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- The Face -Behind the Mask

A Romance.

A dead pause followed, during which the three looked blankly at the bed, and then at each other. The scene, no doubt, would have been ludicrous enough to a third party; but neither of our trio could see anything whatever to laugh at. Ormiston was the first to speak.

"What in heaven's name has happened?" he wonderingly exclaimed. "Some one has been here," said Sir Norman, turning very pale, "and carried her off while we were gone." "Let us search the house," said the doctor; "you should have locked your door, Sir Norman; but it may not be

Acting on the hint, Sir Norman seized the lamp burning on the table, and started on the search. His two friends followed him, and

"The highest, the lowest, the loneliest They searched for the lady and found her not.'

No, though there was not the slightest trace of robbers or intruders, neither was there the slightest trace of the beautiful plague patient. Everything in the house was precisely as always was, but the silver shining vision was gone.

CHAPTER III.

The search was given over a last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall, and looked at each other in mute

"What can it all mean?" said Ormiston, spealing more to society at large o his bewildered companion. haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractedly; only I am pretty certain, if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the plague will be a trifle compared

"It seems almost impossibe that she can be carried off-don't it?' "If she has," exclaimed Sir Norman, "and I find out the abductor, he won't have a whole bone in his body two

'And yet more impossible that she can have gone off herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering an abstruse subject, and taking no heed whatever of his companion's marginal

"Gone, off herself! Is the man crazy?" inquired Sir Norman, with a 'Fifteen minutes before we left her dead, or in a dead swoon, which is all the same in Greek, and yet he talks of her getting up and going off herself!"

"In fact, the only way to get at the bottom of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. Sleeping, I suppose, is out of the question." "Of course it is! I shall never sleep again until I find her."

They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the adage of locking the stable door when the steed was stolen. The night had grown darker and hotter; and as they walked along the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine. "And now, where shall we go?" in-

quired Sir Norman, as they rapidly hurried along. "I should recommend visiting the house where we found her first; if not there, then we can try the pest-house."

Sir Norman shuddered. Heaven forbid she should be there! It is the most mysterious thing I ever

What do you think now of La Masque's prediction-dare you doubt "Ormiston, I don't know what to

think. It is the same face I saw, and "Well-and yet?" "I can't tell you—I am fairly bewild-ered. If we don't find the lady at

her own house, I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, The wisest thing you could do, my dear fellow. If anyone knows your

unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, it is La Masque, depend upon it." That's settled, then; and now, don't talk, for conversation at this smart pace I don't admire."

Ormiston, like the amiable, obedient young man that he was, instantly held his tongue, and they strode along at a breathless pace. There was an un-

All grocers sell Tea, but al 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.

Fitzgerold, Scandrett & Co

usual concourse of men abroad that night, watching the gloomy face of the sky, and waiting the hour of mid-night, to kindle the myriad of fires; and as the two, tall dark figures went rapidly on, all supposed it to be a case of life or death. In the eyes of one of the party, perhaps it was; and neither halted until they came once more in sight of the house, whence a short time previously they had carried the deathide. A row of lamps over the ortals shed a yellow, uncertain ound, while the lights of bargwherries were sown like stars

along the river. "There is the house," cried Ormiston, and both paused to take breath; "and I am about at the last gasp. I wonder if your pretty mistress would feel grateful if she knew what I have come through tonight for her sweet sake?"
"There are no lights," said Sir Norman, glancing anxiously up at the darkened front of the house; "even the link before the door is unlit. Surely she cannot be there."

"That remains to be seen, though I'm very doubtful about it myself. Ah! who have we here?"

The door of the house in question opened as he spoke, and a figure—a man's figure, wearing a slouched had and long, dark cloak, came slowly out. He stopped before the house, and looked at it long and earnestly; and, by the twinkling light of the lamps, the friends saw enough of him to know he was young and distinguished-look-

"I should not wonder in the least if that were the bridegroom," whispered Ormiston, maliciously.

Sir Norman turned pale with jealousy, and laid his hand on his sword, with a quick and natural impulse to make the bride a widow forthwith. But he checked the desire for an instant as the brigandish-looking gentle-man, after a prolonged stare at the premises stepped up to the watchman who had given them the information an hour or two before, and who was still at his post. The friends could not be seen, but they could hear, and they did so very earnestly in-

'Can you tell me, my friend," began the cloaked unknown, "what has become of the people residing in yonder

The watchman held his lamp up to the face of his interlocutor—a handsome face, by the way, what could be seen of it—and indulged himself in a prelonged survey.

