

If You Value Your Health

"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea in place of the adulterated teas of Japan.

Lead packets only, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD AT ST. LOUIS 1904.

Her Hidden Destiny

"Do you want me to take care of your child," the young fellow asked, "or to write to your husband's people about her? I will do whatever you wish," he added, his voice trembling a little.

"Write," she answered faintly. "They are rich, and I was his wife. You will find my marriage-letters. He left me but I worked hard for the child, and I was happier. I was not fitted to be his wife, and he wanted it was best that he should go. I forgave him—"

Again her strength was unequal to the strain, and the words died away on her parched lips. The nurse gently put away the damp golden hair from her temples, where the death-dews were gathering quickly now.

"I forgive," she murmured, in a fainter tone, a dreamy, unconscious look coming over her face. "I loved him—so I must needs forgive—and they may be kind to her for his sake—my little Barbara, my little, lonely child."

She turned her face toward the child, who still slept; but the unconscious look deepened in her languid, dreamy eyes, and once more the feeble nervous fingers crept to her bosom. "It is here," she muttered, in a faint look of satisfaction coming into her face, as her eyes wandered to Mark's. "You will take it—not yet, but when I am dead—and you will be good to Barbara."

"She is dying, sir," the nurse whispered, glancing for a moment at Mark Robson's face, and although she had meant the look to be but a momentary one, the old man's eyes were fixed on her eyes from him. The changed, almost haggard face was very different from the boyish, handsome countenance which had met her gaze when the young actor had entered the room, while in his dark gray eyes there was the same expression of sorrow, only intensified, which had come into them when he was in the adjoining room.

The nurse, slowly averting her eyes from his face, wondered, even in her absorbed anxiety for her patient, if it was the near approach of death which startled him, or whether he had loved this beautiful dying woman.

Even now, with death-dews on her brow, with pallid lips and dim, languid eyes, she was beautiful, with a beauty it was not in its prime, but which was too great to be destroyed by suffering and disease. It would not be strange if he loved her, the nurse thought, as she strove to help falling breath by tenderly raising Stella Orde in her arms, and resting the fair head upon her shoulders, while Mark Robson, leaning heavily against the mahogany bedpost, felt his heart sink, with a great, unspoken dread. And the child slept on, calm and unconscious, by her mother's side.

Suddenly, breaking in upon the stillness of the night, the clock in the neighboring church tower struck the hour of midnight; and as the last stroke rang out upon the frosty air, Stella Orde raised her languid eyelids. "No one ever knew," she muttered, "He made me promise not to tell, and I kept my word; but—he is dead, and it does not matter now if all the world knows. And it is for Barbara's sake that I speak. They will be kind to her because I was his wife—his wife—Newell Hatton's wife."

For an instant a flash of terror gleamed in the wild, dilated eyes, as if her own words startled her; then the eyelids drooped again, and her head fell back. Her eyes grew dim, a shiver ran through the slender frame, and through her parched lips the last breath quivered in a deep-drawn sigh. The short, sorrowful life was over; the actress who had loved and suffered had passed away from all earthly pain and from all earthly love.

The nurse laid her softly and reverently back on the pillow; and as she took the pale hands to fold them over the pulseless heart, she found between the stiffening fingers a folded paper.

"This is what she meant to give you," she whispered, removing it from the lifeless grasp and handing it to

GO BACK TO NATURE.

Use the Ointment Air Cure for All Types of Catarrhal Diseases.

Today doctors fight catarrh not by internal dosing, which ruins the stomach, but by Catarrhoxone, nature's cure.

This simple Inhaler treatment is sure to cure. You see it goes direct to the source of the disease.

The healing vapor repairs the damage done by catarrhal inflammation. Those tiny air cells and passages that ordinary remedies can't reach, the spots that are sore all come instantly under the influence of Catarrhoxone.

Nothing is simpler, nothing surer, nothing else can destroy the cause of catarrh and cure it as thoroughly as Catarrhoxone.

In Shulu, N. S., Mrs. H. S. Wilmet proved the merit of Catarrhoxone, and writes: "I have been a most dreadful sufferer from catarrh and bronchial trouble. On damp days I would hawk and suffer great distress in my throat. I used all kinds of medicines but didn't get permanent relief till I used Catarrhoxone. It has strengthened my throat, cured my cough and made me entirely well."

Your druggist sells Catarrhoxone; two months' treatment costs \$1.00; retail size 25c. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

the young man, who took it with unsteady fingers, without a word. Then in the same subdued silence, he passed out of the room, and from the house. Mark Robson closed the door softly behind him, and waited on for a few moments, mechanically, not knowing whether he went. Then he paused suddenly and raised his hand to his head with a troubled, confused gesture. The night was almost as bright as day, from the brilliant light of the full moon. With trembling fingers Mark Robson opened the folded paper taken from the dead woman's hand.

