FAITHFUL TILL THE END

"It's me," says Cecilia, softly. It is the sweetest, if the most ungrammatical little exclamation—and young, almost childish. Indeed, on poor Cecilia, the appearance of Stairs has had so strange, so strong an influence, that it has carried her back to the old days, when she was hardly out of her short frocks, or, at all events, only just into her long ones.

Her color has deepened. A soft light has sprung into her eyes.

"Phil! you remember me?" Her smile now is one of clear delight—open, frank. The idea of concealment of any sort is outside and beyond it altogether. She holds out both her hands to him, with the palms upheld in the happiest way. That first nervousness has gone from her. It is as though it had never been. Here is her childhood's—her girlhood's friend. It would be absurd to say she has forgotten to think of who may be looking on as she holds out her hands to him, or of what they may be thinking, or how judging her. To her there is nothing to think about, save joy at the recovery of Phil; there is no thought of evil in her mind, of sin, or of regret. Everything seems blotted out in her save he and the memory of the old sweet days, when he had been all the world to her, and she his universe.

Stairs had quite recovered himself now, and advances to her calmly, coldly, even although his heart is on fire. The very quick, open cordiality of her greeting has, more than all else, assured him of her indifference to him. She had never cared! What a fool! What a fool he had been!

He smiles pleasantly, takes both the little outstretched hands so daintily clad in their dove-grey suedes, and presses them lightly.

"I remember," says he.

The words might have had significance, but for the extreme carelessness of the utterance. They sound unemotional—dead. Cecilia's soft smile fades, and with slow haste, if one may so describe it, she withdraws her hands. Mrs. Chance, who has an unpleasant trick of studying her neighbors' moods, retires behind her fan, and gives way to secret mirth.

"Sold," she says to herself softly. As has been said, she is very vulgar when alone.

Stairs murmurs a word or two to Cecilia (who answers him a little absently), then moves, passes through the group upon the terrace, and running down the grass steps, goes apparently towards the golfers.

When hidden from the view of those upon the terrace, he however turns aside, and plunging into the wood, is lost to sight for the rest of this gay afternoon.

"How many a man in smart
Find matter to rejoice?"

* * * * * * * * *

"How extremely good-looking," says Mrs. Chance, leaning towards Cecilia, and purposely addressing her.

"Who? Captain Stairs?" says Nell, breaking in quickly. Something about Cecilia strikes her as strange, and, without understanding it, it has disturbed her; has given her a queer, unexplained feeling, that she ought to come to her help in some way. And Mrs. Chance's eyes are so penetrating, so very blue. "Good-looking?"

"Handsome, rather."

"Oh, do you think so? We usen't to think him handsome, used we, Cissy? You remember, long ago? I was almost a baby then, and you—a betwixt and between. Handsome! But then he was like a brother to us, and one never thinks one's brother handsome. That might account for it."

"Except," says Mrs. Chance, sweetly, "that he," she looks again at Cecilia, as if speaking to her, "wasn't your brother."

"No, like one, I said." Nell's voice rings a little sharp.

"Yes. That was what she said," says Grant, who is again reclining at her feet. There is an air of protection in his tone.

"It doesn't matter what I said," says Nell supremely, speaking to him only now, and feeling a little annoyed with him for his support. "And I wish you would get up, you are sitting on my dress. I think, on the whole, you are about as tiresome a person as ever I met in my life."

"I hope you haven't met many," says Grant, whose temper as a rule is excellent. He looks amused.

"No," says Nell. She struggles with herself, and then gives way to laughter. "Anyway, you are the worst," says she, but so delightfully, and with such a half-merry, half-defiant glance from under her lids, as makes her sweeter than ever.

Grant has risen indeed at her command, but now he is leaning over her chair, whispering little nothings to her, and Mrs. Chance, seeing him, and Nell's evident pleasure in society, feels a sense of relief. If only she will fall in love with Alec, what a good thing for him—what a good thing for her—Bella!

