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LARGEST STOCK WEST OF TORONTO.

MUSSELMAN,

198 DUNDAS STREET.

Lola's Secret,

A Romance.

"Dead!" repeated Gertrude, with a burst of bitter tears—"dead! Ah, then, I shall never see him! Oh, my dear, dear father, I have longed for you, and I have loved you, yet I shall never see you! But better a thousand times dead than living as they believed! Tell me one thing more. Did he go away with you?"

At first Lola resolved not to answer. This had been her secret for so many years. In order the better to be able to keep it she had buried herself alone, she had cut herself off from her kind, she had lived a life that every day grew harder. But how could she refuse Karl's daughter? It was strange how the girl's eyes and voice reached the depths of her heart.

"You will tell me?" pleaded Gertrude. "I am young, and my life is all before me, but, if this shadow is not removed, I shall never marry. I shall live in seclusion, as my mother has done. Ah, do not condemn me to such a joyless, loveless existence! By the love you bore him, I beseech you to tell me did my dear father go away with you?"

If ever woman's soul was torn it was Lola's. The treasured vengeance, the long-kept secret, the burning hate, were all slipping from her. She could not speak falsely to this young girl with Karl's eyes and voice.

"Tell me, my dear!" cried Gertrude, in desperation. "If you hope for heaven, tell me the truth; did my father go away with you?"

"No," she answered, "he did not."

She paused, startled even in her own pain by the cry which broke from Gertrude's lips.

"I knew it! I knew it! Ah, my darling, if I could but see you, hear you, tell how much and how dearly I love you, and how I have always believed you innocent! Then, turning to Lola, she added, more earnestly, 'bless you for telling me even so much!'"

It was the first time for so many years that any one had prayed heaven to bless her, the first voice for so many years that had spoken kindly to her, that she was completely overcome. Gertrude's excitement had almost reached fever-heat.

"How could they say it of him?" she cried. "How did they dare?"

Lola, bending over her, said: "It was I who caused them to say it for a purpose of my own."

For some time the young girl's wild, incoherent cries for her dear father continued; then she sprang suddenly from her knees and looked at Lola.

"If he never went away with you, and if he is dead, tell me how and where he died. After being so good to me you will not refuse me this!"

There was a struggle in the heart of the miserable woman; and then she answered slowly: "Ask Lady Fielden to come here, and I will tell you all."

Lady Fielden followed her mother into the room with Gertrude.

"You are too clever a woman not to guess that whatever you have to tell is life and death to me for Miss Allammore's sake," he said to Lola.

"For Miss Allammore's sake!" Lola asked, looking at the noble face with a wild longing that it were possible to undo the past.

"Yes," he replied. "What touches her is life or death to me."

She was deeply moved. She remembered having seen the expression of Lord Fielden's eyes in those of the men who had loved her, but never, alas, in the eyes of the man she loved.

"I have something to tell you," she said—"that which I have long kept secret, and which I reveal now for her sake—only for hers, for she is the only being who has touched my heart for years—this girl who is Sir Karl's daughter."

She resumed her seat in the low rocking-chair, carefully keeping the lace on Gertrude's dress clasped in her hands. Lord Fielden placed a chair for his mother, and stood behind it.

"Your eyes and your voice, to me, child," went on Lola, "are like those of one come back from the dead."

The dead? cried Lady Fielden. "Sir Karl is dead then? Oh, Dolores, Dolores!"

"Yes, he is dead," said Lola slowly. "You must not think that I am a repentant sinner, or that, if my life could begin again, I should not differ from what I am now. I am proud, after my own fashion, of what I did. Few women would have the strength of mind to act as I did, to keep the silence as I kept it. I have had my revenge!"

[To be Continued.]



If you have a hard hacking cough that no other remedy seems able to cure, try a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. There is nothing to equal it for loosening the phlegm, silencing the irritation and healing and strengthening the lungs and bronchial tubes.