Well," said the gentleman, impati-tly, "have you no tongue, fellow? Where are they, I say?"
"Blessed if I know," said the watch-"I wasn't sent here to keep man. guard over them, was I? It looks like it, though," said the man, in paren-thesis; "for this makes twice tonight

I've been asked questions about it."
"Ah," said the gentleman, with a slight start. "Who asked you before, pray?"
"Two young gentlemen; lords, I expect, by their dress. Somebody ran screaming out of the house, and they wanted to know what was wrong."

"Well," said the stranger, breath-lessly, "and then?"
"And then, as I couldn't tell them, they went in to see for themselves, and shortly after came out with a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put in a pest cart going by, and had it buried, I suppose, with the rest, in the

plague pit." The stranger fairly staggered back, and caught at a pillar near for support. For nearly ten minutes he stood perfectly motionless, and then, without a word, started up and walked rapidly away. The friends looked at him curiously till he was out of sight. "So she is not there," said Ormiston; "and our mysterious friend in the cloak is as much at a loss as we are ourselves. Where shall we go next-

to La Masque or the pest-house?" "She may be there, nevertheless; and under present circumstances it is the best place for her."
"Don't talk of it," said Sir Norman,

impatien'ly. "I do not, and will not believe she is there! If the sorceress shows her to me in the caldron again, verily believe I shall jump in head-'And I verily believe we will not

find La Masque at home. She wanders through the streets at all hours, but particularly affects the night." "We shall try, however. Come along!

The house of the sorceress was but a short distance from that of Sir Norman's plague-stricken lady-love's; and shod with a sort of seven-league boots, they soon reached it. Like the other,

it was all dark and deserted.
"This is the house," said Ormiston, looking at it doubtfully, "but where is La Masque?" "Here," said a silvery voice at his

elbow; and turning round, they saw a tall, slender figure, cloaked, hooded, and masked. "Surely you two do not want me again tonight?" Both gentlemen doffed their plumed hats, and simultaneously bowed.

"Fortune favors us," said Sir Nor-nan! "Yes, madam, it is even so; once again tonight we would tax your

(To be Continued.)



Hopeless and Helpless.

The consequences of a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system are most disastrous to the whole body. One by one every organ may become involved. The misery is maddening. The most extreme cases of "stomach trouble" and the evils resulting from it have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

healthy flesh.

"I was taken with severe headache," writes Thomas A. Swarts, Box 103, Sub-Station C. Columbus, Ohio, then cramps in the stomach, and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. I just gave money to the doctors whenever I thought they would do me any good, but the more I doctored the worse I got until six years passed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of chair, and I got so thin I had given up to dit, thinking that I could not be cured. Then I saw one of my neighbor boys and he said, "Take my advice and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself." The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had take a eight bottlea in about six weeks I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in twe years before, and I am as stout and healthy to-day, I think, as I ever was." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellete cure

SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYES

A Paris Journalist Visits England. and Is Much Impressed by British Troops.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] We have been forced of late to level much ridicule at the nonsense writ-ten about England and the Transvaal in the French and the rest of the continental press that it is quite refreshing to come upon such excellent and level-headed articles as those which M. Jules Huret is now writing in the Figaro. M. Huret is one of the most brilliant members of the chief Paris-ian newspaper staff, and will be remembered for the smart bit of work he did in interviewing Capt. Dreyfus on his journey from Rennes to the south of France. He was sent over to England to observe the emotion which was expected to be caused by the loss of some 800 men at Nicholson's Nek, and finding that we continued perfectly calm has remained to write of things as he sees them. His description of the departure of the Kildonan Castle on Saturday last is excellent special correspondence. He traveled down to spondence. He traveled down to Southampton with some English journalists, and on the quays found a calm and silent mass of soldiers waiting to embark, and surrounded by an enormous mass of boxes and packages of every description, all of which had

der, and after going all over the ship he returned to the quay to talk to the "They come and go in the penetrating rain without a cry, with sturdy activity from the huge sheds to the ship itself. . . . On the quay others sit quietly smoking their pipes in the midst of the luggage, talking to the women and children in a low What seems chiefly to have struck M. Huret was the perfect calm with which everything was done, and the absence of shrieks and excitement. The good-byes, too, made an impression on him. "An officer was saying farewell to his wife and his little son, who could not have been more than 12 years of age. They were about to part, and the father made as if he were to kiss the child. But the boy drew back a little, and, holding out his hand, said simply, "Good-bye, sir." I was almost overcome, but the scene was not over the father shock the child's hand. over. The father shook the child's hand warmly, and then, as the mother had turned aside to hide her emotion, officer, nodding his head toward her, said to his son, 'Look after her.' And I repeat, the child was not more than

to be on board in less than five hours. On board the Kildonan Castle he

found everything in spick and span or-

12 years of age."
M. Huret then went among the soldiers and asked one of them if he was glad to go.