"Oh, hang it! Here comes Nobbs," says McNamara, suddenly, in a voice of horror, that is a little more Irish than usual.

"Then I'm going," says Nell.

"No, no. You shan't. You can't," says McNamara, seizing her skirt, and compelling her to reseat herself. "I'll hold you. Do you think we are going to be left to his tender mercies, without protection of any kind? Why, I believe you are the only person in the whole place who has been free from persecution from him. He hasn't fired one quotation at you yet."

"That's what frightens me! I feel he has been making up a regular fusillade for my benefit alone, and when it comes off——"

"Here he is!" says Mickey. "He's going for us! He's coming here! We ought to be prepared, you know. He's coming, primed and loaded; I know it by his air. Who's going to stand the first shot?"

"I don't mind his quotations," says Mrs. Chance disdainfully. It is a comfort to her to be able to disdain someone openly.

"You're a brave woman," says the Irishman. "I confess I always go down before them—riddled."

"God gracious! what's the matter with his hair?" asks Cecilia suddenly. She has quite recovered from her late excitement. That coldness of Stairs' has restored her to the old calm feeling—or she thinks it has.

"Now that you mention it," says Mrs. Cutforth-Boss in a voice that comes from her boots—she wouldn't wear shoes for anything. "I think his hair is changed."

"It is certainly a very remarkable color," says Nell.

"Nothing to what it was when last I saw it," says Mickey. "That's a year ago. It was then pea-green."

"Nonsense, Mickey."

"Fact, I assure you. It appears he had put on a trifle too much of the Infallible, and it came out like that. Dyes do sometimes, even in the best regulated families.

Mrs. Chance is laughing.

"How did he explain it?"

"Gave out that he had the cholera, and hid himself away in his bedroom for three weeks."

"Then how did you see him?" asks Nell severely.

"In the bedroom, of course," airily. "Think anything would daunt me in the cause of science? I wanted to know how the dye had come out pea-green; but—would you believe it?—he refused to give me any information on the subject. Very low, I call it. But what can you expect of a man who sold a dog to a friend of mine, and——?"

"Well?"

"Well. He said it was an Irish terrier, but it turned out a Dachshund!"

"Oh, I really can't believe that, Mickey."

"You may, however."

"The friend, anyway, had the best of the bargain," says Grant. "Dachshunds, if pure, are valuable."

"Yes, of course, that's why I say one can expect nothing from him. He's a perfect fool."

"Hush! he's here," says Grant.

"And a beauty he is!" says Mr. Mcamara.

CHAPTER XI.

"He said, or right or wrong, what came into his head."

Here he is, indeed, and perforce the conversation comes to an end.

Mr. Nobbs is a little man, spare and pale, but of exuberant spirits. He is perhaps the most universally detested person in this small place, being one of those dreadful people who can spring a quotation at you any moment, be it prose or poetry. He lives in a tiny villa outside the town, "Bachelor Villa," as he has coquettishly name it, and as yet it has not crumbled into dust about his head, although many prayers have been uplifted to that effect. He walks on his toes, and has a most irritating way of turning his head to one side like a cock-robin when meaning to be specially charming. His handkerchiefs are always perfumed, and he has an abominable simpering way of boasting about his success with the "fair sex" (as he calls them in his own amazing fashion), that enrages every man of his acquaintance. On the whole, however, he is a harmless little creature (though he would have had apoplexy if you had told him so), but frightfully irritating.

He now advances on Mrs. Gaveston. She is Nell's sister, and therefore very near the rose. Nell is the latest importation, and therefore the most deserving of his attention. Besides, she is beautiful, and Mr. Nobbs, as he always says, "adores the beautiful in any shape." It is a little formula of his.

(To be continued.)

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$5.00 per lb.

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to introduce High Grade Teas.

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169 DUNDAS STREET.

KILLED BY AN EEL.

Big Whale in the New York Aquarium Drowned.

New York, July 29.—Seltzer is dead. Seltzer was the white whale of the aquarium. The primary cause of his death was greediness, and the secondary, strange to say, as it may seem, water. He was drowned.