It was the certificate of a marriage solemnized in the church of Notre, in Kent, between the Honorable Newell Hatton, second son of the fourth Earl of Eldsloe, and Stella Orde, daughter of Edward Crosby; and as he read the lines, Mark Robson's face was pale as that of the woman whose death he had just left, of the actress who had played her last part on the stage, on whom the curtain had fallen, never to rise again.

CHAPTER II.
"Mark Robson, a member of the dramatic profession, who in the year 1867 had some correspondence with Messrs. Francis & T. H. Bell, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn, is earnestly requested to communicate with them immediately, on a matter of great importance to the person in whose interest he applied to them on the previous occasion."

"Robson, Robson, where are you, old fellow? Someone is advertising for you in the 'agony' column of the Times! There is a fortune left you, or the lady has fallen in love with you, or I say! Where is he?" And the speaker, a round faced, clean-shaven young fellow of two or three and twenty, held the Times high above his head and peered in it rather sheepishly, as if he were not quite sure of the matter.

"Parade, had I not said so?" said a pretty, slender, pale-faced girl, looking up from a play-book which she was studying with deep attention. "What do you want with him? What are you making such a noise about?"

"Was I making a noise? Awfully sorry, upon my honor, that I interrupted you; but in the circumstances I am sure you will forgive me, Miss Clifford," the young fellow responded, with a comically penitent look on his pleasant face. "Here is Robson advertised for in the second column of the 'Times'; and as the paper is ten days old, it seems very likely that he has not seen it yet."

"Advertised for?" Miss Clifford repeated, with a gleam of interest in her dark eyes. "Really? I wonder they want him with him? May I see it?"

"Certainly!"—offering her the paper with a Grandisonian bow. "I wish some lawyer fellow would advertise for me, if such a thing would arouse your interest," he added, sentimentally.

The young actress laughed. "This advertisement does not sound very promising," she observed, "for the 'matter of great importance' does not concern him apparently."

"Apparently not; but, as he has neither wife nor family, and is quite alone in the world, the 'person in whose interest he applied' to them must be himself."

"A friend, perhaps," suggested Miss Clifford, dubiously, glancing at the pretty dark eyes. "I have always thought there was some mystery about him."

"Oh, nonsense!" the girl answered, carelessly, giving him back the newspaper. "Your imagination is too vivid. Mr. Vincent, Mr. Robson has been on the stage for ten years—he told me so himself."

"I dare say he has," agreed the young fellow, laughing. "He acts splendidly, of course; but he is a cut above us, for all that. Here is Mr. Morris; I'll ask him—he knows more about Robson than any of us."

"What about Robson?" asked the stage manager, a gray-haired man, coming up at that moment, with a smile upon his kindly face. "He is late this morning. Every one is late, it seems, except yourselves."

"Here is an advertisement in the 'Times', which, if I am not much mistaken, relates to him," replied young Vincent. "Mark Robson is not a very common name, and I don't know any member of the profession who has assumed it."

"Assumed it?" the stage manager repeated, a trifle sharply. "What makes you think that he has assumed it?"

"Because, as a rule, swells don't play under their own names," answered the other carelessly. "And Robson is a swell—there cannot be two opinions on that point."

"Can there not?" Mr. Morris said coolly. "You are mistaken. But where is this advertisement?"

The young man showed it to him, and, as he read it, a shadow appeared on the manager's keen kindly countenance, and a troubled look came into his eyes.

"I do not think this will make the slightest difference to Mark Robson," said the manager. "It may trouble him a little, I fear; but it will alter nothing in his present life. You are both friends of his, he went on, 'and Vincent owes him many a good turn; so I think I may depend upon you to grant my request when I ask you to say nothing about this to him, or to any member of the company who would be likely to annoy, perhaps, to distress him with questions he would prefer not to answer.'"

"Then are you not going to show him the advertisement?" Miss Clifford asked, in surprise.

"I will ask him if he has seen it," the manager replied. "This 'Times' is quite an old one, you see. It is hardly likely that this has escaped his notice. Vincent, I can depend upon you, of course?"

"Of course," the young man answered at once. "I would bite my tongue in two rather than say a word to annoy Robson. There is not one of us but has some reason to be grateful to him; but I have a score."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and earnestness with which he spoke. The manager, glancing at him smiled and nodded, then went thoughtfully up the stage, folding the sheet of the 'Times' as he went, and finally disappeared behind a dusty side-scene, which shut him out from view. Miss Clifford resumed her study with somewhat less attention than before, while Mr. Vincent sauntered down the stage to the footlights, his hands in his pockets, his little twinkling eyes very thoughtful, and a trifle mischievous, when he recalled all he owed to Mr. Robson since he joined Mr. Morris's company, not only for kindness and encouragement, but for real help in his profession.