"I should think so," said the soldier,

"but I expect it will all be over when we get there." He asked the same question of another, who said: "We are getting a holiday at the public's expense." All of the men to whom he put the question made similar answers. But the time was drawing on. "It still kept on raining. The sky was a dirty and mournful gray, like the sea. Nevertheless, the embarkation continued with the most admirable calm and order. Gradually the ware-house, which was just now overflowing with baggage of every sort, was emptied, and the hold of the Kildonan Castle was filled as if by magic, without the other liners M. Huret found a young English journalist, of whom he had spoken in a preceding letter, who had volunteered to go out to the Cape. He found him with his sweetheart, who had come to see him off. "After a few tears she had become resigned. A la bonne heure, these are brave women! As for his mother, the young volunteer meant to write and tell her what he was doing from Madeira. He said 'Goodby' to her yesterday morning, as if he were only going out for the day. 'It was to prevent any tears,' he said. He showed me his rifle, for which he had paid £12, and a splendid revolver, which his friends had given him. He showed how it worked and slipped the lock. 'C'est bon pour Boers,

hein?' said he in French.' At 4 o'clock visitors left the ship, and the transports began to move off amid the cheers of the crowd and the sound of the "British Grenadiers,"
"The Soldiers of the Queen" and "God Save the Queen," played by a man with a cornet and sung by the crowd. "The whistles of the ships and the sound of escaping steam for a moment do away the melancholy which broods over the scene, but when they are silent the sadness comes over us again. What sadness? Is it their sadness? Is it my sadness? As for theirs, I cannot see it, and can scarcely feel it. My own is great. For it is founded on the cer-tainty that of the 3,000 young and powerful men singing before my eves many will never return."

THE UNEMPLOYED

New Zealand Leads the World in Solv ing the Problem.

"New Zealand is far ahead of the other colonies of Australasia, and, in fact, of any other country in the world with which I am acquainted, in its treatment of the unemployed. It has a well-considered plan in actual operation, by which the unemployed are gathered up in cities at government labor bureaus and are forwarded to one point or another, where they are wanted on government railroads or other public works. At these points they are not kept in camps to be scattered again when the work is through, but they are assigned farms, and their work is so arranged that they work alternately for the government and on their own land. The government advance them funds to clear their land and build themselves homes. In all parts of the colony the penniless outof-work is by this system being converted into a thrifty land-owner.

"It is not to the unemployed alone that the government gives land. It has entered upon a deliberate policy of breaking up the large estates which were formed in the early days. It pur-chases these estates if the owners are willing to sell; if not, it condemns them. The land is then improved with roads, properly surveyed, and is resold in small farms.

"A specimen case is that of the estate of Cheviot, of 80,000 acres, which, under the old regime, supported a single family. The estate was entirely devoted to the grazing of sheep, but New Zealand statesmanship thinks that a man is better than a sheep. This estate has now been divided into a hundred or more prosperous little farms, and where there was once only one family, there

is now a population of 2,000.
"New Zealand's latest experiment is not its least important. It now treats its worn-out working men and women not as paupers, but as pensioners. Everyone who has been in the colony 25 years, and is a citizen, and has an income of less than \$170 a year, is entitled to one shilling—a quarter—a day.
This is not merely a tenderer form of charity than that which obtains in other countries; it is a distinct recognition of the honest toiler's right to a share in the wealth he has created."—
H. D. Lloyd, in Ainslee's for January.

Fairfax afterward wrote of himself as having been on the left wing of the Parliamentary force, when nothing is more certain than that he was not on the left but on the right, sympathy may well go with our learned historian who apologizes for not being able to describe a battle as if he had been



Saturday Bargains.

The last day of the great Clearance and Riddance Sales' prices have been greatly lowered to induce quick riddance before the annual inventory, which will be made at the close of this year. Unusual inducements offered in every department for Saturday. Odd lots will be sacrificed and broken lines repriced. Early shoppers will pick up the

CANDY.

From 8 to 10 o'clock Saturday morning and from 7 to 9 Saturday evening, we will sell two hundred pounds of choice fresh Gumdrops, worth 10c pound, for special hours only, at 5c. Also ninety pounds of choice Cream Chocolates, worth 15c a

pound, special 10c a pound, or 3 lbs for 25c.