On Friday night the keepers noticed that Seltzer was uneasy. He acted in a funny way. He sneezed, snorted and squirmed as if in pain. He had partaken of an unusually large portion of eels, au natural, for supper. When Dr. T. H. Bean, the director of the aquarium, arrived on Saturday morning his attention was called to Seltzer, and a half of an eel was protruding from Seltzer's blowhole.

While trying to rid himself of the contents of an overloaded stomach, the eel had entered and clogged the nasal passage. This had prevented the valves of the lungs from closing and the water that had entered Seltzer's breathing apparatus had to be expelled.

The water from the tank was drawn immediately. When it was about half down the whale had succeeded in ejecting a fifteen-inch eel from his blowhole. The eel had been partly digested. The relief came too late, for the nasal passage had become congested, and the top valve of his breathing apparatus, which is like a trap door, was so inflamed that he couldn't close it. Seltzer could neither breathe nor get rid of the water in his lungs. After a day of suffering in the presence of Dr. Bean, Seltzer finally choked, gasped and rose to the surface dead.

A CHANGE IN TONE.

The Stand Taken by Doctors on the Kent Case Beginning to Weaken.

Ottawa, July 26.—It is safe to say that the statement made under oath by Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, with regard to his wonderful recovery from Bright's disease through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills have definitely decided the question as to whether he owes his recovery to this valuable medicine, and has been accepted as a final settlement of the debate. While, however, there is now no objection raised to this statement, there is still a strong feeling in the city and neighborhood with regard to the cure, and those who at first combatted the idea as incredible are now loud in their expressions of astonishment that what has been considered an incurable disease should succumb so quickly to a remedy, and in their praise of the remedy itself.

Le Bing Nam, the Chinese athlete, says that his extraordinary strength is due to his diet, which consists chiefly of boiled rice and boiled ducks' heads. The brains of the duck, he asserts, are very strengthening.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Western Ontario.

The Berry Crop in Chatham District Ruined by Rain.

Serious Accident to a Sparta Farmer—Lambton W. C. T. U. Convention—Results of Wheat Threshing at Delhi—Burglars at St. George—A Guelph Man Accidentally Shot by His Friend.

James Montgomery, of Blyth, has started a large cooper shop at Seaforth.

Mr. J. Morewood, Alvinston, attended the funeral of his brother in Petrolea last week.

The Lambton county convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Sarnia on the 29th and 30th of September.

W. D. Vanegmond's woolen mill at Seaforth has resumed operations and is turning out some of the best cloth made in Canada.

Mr. T. Bearss, Corinth, salesman for the Kirby cheese factory, sold on Monday last 250 boxes of cheese, June make, at 7⅞ cents.

Gilbray & McKellar, Alvinston, are rushing the cattle business this season. Already over 100 carloads have been shipped this season.

The Clinton council has decided to erect the Stavely Memorial Hall on the east end of the market square. The work will be proceeded with at once.

The Boys' Brigade of Trinity Church, Aylmer went into camp at Port Bruce on Monday. They experienced rather a wet time the first night under canvas.

The first threshing of this season around Delhi was done on Saturday on the farm of Quance brothers. They threshed 360 bushels of wheat off 14 acres.

Councillor William Amburst, Delhi, while attending to his work on Sunday, burst a blood vessel in his head. The attending physician has no hope of his recovery.

On Friday 600 boxes of cheese were shipped from the Staffordville cheese factory. This factory is under the management of Mr. D. Leitch, as well as the Firby factory.

Mr. Arthur Clark, of Sparta, had the ends of two fingers cut off recently while setting his binder knives. Only a few weeks since his little girl was shot through the hand.

The latest acquisition to the Woodstock police force is Charles S. Johnson, of that town. His height is 6 feet 2 inches. He will be paid $450 a year and buy his own clothes.

