B1. Fred Parker, 1—B1; supplied by T. J. Neely.

Harry Kilbourn, South London—B1; cream added.

R. Berry—L. James Shaw—L. Wm. Percival—L.

James Hill, Westminster—B1. J. G. Heard, Adelaide street—B1; cream added.

Mrs. G. Hennessy—L. Wm. Pepper—L. Nelson Sage—L. R. McCullagh—L; buys from R. H. Reid.

Clark Sutton, Lambeth—B1. Mrs. Lawrence, West London—B1. Charles Wright—South London—B1. P. Clark—L.

John Bowden, Westminster—B1. E. Poole—L; buys from John McKay. J. Blaney—L.

James Teo, Westminster—B1. P. Spence, Westminster—B1. J. Beattie—L; cream added; buys from W. H. Noble.

John Blanchard, Lobo—B; supplies James Blanchard.

Charles Coombs, London township—B; supplies James Mitchell.

J. W. Wilkinson, London township—B; supplies Wm. McKelvie.

John O'Brien, London township—B; supplies Wm. O'Brien.

Wm. Bell, London township—B; supplies A. E. Houd.

James Byers, London township—B; supplies Wm. Phoenix.

Fred Irwin, Dorchester—B; supplies A. Johnson.

W. H. Noble, London township—B; supplies J. J. Beattie.

Isaac Saul, Nilestown—B; supplies Joseph O'Brien.

P. C. Ingamells, London township—B; supplies Wm. McKelvie.

Wm. Rogers, London township—B; supplies H. Brownlie.

T. Saul, Crumlin—B; supplies I. T. Saul.

Andrew Hogg, London township—B; supplies J. J. Blaney.

R. Robson, Westminster—B; supplies C. H. Sumner.

Wm. Crooke, Westminster—B; supplies Wm. McKelvie.

John Kay, Westminster—B; supplies E. Poole.

Elmer Routledge, Lambeth—B; supplies J. W. Jarvis.

Robert Brown, Westminster—B; supplies C. Teagle.

William Trace, East London—B; no sample obtained.

McArthur Bros., Westminster—B; sells to J. W. Jarvis.

Thomas Resenon, East London—B; no sample obtained.

John Alda, London Junction—B; supplies G. Topham.

Frank Davidson, London township—B2.

McGreene Bros.—2; buys from Kains Bros.

H. M. Odell, Westminster—B2.

George Topham—2; buys from John Alda.

George Teeple—2; buys from R. Brown.

J. W. Griffith, Westminster—B2.

A. Marshall, London township—B2.

John O'Brien—2.

James Mitchell, West London—B2.

C. H. Sumner, Westminster—B2.

William Patton, London township—B2.

Andrew Dobbie, Westminster—B2.

A. Pack—2; buys from Kains Bros.

J. M. Duncan—2.

C. W. Houd, Westminster—B2.

D. S. Ferguson, Westminster—B2.

E. E. Wilkins, Westminster—B2.

W. S. Evans—2; buys from G. Riddle.

James Carroll, Westminster—B2.

S. S. Johnson—2; buys from W. J. Saul.

R. Windrum—2.

J. M. Gibb, East London—B2.

John Clark, London township—B2.

C. H. Sumner, Westminster—B2; from second wagon.

S. Edworthy, city—B2.

Henry Webb, city—B2.

W. McKelvie—2; buys from P. C. Ingamells.

Charles Dyer, London township—B2.

S. S. Armitage, city—2.

Foster Bros., London township—B2.

P. F. McClary, Nilestown—B2; supplies general hospital.

J. W. Jarvis—2; buys from McArthur Bros. and Routledge.

E. Tanton, London township—B2.

I. T. Saul—2; buys from W. J. Saul.

Thomas Beattie, London township—B2.

E. R. Newans—L.

John Courtis, Westminster—B2.

Chas. McMurray, Westminster—B2.

Thomas Legg, London township—B2.

Henry Horn, London township—B2.

A. Windrum—2; buys from W. J. Saul.

James Blanchard—2; buys from John Blanchard.

George Churchill—2; buys from George Riddle.

J. L. Wilkinson, Huron street—B2.

A. Catnach, Adelaide street—B2.

G. A. Hatch, St. Johns—B2.

A. E. Houd—3; buys from Wm. Bell.

James Walker, London North—B3.

W. Ryvel, 2; buys from P. Tallin.

Thomas Hill, Westminster—B3.

Charles O'Hagan, London township—B3.

Walter Thorburn, St. Johns—B3.

Charles Rawlinson, Nilestown—B3.

Wm. Murphy, London North—B3.

John Sutton—3.

Isaacsell & McAlpine, Westminster—B3.

H. Brownlie—3; buys from William Rogers.

Joseph McLeod, London township—B3; cream partially removed.

John Rogers, Adelaide street—B3.

A. Johnson—3; buys from Fred Irwin.

Scott Bros.—3 cream partially removed.

Webb Bros., London township—C1.

Wm. Hill, London township—C1.

George Hawkins, Westminster—C1.

T. J. Neely, London township—C2.

Thomas Roberts, East London—C2.

Mrs. Crow, East London—C2.

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Mrs. Clara J. Dupuy, St. Anthony, Kent Co., N.B., recently made the following statement for publication; "I had been troubled with palpitation and weakness of the heart for some time, till at last I could hardly drag myself about. I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and so many that I thought I would try them.

"I must say that they did me good from the outset, and have so improved my health in every way that I feel like a new woman. I do not know what I would have done had it not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which cured me when I was in a serious condition."

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—189—
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If the Drain Pipe in Your Kitchen Clogs

up, what is the result? You must remove the stuff or it will decay and fill your house with evil odors of putrefaction. That's precisely what happens in your own body when you become constipated, and the poisonous matter is taken up by the blood and carried back into your system. Only it is much worse, because you are unconscious of the effects, but every one who comes near you literally smells you. I know, slightly, two ladies, both of them amiable and attractive women otherwise, who are veritable walking "charnel houses." Could I use a more expressive or truthful term? These ladies are so saturated with the poisonous effluvia from their internal economy that they are habituated to it; their sense of smell is blunted. I wonder how their husbands endure them! Both of these women suffer from Constipation; their complexions are muddy and their breaths nauseating to sensitive people. I wish I knew them intimately enough to advise them to try Karl's Clover Root Tea, the most wonderful medicine I have ever known for the regulation of the bowels, purifying of the blood and sweetening of the breath.

My dear sisters, I wish to tell you that your health depends entirely on the state of your blood. Your blood makes you whatever you are, for through the blood every organ in your body is kept in repair. If your blood is poisoned by the waste material that is retained in your body because of your constipation, you are not being built up as you should be.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a truly wonderful tissue builder. It produces healthy digestive organs, allowing your food to nourish you, and induces sound, refreshing sleep.

Ask your druggist for a sample, or write to S. C. Wells & Co., 52 Colburn Street, Toronto, Ont., who will mail you one. Sold in the United States and Canada at 25c. and 50c., and in England at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

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