Reductions in Men's Gloves

The time is now at hand when our Men's Heavy Gloves should be cleared out. The thought prompts the deed. This is how we go about it on Saturday: Men's Mocha Gloves, lined, 2-clasp;

Men's Mocha Gioves, fined, 2 compregular price \$1 75 to \$1 50, speregular price \$1 50, speregula 11 pairs of Men's Tan Kid Gloves, lined; regular \$1 50, at.......\$1 00 20 pairs of Men's Black Astrachan Gloves, with kid hands; regular \$1. at... pairs of Men's Kid Gloves, tan

and brown; patent fastener; regular 85c to \$1, at..... pairs of Men's Driving Gauntlets, of black Astrachan, with Para Buck hands, in gloves or one fin-brown, fine quality; regular 50c a

pair, at..... Children's All-Wool Black Mitts; made, only 18 pairs; worth 25e a superior quality, with handsome lave patterns on the back, one pair in box; worth \$2 25 a pair, ...\$1 00

sizes, black and white, and fancy colors; worth 49c a pair, at..... dozen pairs Ladies' Kid Gloves. colored and black, odd sizes; sold for \$1 and \$1 25, at..., 49c

Underwear Reductions

60 suits of Men's Undershirts and Drawers, Jaeger, fleece-lined, extra heavy, all sizes: regular price 75c each, Saturday 39c for a shirt, 39c for the drawers.
Boys' Heavy Winter Shirts and
Drawers, fleece-lined; regular ers ankle length, heavy winter worth 25c and 35c each, Saturday 19c or suit...... 35c

Specials in Hosiery Boys Heavy-Ribbed Knit Stock-

ings, of Canadian manufacture, specially for school boys; good Hermsdorf dye, high spliced heels and toes; a hose worth 35c a pair, tan and natural; per pair...... 25c Children's Leggings, in black

Skates

Just about 20 pairs left of those good steel Halifax Spring Skates, all sizes now, but maybe there won't be all sizes very long; regular price was 50c, our price Saturday 39c

Fancy Goods

Clearing Sale in Fancy Goods. Special discount on made-up goods. TABLE COVERS, in tapestry and wash figured denims, regular 65c

Handsome Table Covers for work-

ing; \$1 50 ones at \$1, and \$1 Covers at 75c Tea Cloths, Tray Cloths, Center Pieces, linen, with hemstitched border: stamped for working, plain, at all prices.

DOILIES-12-inch, of white satin jean, stamped for working, choice 50 20-inch Centers of white satin jean; regular 30c, at 15c One lot of 24-inch Center Pieces; regular 40c, at 25c TRAY CLOTHS or end pieces of Irish satin damask, in delicate tints and fast colors; regular price \$1 50, just a few left at... 50c CUSHION COVERS, back, front and frill, large size; regular 65c, at 40c

A lot of \$1 Cushion Covers, back, front and frill, at 50c 20 only Cushion Covers, back and front; regular 40c, at 25c Cushion Tops of tapestry; regular 25c, at 15c 50 Tapestry Cushion Tops at35c PILLOW SHAMS-Irish Embroi-

dered Pillow Shams, large size; regular \$2 50 a pair\$2 00 Swiss Embroidered Pillow Shams, \$1 90 a pair, at\$1 50 \$1 50 a pair at \$1 30 a pair at \$1 00 \$1 00 a pair at 80c a pair at

BATTENBERG - A direct importation of all the newest designs of Duchesse, Marie Antoinette, Batten-berg and Rennalssance; includes the simplest as well as the most elaborate designs in Doillies, Center Pieces, Tea Cloths, End Pieces, Scarfs. Cushion Tops, etc.; prices range from 10c to Saturday we will give 25 per cent off the regular price of every

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Crockery

Looking over our stock we find some lines broken; others we have decided to clear out. This being our position, we are prepared to give you some good bargains.

5c AND 10c TABLES-There will be a long bargain table in the center of the basement with many lots of China Cups, and Saucers, Mugs, Plates, Cream Pitchers, etc; worth double the price, choice, 5c and 10c.

CUPS AND SAUCERS - Tables of fancy decorated China Cups and Saucers; regular price 35c and 50c, choice Also a table of damaged Dolls and Games at a mere trifle.

