

"Go, Make Ready Breakfast."

—Henry IV. (1) Act 3

And have with it

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A Lover's GERALDINE: Romance.

"Who is it?" asked a thin, querulous voice.

The sound was human, at least; and, detecting in the sharp, nervous tone the reassuring fact that the witch was afraid of her, Geraldine recovered her self-possession and said calmly:

"I am afraid I have disturbed you. I am very sorry. My name is Geraldine Lindley."

The decrepit old lady gave a gasp of horror. She had come close to the girl by this time, and she now put her little thin, claw-like hand upon Geraldine's arm and looked up into the fair young face with her most devouring scrutiny, in which, however, there was no conscious unkindness.

"The girl felt this, and smiled, as she bent her head toward the ugly, anxious, withered features, which had already lost their terror.

"It is a good face," said the old lady at last, betraying ingeniously some surprise.

She had never seen the baby-wait from the day she left the hall till this day of her return; and her imagination had followed her sister's representations so dutifully that she had unconsciously expected to see greed and avarice and every selfish vice stamped on the features of this hungry vampire who was living on the very life-blood of the Otways.

And to find that the vampire bore the likeness of a beautiful girl of good and gentle manners gave Miss Eleanor a shock, whether of pain or of pleasure she hardly knew.

"Oh, Miss Otway, do let me see Sir Charles!" I am so fond of him—you don't know how fond of him! Do, please, let me see him!"

"My dear, it is of no use to ask me; you must ask my sister Elizabeth. And I am afraid it will be of no use to ask her, either. She—she—she, dear, I wish she would come. She seems to everything; I am an invalid. But I think, if I were you, my dear, I would not ask her. And yet, I don't know," she added doubtfully, looking up again into the face which was gazing upon her heart more and more, and wondering for one brief moment whether the sight of this young and beautiful loveliness might not soften Elizabeth too.

But her common sense returned in an instant, and she said, checking at the girl's sleeve with disconcerting nervousness and dropping her voice to a croaking half whisper: "My dear, who told you to come? It is a pity you have come—it is, indeed! It is not that I wish to be unkind to you, dear, but in other circumstances I am sure I should have liked you very much; but you see it is rather awkward for everybody, isn't it?"

Elizabeth, my sister, is very—very just, and she has a way of saying what she thinks in a very straightforward manner, which perhaps might—er—disconcert you a little, my dear."

"Oh, no, sir, I would rather deal with straightforward people! But is Miss Elizabeth Otway so very formidable, then?"

"Oh, no, not formidable at all, my dear, but very, very—very—very unobtrusive, except—except when she is annoyed—at least, not annoyed, but I'm afraid I am giving a wrong impression of her, and perhaps—"

"Perhaps I shall like her very much, after all," said Geraldine, encouraged by her interview with the witch.

"Perhaps!" echoed Eleanor, faintly, for it seemed very unlikely that the doomed intruder would ever hear of her, which nobody had ever done yet.

Geraldine was more puzzled than ever, on finding that the witch, who had been the first of the witches reason for her, was as to her guardian's reason for keeping the very existence of his sisters concealed from her. The dread of some terrible secret to be disclosed to her in this dreary house on this anxious night began to grow upon her again, and, when the creaking of the door at last announced the approach of the all-important Miss Elizabeth, the girl turned with a deep sigh of relief toward her.

But the very first sight of the stately upright figure, majestic, though not tall, in an old gray silk gown that hung in soft folds about her, and on the hard face and cold eyes, struck Geraldine with superstitious, indefinite terror, for she recognized the face

which had once frightened her in her childhood, and she knew now that she had been in Warrington Hall before. As the rigid figure approached, she bowed, but for a moment dared not advance. When within a few steps of her, Elizabeth stopped and looked at her from head to foot. There was something in this cold, contemptuous, deliberate inspection so cruelly different from the timid, inquiring scrutiny to which the other sister had subjected her, that Geraldine shrank back and hesitated, not knowing what to say. However, as the other maintained her cold silence, the girl began, in a low and faltering voice:

"I have dared, Miss Otway—"

"Dared? Yes, that is the right word. You have dared a great deal, Miss Lindley."

But the girl, knowing herself to be innocent of intentional wrong, raised her brown eyes to meet the cold blue ones very steadily, and, recovering her self-possession to hear and answer whatever accusation might be coming, she said, in a firmer tone:

"You cannot know, Miss Otway, that Sir Charles sent for me."

"Indeed? Who did he send?"

"Mr. Reginald Bamber."

"Who was also good enough to bring you, I suppose?"