Miss M. Bradshaw, Wesleyville, Ont., says: "My brother was troubled with a very bad hacking cough, which stuck to him in spite of everything we could do, but after using three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup he was completely cured."

There are so many spurious "pine" preparations on the market that you should always be careful to get Dr. Wood's, the original and genuine.

Lazenby's Table Jelly,
Pure Gold Table Jelly,
McLaren's Table Jelly.

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(Two Pound Tins).

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Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will cure a cough or cold in one night.

Miss Bovril, a young lady of Simcoe, a school teacher and prominent socially, went rapidly into a decline from a cough. Was not expected to live. Shiloh's Consumption Cure cured her. People in that vicinity are well acquainted with the facts in her case.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and the United States at 25c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on Consumption. Sent to you free. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

TURF AT WASHINGTON.

Washington, Dec. 3.—There was good sport again at Benning, although the races were without special incident. In four of the events the fields were large, and again today four favorites won. The weather was cloudy and raw, but the attendance was good.

First race, selling, 7 furlongs—Fluke won, Federalist 2, Uncle Josh 3. Time, 1:30 1/2.

Second race, maiden, 2-year-olds, 5 1/2 furlongs—Provost won, Velasquez 2, Timothy Foley 3. Time, 1:10 3/4.

Third race, 2-year-olds and upward, 1 mile and 70 yards—Sentry won, Anorita 2, Blue Skin 3. Time, 1:49 1/2.

Fourth race, 2-year-olds, selling, 6 furlongs—Rabuma won, King's Favorite 2, Lamokin 3. Time, 1:17 1/4.

Fifth race, selling, mile and sixteenth—McLeod of Dare won, Charawind 2, Tuxton Byrd 3. Time, 1:52 1/2.

Sixth race, mile and 100 yards—Spurs won, Hopbrook 2, Bondman 3. Time, 1:53 1/4.

FISTIC LATEST THE LIMIT.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 3.—Kid Broad, of Cleveland, and Tim Callahan, of this city, fought a six-round bout at the Pennsylvania A. C. tonight. Both men went the limit, but Callahan had a side the better of the contest. In one of the preliminaries, "Fighting Joe" Allen, of Philadelphia, was knocked out in the fifth round by Billy Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn.

HOCKEY.

Toronto Telegram: And now the news comes that the versatile Buck Baving will not be seen on the Londona this winter. They say up there that they have a better man to fill his place. This is hardly so. Buck Baving, though somewhat rusty as regards to his whereabouts in lacrosse, football and hockey seasons, is undoubtedly a great puck chaser, and Londoners will miss him. Frank Hobbs says the Forc City will have cracking fine team and will again win the intermediate championship. He says, however, that Bonadie Gilmour will not be seen upon the ice this winter. He says they have all tried to persuade him. From the small but hang over the fence to the fair gaze with her golden hair, all have done their best, but Mr. Gilmour has made up his mind, and so the hockey-loving public will have to do without him this winter.

HOCKEYIST LOSES A LEG.

The Dauphin Press says: Wilson Harding, of Assiniboia, was removed to the Winnipeg General Hospital last week to undergo an operation rendered necessary from an injury to his knee, which he received while playing hockey last winter. Mr. Harding was kept for the winter, and when he was playing was struck on the knee with the puck. He was in the hospital last spring, when it was thought the injury would mend. He had been laid up all summer, but thought he was strong enough to fire a threshing engine this fall, but on attempting to do manual labor his knee became worse, and it was found necessary to take him to the hospital, where his leg was amputated at the thigh, and it is feared that he may not recover.

BASEBALL THE GAME IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From Pietermaritzburg, Natal, comes this story of a baseball game. It appeared in a weekly newspaper called the Natal Witness: "The presence of a number of Strathcona's Horse in the midst induced the Canadians in our midst to seize the opportunity of indulging in the American national game—the first played in this city. Accordingly teams were selected from the regiment and Canadian residents, and they met on the polo grounds on Saturday to try conclusions. The result was eminently successful to all concerned, an admirable afternoon's sport being witnessed, and it is quite on the cards that future matches will be played. There were a number of spectators who had not previously seen the game, but who became very interested in it, and admired the dexterity of the players. The match throughout was well contested, the civilians coming off victors by 13 runs to 9. Lieut. Stevenson captained the losers, and displayed considerable ability in the pitcher's box. I am proud, after my own fashion, of what I did. Few women would have the strength of mind to act as I did, to keep the silence as I kept it. I have had my revenge!"

