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THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

But Lord Vivian went in search of his wife. At the far end of the ballroom stood a large screen of white canvas, with seats on either side. He saw her there, and went at once toward her.

"Come here, Viviane," he said, "on the other side of the screen; I wish to speak to you."

"She went with him and he sat down by her side."

"I wish to ask you a plain, honest question, Viviane," he said. "You must please give me an equally sincere answer."

She raised her clear, true eyes to his. "That I will certainly do," she replied.

"Is that true which people are speaking of?" he continued. "Are you my wife—jealous of Beatrice Leigh?"

Her sweet face flushed. "Miss Leigh usurps my place," she replied. "Miss Leigh rules my house, influences my husband, takes from me the position I alone ought to hold—of a daughter-in-law."

"It is your own fault," he said angrily. "You could not, or would not, assume your own duties; you have constantly evaded them. What is worse, you make your annoyance public, and so create scandal. It is intolerable, Viviane."

Her face grew white as death, her lips trembled. "Do not be angry with me," she cried. "Oh, how unhappy I am to have brought this unhappiness upon you. Oh, Vivian, what a cruel mistake it has been."

"If you mean our marriage," he replied, "you force me to agree with you."

"Oh, bitter words! They stabbed her and she died."

"I will settle it at once," said Lord Vivian. "Beatrice has lived under my roof, she has been like a sister to me, but she shall leave at once; she shall not be exposed to such annoyance as this."

Anger in his heart, and in his eyes, he went away, leaving her behind the glossy white screen, faint and sick, almost unto death. How long she sat there, Lady Viviane never knew; voices on the other side of the screen aroused her. The Countess Sitani was talking to Beatrice Leigh, and they were speaking of her.

"I really believe," Madame La Comtesse was saying, "that there is more spirit in Lady Selwyn than you give her credit for; that was a capital remark, my dear, that you made you this evening. Prince Cesare looked highly amused."

"The proud face flushed with annoyance."

"People of that class," she said in a scornful manner, "as a rule mistake impudence for wit."

"Class!" said the countess, raising her pretty eyebrows. "What class? What do you mean? Is not Lady Selwyn of the same rank as her husband?"

"Did you not know that?" said Miss Leigh contemptuously. "My cousin met her somewhere in the country, and was struck by her pretty face, and she flattered into marrying her."

"I did not know," said the countess eagerly. "It was a misalliance, then?"

"A very unhappy one," was the false reply. "Can you not see that? The worst of it is, for an unequal marriage there is no remedy. If she were dead, he would be free; living she will always be a burden and a drawback to him."

"You speak so strangely," said Countess Sitani. "Like Lady Selwyn, let us go into the drawing-room. The Duke de Cenci is there, and I should like to introduce him to you."

She had called Lady Selwyn her friend, yet in good truth she cared so little about her that all Miss Leigh had said passed from her mind, leaving no traces. Not so with Lady Selwyn. Before her, in letters of fire, she read the words.

"If she were dead, he would be free." She never knew how the rest of that evening passed, she was like one in a dream. Her husband never came near her again. Miss Leigh purposely avoided her.

The fete ended at last, and Lady Selwyn's carriage drove up to the door. She noted the triumph on Miss Leigh's face, and the cold, stern, disdainful Lord Vivian showed so clearly, noted it, but was powerless to remove it. Lord Vivian was one of the proudest and most sensitive of men. That his

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

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169 DUNDAS ST.

and himself should have been talked over, that she should have shown a feeling so paltry as jealousy of Beatrice Leigh, angered him more than words could express.

So the clouds deepened, and the bitter end drew nearer day by day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

From that night of Countess Sitani's fete, the unhappiness of Lady Viviane Selwyn increased. Her husband was greatly annoyed; he showed it by words, cool looks, and a want of interest in her, harder far to bear than any amount of anger. Wisely enough he refrained from speaking of Miss Leigh's departure for a few days. He would not allow Beatrice to see that her words had made such an impression upon him.

During those few days Lord Vivian was most scrupulous in seeing that every wish of Lady Selwyn's was carried out. Miss Leigh was never once consulted, but Viviane would gladly have given all for one of the old loving looks—one such loving word as he had given her under the laburnum tree. She would have laid down her life, poor foolish child, if he would have taken her into his arms and have whispered one endearing word to her—she would cheerfully have died there. But Vivian was polite, courteous, and deferential—calm and polished—yet nothing like a gleam of love or tenderness ever escaped him.