Music Day

In our Music Department all the latest pieces, direct from the publishers, at the lowest prices. Lady pianist to play any piece you wish to hear. 2 for 5c-All day Saturday we will place without reserve or restriction, all our 5c music and a great deal of the 10c music on special table; 2 for

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Manufacturers' samples of Umbrel-las to be sold at half value:

FOUR SPECIALS. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas. strong Paragon frame, covered with best English Gloria, steel rod, dog's head and fancy wood handles, mounted with sterling silver; worth from \$250 to \$125 Saturday at\$1 00 A lot of good quality Umbrellas, large frame and substantial black

covering; sold regularly for \$1 25 and \$1, at 690 Another lot of Gentlemen's Umbrellas; worth 85c and 75c, at..... 504 30 School Children's Umbrellas, Paragon frame, covered with good black (wool and linen coverings:

regular 65c and 50c, at..... 39c

Calendars 1000 To clear out the balance of our Calendars for 1900, we have cut the price almost in two: 10c Calendars at 5c 25c Calendars at 10c 35c Calendars at 25c

Winter Waists

50c Calendars at 35c

2 dozen Ladies' Flannel Shirt Waists, lined, stripes in black and white, blue and white, red and white; regular price \$1 25; while they last 730 18 only Ladies' Striped Silk Waists, assortment of colors, self cuffs and detachable stock collar; regular price \$3 25 and \$2 75; choice.....\$1 93

Wrappers

One lot of Ladies' Wrappers, flannelette lined waist, yoke, collar and cuffs finished with finishing braid; assortment of good colors; regular price \$1 25. Saturday... 970 LADIES' WRAPPERS - English flannelette. Paisley shawl pattern, yoke, collar and cuffs trimmed with velvet and ribbon; regular \$2 25, at\$1 75

Toboggan Caps

HOODS-Black wool, fleece-lined, large size, at 500 Children's Woolen Toboggan Caps, with tassel, in red and white black and white, navy blue and white; regular 25c and 85c; special 19c

Books, 19c

Another table just by the Book Counter of those neatly clothbound Books for Boys and Girls, by best authors; regular price 25c and 35c, at 19c

SLEIGHS UPSTAIRS --- PRICES AWAY DOWN.

VICTORIOUS

FUGITIVES

Singular Plight of the Generals Who Won the Battle of Marston Moor.

The famous battle of Marston Moor, where Prince Rupert and the Royalist army were defeated | 1644, was an extraordinary affair ... more ways than one. In the January Century John Morley points out in his paper on Cromwell some of its peculiarities: It has been said that the two armies that stood face to lace at Marston (July 2, 1644), were the largest masses of men that had met as foes on Eng-lish ground since the wars of the Roses. The Royalist force counted seventeen or eighteen chousand men, the Parliamentarians and the Scotch allies twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand, or nearly half as many again. The whole were about twice as many as were engaged at Edgehill. In a generation that, like our own, is much given to worship of size, people may make light of battles where only a few thousand men were engaged. Yet we may as well remember that Napoleon entered Italy in 1796 with only 30,000 men under arms. At Arcola and Rivoli he had not over 15,000 in the field, and even at Marengo he had not twice as many. In the great campaign of 1631-32 in the Thirty Years'

War, the imperialists were 24,000 foot and 13,000 horse, while the Swedes were 28,000 foot and 9,000 horse. As the forces engaged at Marston were the most numerous, so the battle was the bloodiest in the It was also the most singular, for the runaways were as many on one side as on the other, and the three vic-torious generals were all of them fugitives from the field. Important aspects of the fight became at once matters of party controversy and national jealousy, nor to our own time does the dispassionate student find it easy on the evidence nicely to apportion the share of Cromwell and the share of the Scots in that memorable day. But considering that the younger Fairfax afterward wrote of himself

there. The general course of what happened at the battle of Marston Moor is, however, fairly intelligible, though in details all is open to a raking fire of historic doubt. * * * Old Leven, the general in command, had been swept off in flight by his own men, and had the satisfaction or the mortification of learning, just as he was getting into bed that he had won the day.

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It is quite easy to cure yourself of Catarrh or Asthma if you use Catarrh-ozone, the medicated air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respira-tory organs caused by germ life. Catarrhozone will cure—absolutely cure—Catarrh, and is a very pleasant remedy, that can be used without any danger or risk whatever. When in-haled it rapidly volatilizes, and finds its way to the very seat of the disease, where it kills the microbic life that causes Catarrh and at the same time restores all irritated membranes to their normal condition, effecting a permanent cure. You simply breathe; Catarrhozone does the rest. One trial will demonstrate its worth. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price \$100. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 567 King-



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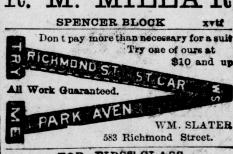
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