[To be Continued.]

SPORTING NOTES.

The death is announced of W. Yardley, the famous Cambridge cricketer. Jockey Charles Blair, the featherweight rider for the Seagram stable, is in the Waterloo hospital with an attack of typhoid fever. He is a brother of Trainer Harry Blair.

The statement that Berlin was after Stratford hockey players, published in a dispatch from the classic city, in the Toronto papers, is treated as a huge joke in Berlin, but for fear of its working evil, Manager Fricker wishes to deny the statement. Berlin adds that any team looking for players would be foolish to go to Stratford for players, the field there is too barren—Galt Reporter.

WORKING TOGETHER

Russians Hand Over a Railroad—French Troops Sent to Relieve Germans.

Tien Tsin, Sunday, Dec. 2.—It is by the imperative order of the czar that the Russians are handing over the Sui-Ho Kwan Railroad to the Germans. The necessary documents were signed this morning.

Four companies of German troops are reported to be seriously menaced 35 miles west of Pao Ting Pu. Eight companies of French troops, with three days' rations, have left to go to their relief.

Paris, Dec. 3.—Emperor William's refusal to receive Mr. Kruger has caused general surprise here. Most of the morning papers make it an excuse for articles sympathizing with the Boer statesman or condemning the Kaiser.

London, Dec. 3.—The British sloop of war Icarus is on her way to Panama to inquire into the seizure of a British steamer by the Colombian Government for use as a transport.

Great Britain is negotiating with Nicaragua for a renewal of the existing commercial treaty, but that nothing whatever has been suggested of a character inimical to United States interests.

SUICIDE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Ottawa, Dec. 2.—Arthur Weir, night editor of the Citizen, committed suicide last evening at his residence on Somerset street. He was about 37 years of age, and was a son of William Weir, president of the Banque Ville Marie, who is serving a term in penitentiary as a result of his connection with the bank failure. Weir had been dependent for some time. Deceased leaves a widow and two children.

The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when others fail.

The total arms-bearing population of Europe is about 55,000,000 men.

RHEUMATISM

As experience stands, the most promising way to treat an old settled rheumatism is: to set up the general health.

Whatever makes health, in other respects, is good for rheumatism.

We don't say it will cure it. Sometimes it does; sometimes it don't.

Your chance is better with Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil than with anything else now known.

By and by there will be a sure cure; it will make a big noise in the world when it comes.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

The Proof

of the porridge, like that of the pudding, is in the eating. If it fails to satisfy THERE it is a total failure. You may buy Rolled Oats that LOOK like "Tillson's," but when you come to put them to the test you find that looks are very deceptive and you discover the hulls you did not see, and besides that you also missed that sweet "pop corn" flavor which distinguishes

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Try a pound box of our

BOW PARK BRAND BACON

It is nicely sliced in even slices.

It has all the delicious flavor—no waste or bother.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

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If you look at the sole of the shoe you're buying, and the name and price appear thereon in a slate frame, depend on it being a "Slater Shoe."

This is the registered trade mark and a point of distinction.

Beware of the "just as good."

12 foot-fitting shapes.

All reliable leathers in black and fashion's shades.

Every pair Goodyear welted.

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Winter Rates Now in Force.

S.S. OCEANIC.....Nov. 28, 9:30 a.m.
S.S. C. J. BLO.....Dec. 4, 2 p.m.
S.S. TEUTONIC.....Dec. 5, 12 noon
S.S. G. R. A. I. C.....Dec. 12, noon
S.S. MAJESTIC.....Dec. 19, noon

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