The insurance companies have settled with Neveux, Clinton & Baxter, Windsor, for $13,000, and J. O. Peck's loss will be arranged as soon as he has finished stock-taking. Repairs to the building will begin at once.

Judge Masson, of Goderich, held court of revision at Exeter on Tuesday on the appeal against the assessment by Mr. Robert Pickard against the corporation of the village, the corporation gaining the suit.

W. C. Armstrong, G. T. R. conductor, St. Thomas, was sitting the other night in the cupola of the caboose, when suddenly the brakes were set and Armstrong took a tumble. On examination it was found a rib had been fractured.

An old resident of Blenheim, in the person of Samuel Newcombe, died on Tuesday. He originally came from New Brunswick, and settled in Ontario when the country was new. He was a cousin of Sir Charles Tupper, but differed from him in politics.

A meeting of the directors of the Bayham Central Fair was held on Saturday. The prize list was revised and all arrangements made for holding the fair again this year at Staffordville, on Sept. 23. A large number of special attractions will be added.

F. J. Franks had his face and arms badly burned on Tuesday, at Guelph, by the explosion of a bicycling enameling oven. Franks was thrown across the room by the force of the explosion. His forehead was badly cut by the iron door of the oven.

The acting master in chambers at Toronto asked to extend the time for filing the defense of Judge Hughes, of St. Thomas, in the suit brought against him some months ago by Insurance Agent Elijah More, of the same place, for $20,000 for alleged libel.

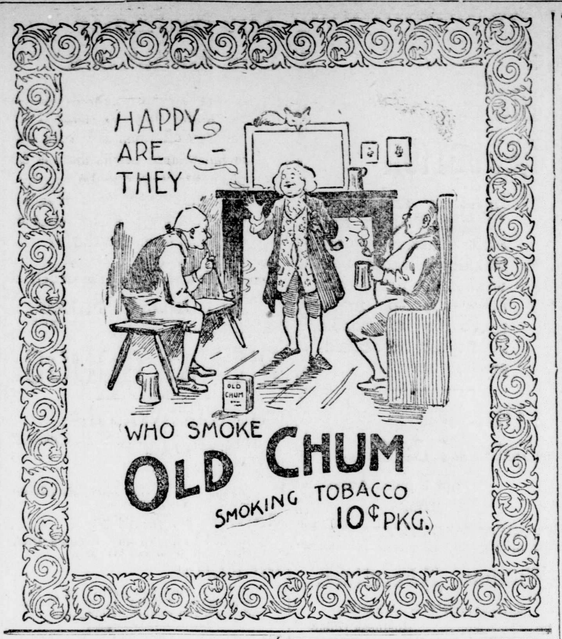
T. Waldron, of Guelph, was accidentally shot by George Mallot while the latter was showing his gun to his friend. Neither knew that the gun was loaded. Waldron got the full charge in the side of his head. He was taken to the hospital, but it is feared he will not recover.

Burglars visited the village of St. George on Monday night, entering Mrs. Clinton's house, D. H. Nellis' jewelry shop and W. F. Haas' stores. Attempts were made to drill the safes in Nellis' and Haas' stores, but they failed in both cases. They got a small amount of cash at Mrs. Clinton's, and some tobacco and clothing in Haas' store.

The report of the committee appointed by the vestry of All Saints' Church, Windsor, to consider the reduction of the pastor's salary, has been approved. It makes the salary of the rector $1,300 and that of Mr. Smith $600, a reduction, respectively, of $100 and $200. A committee of ten will canvass the congregation for subscriptions to pay off the debt of $700.

Squire Haley and son, who have been lying in Simcoe jail as the result of the assault on Mr. Jeffreys last week, appeared before Magistrate Cohoe at Courtland Monday morning. Tom Haley was remanded for a week and his father was admitted to bail on his own recognizance for $6,000. The condition of Mr. Jeffreys is somewhat improved, but he is not yet out of danger.