And her love returned upon itself and out her heart away. She longed with longing no words can tell, to go back to the humble home where she had been loved like a child and worshipped like a queen. Before her, by night and day, were those words:

"If she were dead, he would be free!"

Look which way she would there was this marriage. She saw it so plainly now. He ought to have wedded one of his class, bought up in the same way, with the same habits and customs, instead of which he had fallen in love with her, a simple, untrained child, ignorant of all the arts of social life, of all the ways of the great world in which she had to hold so prominent a place.

She recognized the mistake clearly now, with despair in her heart. She was altogether unfit. True, she had a lovely face, and a tender, winning manner; there, she said to herself, her attractions ended. She was not fit to be Lord Vivian Selwyn's wife. She was not able to manage his household—to rule as a queen where he reigned as a king; nor was she fitted to train her child for the high position he would one day occupy. She could teach him only old-fashioned notions of right and wrong, such as her father had taught her, and her teaching was sneered at, derided, ridiculed.

To secure what was called "proper advantages" for the boy, he was to be removed from her care, and sent away from her.

Look which way she would there was no gleam of hope or sunshine for her. Her husband was estranged; the coldness and distance between them deepened every day. Her child was seldom with her, for Vivian, by Miss Leigh's advice, had found a tutor for him. Mrs. Selwyn's manner grew more reserved, and Beatrice silently but surely avenged upon the innocent girl what she considered her own wrongs. In all the wide world there was not one to whom she could turn for comfort. She would not make her father wretched by telling him of her own unhappiness. She cared little for Countess Sitani's offer of friendship, that lady having candidly avowed she loved nothing one-half so much as herself. She was dreary and desolate, always thinking, always saying to herself that "if she were dead he would be free."

The day came when Lord Vivian Selwyn spoke to his mother of the unpleasant rumour around. She listened with a resigned expression of face that annoyed him still more.

"Of course," she said, "it is useless talking, Vivian—the deed is done; but it was really a most unfortunate marriage for you. Viviane cannot possibly fulfill her duties, and you say scandal has arisen because Beatrice fulfills them for her."

He made no attempt to contradict the first part of this. He did not break out, as he would formerly have done, in indignation of his choice; he merely sighed deeply, and said it would be better, perhaps, if Beatrice left them.

"Where my wife goes, I go," said Mrs. Selwyn; "that will save further comment. We will return to England together. Heaven help you, Vivian! You will not have a very happy life."

So in the course of a few days it was announced that Mrs. Selwyn and Miss Leigh intended returning to England. Lord and Lady Selwyn would remain at the Villa Pisani. Before they left a grand ball was to be given as a farewell fete, and they little dreamed of how that ball would end.

There was a most unpleasant scene when Mrs. Selwyn told Beatrice of her son's decision. The grand southern face grew pale, and the dark eyes flashed fire.

"I am to leave the only home I know in compliance with a whim, a caprice, of Lady Selwyn's, is it so?" she said proudly.

[To be Continued.]

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From Near-By Places

Mrs. O. Nichols, Mrs. W. Waters and Miss Clara Waters, of Lambeth, are visiting friends in Norwich.

Rev. T. B. Harrison, of Grantham, has accepted the call tendered him by the official board of the Empress Avenue Methodist Church of this city, his acceptance being subject to the stationing committee.

KOMOKA

Komoka, March 28.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Brown took place Friday afternoon, March 28, from the Presbyterian Church, and was largely attended. The service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. Wylie.

Mr. Ed. Cook left on Saturday for Detroit, where he has secured a situation. The call tendered him by the Epworth League, of which he was secretary; the Baptist church, of which he was a faithful member, and the Presbyterian choir, of which he was a prominent member. Komoka and community join in wishing him good success for the future.

A number of Baptists and their friends attended the baptism service at Mount Brydges on Wednesday.

Mr. Harvey Parsons, who is attending the F. C. C., spent Sunday with his parents here.

A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBain spent a very enjoyable evening at their residence on Friday last week.