"Yes, he drove me here."

"And is he going to drive you back?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, then the duty of seeing you safely restored to your friends is intrusted to us? Or is it your intention to honor us permanently with your presence?"

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" expostulated Eleanor, moved out of her position by the stony expression of her sister's face, which told that she had worse blows still to deal before long.

The rigid gray figure merely silenced the feeble protest by an imperative gesture.

"I don't understand you," said Geraldine, in a low voice.

"I will try to speak more clearly. Since you are so abnormally innocent, it devolves upon me to tell you that results from this house is an insult to us, Sir Charles' sisters, who for years have been silent sufferers from the unreasonable fancy he took nineteen years ago to the abandoned child of a beggar-woman."

Eleanor sat crouched on the sofa, shuddering. But the girl to whom this revelation was thus coarsely made heard it in perfect calm silence, without a start or a sound. It was too new, too sudden, too entirely unexpected for her to be able at once to feel any sensation about it. She merely understood it, and waited for more.

Elizabeth continued:

"I should have thought that, having been brought up, thanks to the generosity with which Sir Charles starved and pinched his own relatives for your sake, in a manner far above your station, you would have had the decency to respect the feeling which prompted your benefactor to forbid you this house."

"My guardian—Sir Charles—has never forbidden me this house, madam," said Geraldine, quietly; "and it was he who sent for me this evening. It is he I have come to see, and I have no wish to obtrude either upon you or Miss Eleanor Otway. If you will be kind enough to let him know I am here, you will see I have told you the truth."

She turned with a first restless movement, glancing with anxious eyes toward the bell. She was not only impatient to be with her old guardian, but a choking feeling in her throat warned her that, if she were to have to pass through a further ordeal of cold looks and cruel words, her self-command would be in danger.

But Elizabeth had other bolts in store, and she meant to use them all.

"Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to fulfill your wishes," said she, with hard irony. "A physician from London is with him, and he cannot be disturbed."

"Then I will come back to see him presently," returned Geraldine, speaking rather more quickly than before.

"I will take care that you and Miss Eleanor Otway shall not again be disturbed by my arrival."

"If I am afraid I must beg you not to run the risk of incurring another disappointment, Miss Lindley. In the critical state that my brother, Sir Charles, is in now, the excitement of seeing any one but the members of his own family might have dangerous results for him, and I regret to inform you that I therefore feel compelled to withhold my permission from your doing him the honor of a visit."

"But he wishes to see me," expostulated Geraldine, still very quietly, though her voice was not without a certain hardness.

"Very likely. But his wishes, now that he is ill, must be controlled for his good by the common sense of those nearest and dearest to him."

"But there is no one nearer or dearer to him than I am!" burst out Geraldine, not loudly, but with the fire of passionate earnestness in her voice.

"You yourself have confessed that, for the story that he never heard before, which you have just told me, is true, then surely the little outcast who has no claim upon his death, very, very dear to him for him to have made for her sake the sacrifices you speak of."

"You need not distress yourself about that, Miss Lindley. The sacrifices Sir Charles made on your account, by selling his farms and cutting down his timber, have affected chiefly that part of his estate from which we, his sisters, would, in the case of his death, derive what scanty income we should have. But these details cannot interest you, and I regret to inform you that I therefore feel compelled to withhold my permission from your doing him the honor of a visit."

"If that is what is troubling you, you need not be afraid of me," said she, quietly. "Sir Charles has indeed, as you say, done more than enough for me."

She was hurrying her words, lest the passion of remorseful gratitude which was surging up in her heart should overflow and render her incapable of thought or action.

"Thanks to him, I have been well educated and am able to work. If he were to do anything more for me, now that I know all I owe him—it would not cause me happiness, but the deepest pain. Let me tell him that!" she almost sobbed.

"You are very good. But I cannot impose on your generosity so far. It seems inhospitable to suggest it; but I think your friends at Copley, as well as Sir Charles, would be distressed if you were to delay your return any longer. It is getting late for a young lady to be out without an escort. It will order the carriage to take you back."

To be Continued.

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Dr. Nansen has asked permission to name the Siberian Peninsula discovered by him after King Oscar of Sweden. The King and the Russian authorities have given their consent.

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Canada to Columbia: Arthur J. Stringer

Er, out of the sickened East we crept,
This land we have cloven in twain by hate,
In the days of old was one.

