

Remnants...

We are cleaning up our stock of Wall Paper after the rush of house-cleaning, and have some great bargains in remnants to offer. Bring size of your room and see what we have to offer.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

JESSAMINE.

Without rising, when she had seemed to be asleep, she began to sing. Roy had not heard a note from her, even in church, since their marriage, and he held his breath, and lay motionless, lest she should awaken from her reverie. It was an old ballad she was crooning—half Scotch, and with a thought of pathos in the melody, although the words were not plaintive.

"This rare to see the morning breeze, Like a bonfire frae the sea; This fair to see the burnie kiss, The up of the flowery lea. And fine it is on green billside, Where hums the bonnie bee, But rarer, fairer, finer far, Is the ingleside to me."

A light rosy film hid her from Roy's eyes. The ingleside, where she now knelt; his and her! did she really love it so well as not to pine for the haunts of her childhood? And what had pressed that cry from her that was still echoing through his heart-chamber? The appeal that would have meant in a loving wife uncontrolled yearning for the sympathy of him who best knew her needs and her sorrows?

"Oh, Roy!" she said, hands outstretched as if to fasten upon his support in the deep waters. It imported more—a million times more, that child-like wail—to him than all she had afterward expressed of gratitude and esteem. In that hour, consecrated for ever by what his missings brought forth, he resolved to woo and win a second time the only woman he had ever loved; who, he had believed, was lost to him for all time, chained as she was to his side, forced into a relation she abhorred by vows her dying father and he—impatient, ruthless lover!—had put into her mouth. He would be very wary, very patient, but love like his must conquer in the end. Doubts might oppose him in the broad light of day and common sense, but he would not be turned aside. He did not understand the difficulties that lay in the way of his novel wooing. There was no longer the fresh-hearted, impetuous girl who had laid her hand confidently in his (his palm thrilled now in the recollection) as he sat by her in the orchard window, the shadows of the tossing jessamine-bells—"jelly-bells," he called them—cast upon her white dress and the carpet by the April sunshine; the dewiness and scents of the spring morning in the air; the "light that was never on land and sea" glorifying the eyes uplifted to his.

Faithful, but frank, with a mind stored with crude riches, a heart whose capacity for love and love's sacrifices even he had divided rather than discovered—she had been easily won, though not lightly sought. Now the luxuriant womanliness, the growth of which he had marked from day to day in her physique, had not kept pace with the chastened development of her inner nature. If he had said in that early stage of "Love's Young Dream": "She is like no other girl I ever met!" he was now a veritable unique—a gem a monarch might be proud to set in his diadem.

For all that, he would win her! Should she arise from her lowly place by the ingle, and without a word of explanation or even for what was past, again give him her hand, saying merely: "I love you!" he would let all that had been enigmatical in their intercourse go from his remembrance at once and entirely; would trust her with his honor and affections, above all and through all that might stagger his faith in another. Was his a pitiful, cringing spirit? Was it a high or a mean type of human love that made him, possessing his tried soul in more abundant patience, say in the retrospect of the tedious and cautious, it might be the arduous, approach to the goal of his desires, that must be his, if he would make success a certainty?

"And they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Orrin Wyllys had "run in very socially" to chat for an hour with her dear cousin, Mrs. Fordham.

"Orrin brought me to the door," she said, divesting herself of her fur cloak and untying the coquettish hood that half covered her head. "I knew Mr. Fordham would be at the meeting in the town hall; and I thought I would go alone, so he offered to leave me to a comfortable dish of gossip with you while he attended to the interests of the dear people." Of course, it is very gratifying to have one's husband so popular, but I often tell Orrin that I don't see one-tenth nor one-hundredth part as much of him as I ought to. I don't believe there is another man in the United States who is so run after. Not that this surprises me," uttering and trying to blush. "I, of all people, ought to have more charity with such devotion. It is a consolation to be assured that he regrets these numerous draughts upon his time as much as I do, and I am not disposed to be jealous. I do think mutual confidence is just the sweetest thing in the world. Between married lovers, I mean. What are you so busy about?"

Jessie's work-basket was heaped with calico and flannel.

"Making clothes for some poor children," she answered. "If you will excuse me, I will go on with my work, as the garments are really needed."

"Certainly!" I will be most at my ease if you do not seem to mind my being here. You are the most industrious woman I know. It positively fatigues me to watch you. I suppose, though, there is everything in being trained to such habits from childhood. Now, I haven't a thing to do from morning to night, which is lucky, for I have always been so carefully waited upon from my cradle up to the present hour, when my darling husband will hardly let me put my foot to the ground without his assistance. You can't imagine how aux petis soles he is about her through her husband's will. True, the house is large, preposterously large—as I told my dear, indulgent father when he bought it. And as Orrin is fond of style, and I have always been used to it, we keep up a ridiculous establishment when one considers the size of the family. Now, I daresay, you keep but two or three women servants, and maybe no man at all, as you have no carriage of your own."

"Thoebe is our only servant," said Jessie, unperturbed at having to state the mortifying fact with which Mrs. Wyllys was already acquainted.