Few places more dismal or dreary than a theater by daylight can be imagined. Even a daintily upholstered London playhouse, when the summer gloomy appearance when the summer sunshine pours in at every available inlet; but a provincial theater is infinitely more somber, and the Theater Royal, Southwark, was no exception to the rule. It was a spacious building; but in the cruel daylight the decorations looked coarse and garish, the red velvet dusty, and the scenery dingy to the last degree. George Vincent, however, was accustomed to such a spectacle to head it, as he stood before the footlights, seriously thinking—not a very usual occupation with the young actor.

Outside, the pleasant, warm May sun poured down its genial rays upon the town; the sea, one waveless mass of blue, glittered brilliantly in the golden light illuminating its broad expanse; children, playing and laughing, ran over the sands; boys and girls were selling sweet, fresh bunches of primroses and violets; pretty girls, taking their morning constitutional on the Parade, had donned their freshest and brightest gowns. One of them, a brunette, had fastened a bunch of primroses coquettishly against her dusky throat; and a man clad in a suit of gray tweed, walking down the Parade, half turned to look at her, then, with a smile and a frown at his "folly," resumed his walk, turning his back on the blue sunlit sea as he went up a side-street leading to the theater.

[To be Continued.]

BE PREPARED FOR IT.

Lumbago Strikes Quick and Comes Without Warning.

Something just as smart as lumbago is "Nervine," which quiets the pain instantly.

H. H. Powles, Powles Corners, Ont., writes: "Nervine is quick as lightning when applied for lumbago or neuralgia pain. I used to be subject to attacks, and although I used most everything nothing relieved me until I discovered 'Nervine.' I have used it also for pleurisy and sore chest and found it was just the proper thing. I cheerfully recommend 'Nervine.'"

Almost daily ocean steamships loaded with freight, passengers and mail are arriving at the port of Manila from all parts of the world, while Manila's developments as a shipping center for the Orient has lately begun.

RELIOUSNESS BURDENS LIFE.—The bilious man is never a comfortable man, because his condition renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not more dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parnelle's Vegetable Pills, by regulating the liver and eliminating the effects of bile in the stomach, they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

The taxpayers of Lincoln county, Nevada, are suing the county commissioners to compel them to increase the tax levy. The citizens wish to pay off the county indebtedness, which now amounts to \$650,000.

NOTHING LOOKS MORE UGLY than a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Warts have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remedy in Holloway's Pills can be found in Holloway's Pills.

The largest chain cable ever made is being constructed for one of the new Cunard turbines. Each link weighs 100 pounds.

SPECIAL NOTICE
Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds, down and Iron Beds, 3 Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. H. HUNT & SONS, 382 Richmond St. Phone 37.

The Family Ale
The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for Ale and Stout was won by JOHN L. BATT. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Melbourne Bank Building.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Atkinson

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TOPICS OF TALK
IN THAMESFORD

Officers of Civilian's Rifle Club
—Dr. Hixon's Marriage— A Farewell Presentation.

Thamesford, Feb. 13.—The special revival services in the Presbyterian Church ended on Friday night. Much interest was taken in them, and a number of conversions are announced.

The officers appointed by the Thamesford Civilian Rifle Association at their annual meeting last week are: Captain, H. H. Day; treasurer, Art Morrison; secretary, W. Brock; executive, W. I. Hogg; J. Bradshaw, B. B. McCarty and W. McGregor; field officer, Corp. John Smith.

Mrs. Bolton has returned from the hospital much improved in health. Congratulations are extended to Dr. Nixon on the occasion of his marriage a few days ago. Dr. Nixon recently assisted Dr. McMillan in the drug store here and made many friends. He has gone with his bride to Chicago, where he will spend a few months, taking a post-graduate course in one of the leading hospitals there.

Special revival services are being held in the Methodist Church this week, conducted by the local ministers and others from a distance. Communion service was held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday; the preparatory services on Saturday were conducted by Rev. Dickie, of Woodstock, while the prayer service on an engine room, or boiler room, or as having full charge, and shall submit to such examination, written or oral, as the board may determine.

All certificates shall at all times be exposed to view in some conspicuous place in the boiler or engine room, and the failure to expose same will be prima facie evidence of the lack of qualifications under the act.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE DRUGS Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A burglar forced his way into a wholesale toy store in Wm. street, San Francisco and stole about 1,000 jumping jacks.