Mr. Will Parsons is confined to his bed from an attack of congestion of the lungs.

Miss Bella Stewart, Grey street, London, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. W. Madge, of London, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loft-house, here.

Miss Alice Smith has returned after visiting friends and relatives in Toronto and Wyton.

Mrs. Allen Smith has returned after visiting her son, Mr. William Smith, Sarina.

Mr. Cameron, of the Woodstock University, occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Douglas McKellar and family have returned from Scotland.

Mr. G. C. Cameron and son Robert, of Gables, are visiting at Mr. Bert Robinson's.

On Sunday evening, April 1, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated in the Baptist Church.

Mrs. A. Ewart, of London, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. B. West, of Wyton, have returned home after spending a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Smith, here.

STRATHROY

[Advertiser Agent, J. D. Meekison.]

Strathroy, March 26.—Mr. B. L. Edgcombe goes to Dunnville on April 1 to take charge of a new sawing and planing factory there.

The river has been in flood for some time, and is well qualified to fill the position he has secured.

James Butler is making alterations and improvements in the Strathroy women mill.

The Western Fair committee this year includes the name of James Healey, Strathroy, in the horticultural department.

St. Andrew's Young People's Helping Society have in their possession two boxes of the Queen's chocolate, sent them by Pte. George Macbeth, now serving in South Africa.

A large number of tickets have already been sold for the opening recital of St. Andrew's Church organ. The programme is in the hands of Messrs. Hewlett, of London, and Jarvis, of Detroit.

A death occurred in Adelaide on Sunday of Margaret, Elliot, wife of George Elliot, aged 62 years. Interment took place on Monday afternoon at the Strathroy cemetery.

KILWORTH

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The freight car which was backed into the river at the west end slip in the Grand Trunk yards, Windsor, on Sunday morning, was hauled out of the water by two yard engines.

The body of Robert S. Thompson, the conductor killed at Springfield, Ill., Saturday, arrived in Windsor, and was taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Rae, Church street. Services were held at the house and the remains were taken to Paris, Ont.

Andrew Hartford, a Leamington house painter, scratched his tongue on a shingle nail and it is feared that he will die of blood poisoning. The tongue has become more than three times its natural size, and Hartford is in great agony. He cannot speak a word. The accident happened on Saturday while Hartford was at work. Like all lathes, he placed the nails in his mouth.

Mrs. Mandy Harrington, of Buxton, died on Monday, aged 101 years. The deceased was born in the Southern States, and came to Canada with her husband, who died in Kent county 50 years ago, and had resided there ever since. Her children and grandchildren are all dead. Her husband died about a year ago, he, too, being over the century.

The candidacy of Sol White in North Essex for the Dominion Parliament was ratified at the Conservative mass meeting in Windsor Saturday afternoon. But Mr. White's opponents in the county claim that the ratification meeting was to have been a convention, and that Saturday's gathering was simply a party rally. There is considerable dissatisfaction over the way matters were manipulated.

A furniture factory was burned out in Listowel and many of the residents of that town went to the United States to get work. Now the town is anxious to get its old residents back, and is asking the Ontario Legislature to allow them to add the Listowel Furniture Company by a loan, to the extent of \$10,000, in order that a factory may be established and operated. A clause to exempt from taxation is in the bill.

In the suit of Parker vs. Grand Trunk Railway, judgment in action tried at St. Thomas for damages for injuries sustained while driving a horse attached to a wagon along Ralph street, in the town of Tilsonburg, Justice MacMahon ruled: That although the jury found the train, having regard to the thickly-populated locality, was running at an excessive rate of speed, yet plaintiffs, by ordinary care, have avoided the con-

sequence of defendants' negligence in running too fast. Action dismissed with costs.

According to the government reports the population of Essex county, exclusive of Windsor, is 44,111. The acreage is 435,233, and the assessment \$15,507,584. Mersea is the most highly assessed township, standing at \$1,796,765, while the assessment of Walkerville is \$1,852,708. The total taxes levied for all purposes in the county is \$276,929. The rates vary from 13.2 mills in Walkerville to 31.4 in Essex. In Sandwich the taxes are \$4 57 per head, while in Walkerville, they are the highest per capita in the county, \$22 14. Walkerville's high rate is accounted for by its small population and high assessment.