"Is it possible?" looking curiously about her through her gold eyeglasses. "Yet everything about your little place is as neat as a pin. What a valuable creature she must be! I declare I must tell Orrin that! 'Five servants to wait upon two people, my love!' I said to him this very evening. 'It is a frightful extravagance!' But he insists that I shall be relieved from all drudgery, knowing how delicately I have been reared. If I were fond of work, I should be puzzled how to employ myself at the hours when there are no visitors. When I am annoyed in Orrin's absence, I have only to run across the street to my uncle's, Judge Provost's, and find plenty of society. What a houseful of children they have!"

Orrin yesterday that it was lucky he never fancied Jeannie Provost (who, to whisper a secret, was just crazy after him!) My uncle has a large fortune, but it will be cut up by the rule of your Dundee parishioners, I suppose?"

condescendingly to the woman of low estate.

"No. The few poor there are so well cared for by their neighbors as to require my help. This is work allotted me by the managers of the Hamilton Charitable Society. There is much suffering here this winter."

"Ah!" indifferently. "Orrin doesn't approve of my attending these women's societies. He says it would unsex me—that he so admires my thorough womanliness. And, after all, when people give money to the collectors and visitors and agents, and all that sort of nuisance, there is no use in doing anything else. The demands upon us in the name of charity are just perfect!"

"I see very little of general society, this winter," Jessie politely evaded inquiry. I am not in the way of hearing about gay assemblies of any kind."

[To be Continued.]

POET HOLMES' SON.

Boston, July 27.—Gov. Wolcott has nominated Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes to succeed the late Walbridge A. Field as chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts. Judge Holmes is a son of the late Dr. O. W. Holmes, the poet and author.

OTHERS MAY BE INVOLVED.

Montreal, July 27.—The suspension of the Banque Ville Marie continues to be the leading topic of conversation in financial and business circles, and a good many stories are afloat as to revelations to come, which cannot yet be run down to an authoritative source. The fact remains that P. X. Lenoire, the accountant, when he was arrested, declared that he and Herbert were not the only ones concerned. Yesterday before Judge Lafontaine, and at his own request, the case was postponed until Friday. Mr. Weil, the general manager and president of the bank, intimated that more time to investigate the books of the bank was desired.

A lady's foot should equal in length one-seventh of her height.



Is a genuine specific for diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

No other medicine has had so remarkable a success in curing diseases affecting the heart, liver and lungs, whenever these diseases, as is commonly the case, were caused by "weak stomach" and impure blood. Food imperfectly digested cannot be perfectly assimilated. "Golden Medical Discovery" restores the organs of digestion to perfect working order. Foul blood must result in a foul body. The "Discovery" purifies the blood and increases the activity of the blood-making glands, so increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. It has been tried by over half a million people. It has cured ninety-eight out of every hundred who have tried it.

WHY NOT LET IT CURE YOU?

PHANTOM CITY NEAR ZURICH

Brilliant Conception of a Promoter Far From Realized.

Big Hotel Walls Tumbling—Building Operations Ceased—Reported Sale to Montreal Financiers.

The "magic" city of St. Joseph, situated about four miles from Zurich, on the banks of Lake Huron, at the present time comes far short of the marvelous proportions predicted for it two years ago by its sanguine promoter. The latter pictured a beautiful and imposing city, with immense business buildings and fine residences, broad streets, on which ran electric cars in all directions, and a forest of masts in the proposed harbor. The site, to the ordinary traveler, seems most unpromising for the foundation of the large city which people for miles around were given to understand would be established. Everybody who knows the district wonders why men possessing business acumen could be found willing to put money into such an apparently fantastic scheme as creating a huge city several miles from any railroad. Thousands of dollars have already been spent by the promoters, which to the casual observer, might as well have been thrown into the lake.

The proposed palatial hotel is but one story high, work having been suspended on it last fall. The winter played havoc with the brick walls, the south one having fallen down, while many of those inside promise to go the same way. A trip to the cellar enables one best to judge of the shaky condition. Besides the hotel this building was to contain five large stores, but latest reports are to the effect that the place will be remodeled by a skilled architect, and what the new idea is remains a profound secret.

The St. Joseph Lumber Company have a mill in the place, but no logs being in the ground, it remains idle. The office of the building and contractor next door, was also locked when the advertiser representative called, but two men were working among a small amount of lumber, evidently the mill's production. The brick yard had five men loading a kiln. The blacksmith shop was idle, a couple of old tires and a dilapidated wagon outside testifying however, that some work is done some time. A three-story brick building northwest of the hotel is used for manufacturing safety pins, hair curlers, crockery, cement, organ pipes and other articles. It is said, but just what nobody seems to know, admittance being strictly prohibited. The sound of a hammer is occasionally heard. The shoemaker, W. Bedard, was evidently taking a holiday, for his place was also locked.