Heavy showers fell in and around Chatham on Tuesday, but there was neither wind nor electric disturbance. Heavy storm clouds rapidly passed to the east, where it was evident a big thunder storm broke. At the Eau, 20 miles south, the steam barge Hayward, of Detroit, with two consorts, light, put into the harbor to await the subsidence or a stiff northeaster. The berry crop, the largest which has been known in the history of Kent, and which was perhaps only half marketed, was completely ruined by Monday's heavy downpour. Growers of small fruits in all the surrounding townships are very heavy losers. Hundreds of men, women and children, earning from 50 cents to $1 a day picking berries, are thrown out of work. Blackberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and cherries have suffered. The standing grain in many a splendid field has been broken down and lodged so as to be beyond the aid of a binder to save. The cut grain has been drenched and spoiled. The hay in many districts is so soaked as to be not worth saving. In other words the heavy floods have been the climax of a wet harvest season that has left its mark of ruin on every farmstead in the district.



RECENT FISH STORY.

A Boy Catches German Carp With a Dog for Bait.

Middletown, N. J., July 29.—John Hunt, a 15-year-old boy, of Narrowsburg, has discovered a new bait for German carp.

Young Hunt went to bathe in the Delaware, taking with him a small pug pup, which weighs about two and a half pounds. The pup is a very lively fellow, and to make sure it would not run away the boy used a stout cord about 50 feet long as a leash.

He tied the dog on shore while he took his swim, and then thinking to give the pup its first lesson in swimming, he entered a boat, rowed about half way across the river and threw the pup, with the cord still about its neck, overboard. The pup made a few wild splashes and then started to swim towards shore, but it had only gone a few feet when a large fish rose to the surface, opened its jaws, and with great deliberation swallowed the dog. With the cord attached to the dog the boy drew the big fish alongside the boat, but could not lift it, so tying the line to one of the seats, he rowed the boat ashore and dragged the fish upon the bank. With his knife he ripped the fish open and found the pup gasping for breath and almost smothered, but it revived in a few minutes.

The carp was taken to a market in Narrowsburg and weighed tipping the scale at a trifle more than 20 pounds.

DROWNED.

Winnipeg, July 29.—A youth named Ricard, aged 17, was drowned yesterday while bathing in the Assiniboine River at St. Charles. The body was recovered yesterday.

AN ALDERMAN MISSING.

Guelph, Ont., July 29.—The relatives and friends of Ald. Calvert are much concerned as to his whereabouts. He left here about two weeks ago to do some business in the Niagara district, and has been heard from but once since.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Windsor, July 29.—William Shields, a guest at the Mettawas, while bathing on Tuesday, stepped in a hole, and, being unable to swim, was going to the bottom when Andrew Moore, of Kingsville, went to his rescue and pulled him into a boat. It took a doctor half an hour to bring Shields back to consciousness. The guests of the hotel made up a purse for Moore.

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Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

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They're delicious cold served up with cream and sugar.

They have a rich, nutty flavor that pan drying alone can yield—the flavor that nature gives to the oat when it is fully ripe.

Sold by the pound at your grocer's.

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CONQUERS THE ABOVE ailments in 30 days. Cures Nervous Diseases, Failing Memory, Nightly Emissions, Sleeplessness, etc., caused by past abuses, gives power and size to shrunken organs, and quickly but surely restores Lost Manhood in old or young. Easily carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package, Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. DON'T BUY AN IMITATION, but insist on having INDAPO. If your druggist has not got it, we will send it prepaid.
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*MAJESTIC	Sept. 1, noon
GERMANIC	Sept. 8, noon
*TEUTONIC	Sept. 15, noon

*Superior second cabin accommodation on these steamers.

From White Star dock, foot West Tenth St. Saloon rates—On Teutonic and Majestic, $100 and upwards; second cabin rates, Majestic and Teutonic, $45 and $50; round trip, $85.50 to $95, according to location of berth. Saloon rates on Germanic and Britannic, $75 and upwards. Steerage at lowest rates. Company's office, 41 Broadway New York.