BREAKING DOWN

Gen. Otis Verging on Mental Collapse—Investigation Needed.

New York, March 28.—The Evening World publishes the following as coming from its Hong Kong correspondent: Gen. Otis is on the verge of collapse. Surgeons say that he must return to the United States soon or he will break down mentally. His own friends admit it, and declare he ought to return immediately.

There is growing indignation among the army surgeons because Otis refuses to leave to officers and men whose cases demand immediate return to a temperate climate. Unnecessary deaths occur as the result. The transport Sheridan left Manila on March 6 with a lot of military prisoners. Against the protest of the surgeons, Otis sent a squad for the prisoners, men from the hospitals, who were scarcely able to stand on their feet. They are expected to do two hours on duty in the hold of the transport in a tropical sea. This ought to be investigated when the Sheridan reaches San Francisco. Guerrillas and ladrones are so active that we are burning towns wherever the telegraph wires are cut or ambushes are attempted.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

Owasco, Mich., March 28.—Chas. Scott, a boiler-maker, employed at the Ann Arbor car shops here, broke into the home of his wife on East Main street, and probably fatally injured her and her mother, Mrs. Lucy Ferguson, with a heavy chisel. He then fired a bullet into his brain from a revolver, and died instantly. The women are believed to be fatally injured. The tragedy is the outcome of family troubles. Scott and his wife separated about a month ago, and the latter had applied for a divorce.

G. W. Beebe, of Agassiz, has accepted the portfolio of provincial secretary in Joseph Martin's cabinet in British Columbia.

Police had to interfere in Manila and suppress a Filipino play entitled "For Love of Country," which was unduly exciting the insurgent spirit of the audience by displays of the red flag and incendiary remarks.

Forty-three Popes reigned during the building of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome.



JAYLOR'S CLUB GLYCERINE SOAP FOR THE TOILET. Manufactured by JOHN TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS UNDERTAKERS.

WAREHOUSE—180 King street. FACTORY—Globe Casket Works. Telephone—243, and house 373.

J. HINTON THE UNDERTAKER.

260 Richmond Street. Private residence, 48 Bechoer Telephone—Store 440; House, 451.

ICE. ICE.

Having made arrangements to continue the business formerly carried on by D. Collins & Co., I am in a position to give satisfaction to all favoring me with their orders. Phone 59.

D. COLLINS, 9 Blackfriars St.

FOR FIRST-CLASS DRY MAPLE AND BEECH

wood cut to order, call Phone 347.

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176 BATHURST STREET

EPPE'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguishing everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPE & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPE'S COCOA

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. W. Knapp, 365 Bull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly furnishes every man with a cure himself at home.

Weak, Tired Women.



How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates, there is a miserable feeling of languor that makes getting up in the morning a torture, and the lightest household duties during the day a drag and a burden.

They are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and everything in life looks dark and gloomy.

Nature intended women to be strong and healthy and happy as the day is long, instead of being sick and wretched.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the very remedy that nervous, tired out, weakly women need to restore them the blessing of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, make the heart beat regular and strong, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. E. Fisher, Chief Companion, Maid Hope Circle No. 83, A.O.F., whose home is 95 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont., made the following statement: "It was a fortunate thing for me I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and I started using them, or to-day I might be in my grave instead of as I now am, in perfect health."

For over six months I was greatly troubled with my heart and nerves. My heart would palpitate and beat irregularly and sometimes seem to almost stop. I felt tired and weary in the morning, and weak and miserable all day, scarcely able to drag myself about. I was also greatly troubled with spells of dizziness, which came over me at times and caused me much alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have made a wonderful change in me. My heart now beats strong and regular, I have had no more of those dizzy spells, and am at present stronger and healthier in every way than I have been in months.

I sleep well and my sleep is restful and refreshing.

I consider Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a grand remedy for people having any heart trouble, or who are weak, run down and nervous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box, three for \$1.25, at all druggists or by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. See that the red heart is on every box.

SHIRT COLLARS IRONED STRAIGHT so as not to hurt the neck. Steam up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. You are not suited to a party. Returns in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

Lee Hing Laundry

487 Richmond Street.

THE.....

CLEVELAND

...BICYCLE