The place contains about a dozen houses, of which are comfortable brick dwellings. There are two stories, one of which is also the postoffice. The latest report, given to the advertiser by one in authority, is to the effect that the hotel property is to be purchased by a couple of Montreal capitalists, who will hustle matters through without delay. People generally give as a reason for cessation of work that the man who has been furnishing the money has run out of funds, but this may or may not be true. The wild rumors afloat, as the financial backer is known to have been very rich and extremely careful.

Though building operations have ceased, the people continue wondering what the next trip of the clever manager will produce.

CYCLONE AT BEAMSVILLE

Destroys Many Fruit Trees—Pigs Blown Into the Lake—Hamilton Flooded.

Beamsville, July 26.—Yesterday a cyclone passed between the village and the lake, destroying many fruit trees. The track of the storm was not wide, and there has been no person hurt, as far as it can be learned. Some pigs were blown into the lake, but were rescued, and some farm animals were blown from one farm to another. Several berry-pickers had taken shelter from a heavy thunderstorm, when the shed in which they were were blown away, and left them in the rain, unhurt. Damage on the whole not very great.

Hamilton, July 26.—The rainfall yesterday afternoon was the heaviest of any summer storm experienced here in years. All over the city gully drains overflowed, wrecking old wooden kerbing and undermining boulevards. On John, Catharine, Hughes and Barton streets cellars were flooded. Water poured into the Royal Hotel cellar and the cellars of several stores on James and King streets were also inundated. The wind did a little damage to fruit trees, especially in the suburbs. The Times office suffered with the rest, the sewer being far too small to carry off the water drained into it, and considerable damage resulted. Along Catharine, John, Barton and Barton streets, the district so long neglected by the aldermen, the damage was great, most of the house basements being filled with sewage. The Barton street way, in course of construction, was damaged to some extent.

GOING TO BED IN INDIA

Quite a Different Process From That in Vogue in America.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with it is a far less formal process. There is (in the hot season) no shutting of the door, no putting yourself off from the outer world, no going upstairs, and, finally, no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with well-being laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed, bolsters not being used. That's all! Some people do not even have the mattress, preferring the coolness of a piece of fine matting.

Across the bed hangs the punkah, with a great quilted towel stretched on to it so low as nearly to sweep the face and keep mosquitoes off; it is very nice when once you are down, but highly enraging before, as it flaps your head first on one side, then on the other.

BATTLING WITH BANDITS

American Forces Punish a Band of Robbers.

Calamba Captured by Gen. Hall With 1,000 Men.

Manila, July 27.—Brigadier-General R. H. Hall, with 1,000 men, has captured Calamba, on Laguna De Bay. The loss to the United States forces was four killed and twelve wounded.

Washington, July 27.—Cable messages from Gen. Otis were received at the war department today. One reports another engagement with bandits in Cebu, in which the American force was victorious. He says: "Bandits in the Cebu mountains have been robbing and impressing people from coast towns. On Monday, Lieut. Moore with a detachment of the 23rd Infantry, while scouting in the mountains, was fired upon from a strongly fortified position; one private was killed, name not given. No other casualties. Enemy's loss, five bandits killed, seven captured."

Another refers to the organization of the volunteer regiments in the Philippines: "Bell has enlisted about 500 men. Wallace, still south, has about 400; Grant, being recalled, leaves in about four days with troops North Dakota. Wyoming and Idaho, Minnesotas preparing to leave on Sheridan soon as transport can be unloaded and loaded. Other volunteer organizations leave soon as transports are available. Gen. Otis has been cabled to send the volunteers home as rapidly as possible."

COKE VS. COAL

New England Roads Want Cheaper Fuel.

Handsome Increase in Grand Trunk Earnings.

Grand Trunk Railway earnings, 15th to the 21st July, 1899, \$491,133; 1898, \$419,991; increase in 1899, \$71,142.

Work has been commenced on the extension of the Pontiac and Pacific Junction Railway from Aymer to Hull.

Pittsburg firms have contracts for rails and bridge material for the new railway in Formosa and the Central railway of Brazil.

Coke as a fuel is to supercede coal on the New York, New Haven and Hartford and Boston and Albany locomotives, and may be adopted on all New England roads.

Arthur Thomas Grange, an engineer on the Parry Sound Railway, has been found guilty by a coroner's jury of manslaughter. The engineer in question, another freight train, knocking Fireman James A. Bull off the tender, and causing injuries from which he died.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

For Infants and Children.

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Don't use

an imitation—especially imitations of Pearl-line. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "Pearline," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false. Pearl-line is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical.

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Dr. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream

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Removes the

Wrinkles, Freckles,

Moist Patches, Itch

and every blemish

on beauty, and de-

velops the skin to

be sure it is pro-

perly made. Accept

no counterfeit of

Dr. Felix Gouraud's

Cream. It is the

best of all the skin

preparations.

Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair

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formula which restored him to vigorous

health after suffering for years from the effects

of the follies of youth, which caused a failure

of the vital forces, and nervous exhaustion. If

you are really in need of treatment, I will

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S.S. BRITANNIC, Aug. 30..... Noon

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