The saving of would-be suicides, the municipality of London has decided to employ police motorboats on the river.

The pay of the Russian private soldier has been increased more than 100 per cent, that is to say, from \$1.35 to \$3 a day.

For Family Colds
A reliable cough and cold cure should be always in the house ready for use the moment the first symptoms appear.

It is always easier, cheaper and better to check a cold in the very beginning.

It is safer, too.

Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been tested for thirty-three years, and has cured thousands of homes in Canada and the United States to-day are never without it.

A dealer writes: "Shilo's Consumption Cure is without doubt the best remedy for Coughs and Colds on the market. One used, my customer will pay no other. L. E. Eddy, Nassau, Ont."

If it were anything but the best would it be so good? Try it in your own family. It is always easier, cheaper and better to check a cold in the very beginning.

We take all the chances. Neither you nor your dealer can lose. Isn't that fair? 25c. is the price. All dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH
BLOOD
HUMORS

PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ERUPTIONS
FLESHWORMS
AND HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced by their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effective remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood, and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

"Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: 'I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who is troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since.'"

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, for over 20 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

HIGH-PRICED BUT WORTH THE PRICE

Gourlay Pianos

Gourlay Pianos Represent the Highest Type of Modern Piano Building

They are the result of continuous and persistent efforts in the direction of greater artistic development. Their record has been a series of triumphs and their future will be worthy of the high appreciation in which they are held.

Musicians in all parts of the Dominion voluntarily voice this appreciation. In this connection the following letter from Mrs. Sanford Evans, pianiste and president Ladies' Musical Club, Winnipeg, will be interesting;

Dear Mr. Gourlay:
Please forgive my delay in writing to thank you for your promptness in sending the Gourlay Piano for my studio in the college.
I am delighted with the piano, and congratulate you heartily. Its tone is clear and ringing; its action responsive, and leaves one that sense of "reserve" in the instrument that calls out a player's enthusiasm. It has a fine singling quality, and the upper octaves are pure and sweet—one of the tests, as you know—while the middle and lower are full and rich. I use it in my piano work, and find it very satisfactory as against the grand in the same studio.

With kind regards,
Yours cordially,
(Signed) IRENE GURNEY EVANS.

WE WANT YOU TO SEE A GOURLAY.

Write for Descriptive Booklet. We ship on approval anywhere in Canada.

Gourlay, Winter, Leeming

Head Office: 180 Yonge Street, TORONTO

grieved by the decision of the board of examiners shall have the right (upon notice being given to that effect) to appeal to the minister of agriculture.

All candidates for certificates, except as provided for in section 4, shall furnish evidence of their good character, and of having at least three years' experience, either as assistants in an engine room, or boiler room, or as having full charge, and shall submit to such examination, written or oral, as the board may determine.

All certificates shall at all times be exposed to view in some conspicuous place in the boiler or engine room, and the failure to expose same will be prima facie evidence of the lack of qualifications under the act.

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For the Baby's Comfort, For the Mother's Pride, An Auto Gocart For the Baby's Ride.

Our superb line of 1906 Gocarts is now on our floor and ready for your inspection. In our efforts to secure for our trade the very best, we inspected a number of makes and, without any hesitancy, will say our 1906 Gocarts are away ahead of anything we offered to the public before. We carry over fifty styles.

The Ontario Furniture Co
228-230 Dundas Street.

The EXPERIENCE and REPUTATION of over fifty years goes into every box of

"SILENT" PARLOR MATCHES

PRICE 5 CENTS. PRICE 5 CENTS.

Have you tried them yet? If not, why not? They are perfection itself.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, Hull, Canada.
DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., London.

When you buy Icings, you want them pure and good

Cowan's Cake Icings are the best in the world, and so easily used that a child can ice a cake in three minutes.

Chocolate, Maple, Pink, Cocomut, Cream, Almond, Orange, Etc.

THE COWAN CO., Ltd., Toronto.

NEW YORK CITY.
MURRAY HILL HOTEL

40th-41st St. & Park Ave.
One block from Grand Central Depot and Subway and Elevated Stations.
Thoroughly modernized, under new management.
Telephones in all rooms.
European Plan. Table d'hôte.
Rooms with bath. \$1.50 per day and upward.
Rooms with bath. \$2.50 per day and upward.
R. L. M. BATES, LOUIS P. ROBERTS.

Westman's Hardware
121 Dundas St. Market Square.

LADIES! MADAME DUVONT'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS
Are the most efficient remedy for Delayed Menstruation and Irregularities. Full-sized 24 box sent in plain sealed package, on receipt of \$1. DUVONT MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.