For further information apply to

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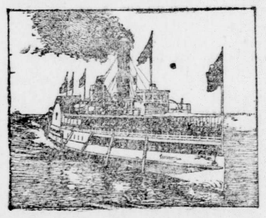

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WE'RE MORE THAN BUSY

While bricklayers and their assistants are busy on the new annex, which is fast getting into shape.

The interior of the store is already being dismantled, and every morning something comes to the front that must be slaughtered.

The Silks and Black Goods have taken a tumble in earnest, and are interesting to customers just now. Some lines about half price and everything new and high class.

In the Blouse Section, you'll find greater bargains than ever, with greater crowds of enthusiastic shoppers and still greater reductions in price. Handsome Blouses that were sold for 50c, 69c and 75c, now going at 40c.

Elegant Waists that were sold for 97c, $1, $1 25 and $1 50, now go at 75c.

New patterns and colors in Ceylon Flannels, sold everywhere for 15c, our sale price 10c.

Wash Crepons, handsome goods for waists or dresses, regular price 20c, our sale price 12½c.

Large Crochet Quilts, regular price $1 25, our sale price 85c.

Large Summer Blankets, regular price $1, our sale price 80c.

Black and Colored Parasols, regular $1 50, $2 and $3, now $1, $1 25 and $2.

Table Linens that were 68c, 90c and $1 25, now selling for 45c, 65c and 75c.

Fine Wide Bleached Cotton, well worth 8½c, sale price 6½c.

Fine Wide Unbleached Cotton, regular price 7c, sale price 5c.

Wide English Flannelettes, regular price 8c, sale price 5c.

And so the story of the Big Building Sale goes through every department in the house.

Runians & Butler.
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208, 210, 210½ and 212 Dundas St.

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Steamer "Islander" will leave Victoria, B. C., on special trip Aug. 15, for

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Port en route to Klondyke, Yukon gold fields. Cabin passage Victoria to Dyea $40.

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Montreal to Bristol (Avonmouth) Direct.

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S.S. Etolia	Thursday, Aug. 12

And weekly thereafter.

Montreal to London Direct.

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Cold Storage Accommodation provided on all Bristol steamers.

For rates of freight and other particulars apply to ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO., Montreal, or R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Telephone 2,846.

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Toronto to Montreal,
Sailing Every Tuesday and Saturday.

Cabin fares, Toronto to Montreal, single, $7 50, return $14, including meals and berths. Low rates to intermediate ports.

10:05 a.m. train G. T. R. connects with boat at Toronto.

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Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points.

The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travelers.

Comfortable and elegant buffet, sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains.

The popular summer sea bathing and fishing resorts of Canada are all along the Intercolonial, or are reached by that route.

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Passengers for Great Britain or the Continent leaving Montreal Sunday morning will join outward mail steamers at Rimouski the same evening.

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Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to

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Parisian	Aug. 21	Aug. 22
Numidian	Aug. 28	Aug. 29
Carthaginian	Sept. 4	Sept. 4
California	Sept. 11	Sept. 12

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First cabin Derry and Liverpool, $52 50 and upwards; return $105 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, $34. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, $22 50 and $23 50.

Glasgow-New York service.—From New York: State of Nebraska, Aug. 6, Mongolian, Aug. 20. Cabin, $45 to $65; return $90 to $123 50; second cabin, $35; return, $64 15; steerage, $23 50.

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PORT STANLEY

Wednesday and Saturday of each week during the season. Fare 30c round trip. Trains leave London at 10:05 a.m., 2:35, 6:25 and 7:25 p.m.

Cleveland & Port Stanley Line Steamers.

Commencing Saturday, July 24, and each Saturday thereafter, cheap Saturday excursions will be run by steamer Flora. Fare only $2 70 for round trip from London. Train leaves London 7:25 p.m.; returning, boat leaves Cleveland Monday evening 8 p.m., arriving back in London 8:45 a.m., Tuesday morning.

Regular sailings of Steamer Flora Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, at 10 p.m., from Port Stanley. Fare $2 70 one way, $4 20 round trip from London.