"Twas one from the walls of eternal ice
To the hills of eternal heat,
From the fog-wrapt Banks to that barren remote,
Where the waves and the Rockies meet,
From the lonely dunes of the polar snows
And the plains of the norland pine,
Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf
And the vale of the southern vine;

And the bird and the beast of the north
Knew naught of our old-world cry
Of, "Yonder the home of a stranger folk!"
And "Yonder an alien sky";

For over it bent the one blue dome,
And journeyed the one good sun,
And the riotous lakes joined laughing hands,
And the world of the west was one.

But we, with our old-world legends,
And the taint of our old-world ills,
We came with the curse in our heart-core,
And the plains of the norland hills,
We laid the Line of our homeland there;
Then knelt to God and unto him taught
The infant soul thereof,

And prayed, since north of the Line were brothers,
That His blight should ever fall
Where the wind of the Alien blows.

So ye, who dwell in the Southland,
Spoke up to the self-same note:
"My heart shall I harden against ye,
My hand shall I hold at your throat,
And your Home—shall I hate to the finish,
And mine—shall I love to the end;

And since you are south of the Border,
I claim you as kindred and friend,
But for ye who have gone to the Outlands,
And mine—shall I love to the end;

My hate shall endure till the end of my days,
Or unto the end of time;
And though we have spoken the same tongue,
And eaten the selfsame bread,
The line of our hatred and love ordains
That I loathe you, living or dead.

God knows in our old world legends,
Jured many an old world blot—
Old gods that were fast forgotten,
And days that we scarce would name,
And many a deed we sorrowed
And many a thing of shame.

We had mourned them of old too long,
And we sorrowed not,
Went forth from the homes of our fathers,
And old in our sorrows, came
To the uttermost ends of the earth,
That the old-time wrongs we wrought,
And the curse of our foolish hatred,
Might be forgot.

And have we so well forgotten,
And made us our peace with God,
That again we should write in our blood
What brought us of old abroad?
And the things it were so sore to
Be spoken with laughter again?

God's sunlight is gold on our highlands,
Your lowlands are meet with his rain,
Where your hillside grow heavy with harvests,
Our lowlands are golden with grain;
And as though we were one people,
With neither a dug nor a bone,
We each of us snarl at the other in hate,
And housed by the selfsame seas as we are,
And roofed by the one blue dome,
Like children we babble of hatred—and lo!
We sleep in the selfsame home;

Where prisoned by ancient passions,
We vaunt of our freedom in vain
And e'en in our bosoms we wear
Bruise our limbs on the old ironical chain.

Let them who are far from our doorway
Make war, as it was of old,
And the life of the one be hatred,
And the life of the other be cold,
Let them if they will, be wolves,
And their house from the wolf withhold,

And since by the sword they are conquered
By the sword they are won,
But we, my brothers, who loitered and ate
So long at the selfsame board,
Shall hound the curse of our ancient hate
From our re-united home,
And eat of each other's harvest again,
And reap of each other's loam;

And the life we live be a larger life,
And our love know never a line,
From the lonely dunes of the polar snows
And the plains of the norland pine,
Right down to the shore of the sultry Gulf
And the vale of the southern vine.

So we of the North, to ye of the South,
And ye—ye have had your sorrows,
And ye will understand!

He did not feel disposed to see London West made a dumping ground.

Councillor Duff moved that the prayer of the petition be granted, that \$25 be the amount of the license fee, and that the clerk be instructed to prepare the by-laws.

Mrs. Boomer thanked the council and departed with her escort.

THE CURFEW BELL.

Reeve Saunby said he had another matter, equally as important, along the same line, and read a letter from Mrs. S. G. E. McKee, superintendent of the Curfew Bell department of the W. C. T. U., drawing attention to the act respecting the same, passed by the Local Legislature, and requesting that the system was in vogue, and seemed to work well, giving general satisfaction. He read the by-law, an extract of which follows:

"That after the hour of 9 o'clock, in the evening, between May 1 and Nov. 1, and after the hour of 8 o'clock in the evening, between Nov. 1 and May 1, in each year, it shall not be lawful for children of either sex under the age of 14 years, to be in the streets, or on any street of the said town, unless under the control of a parent or guardian, or other adult person, or in the execution of an errand or of other unavoidable cause."

The bell is rung at the hour named, and if a child is found on the streets after the hour, the parents are warned in writing. If neglect is persisted in the parents are brought before the magistrate and fined \$1 for the first, \$2 for the second, and \$5 for the third offense.

Councillor Ferguson thought this would necessitate getting a new bell and the employing of another constable.

Deputy Reeve Collins said the school bell would be wanted to see some action taken in the matter. If he disapproved him frequently to see so many young children on the streets in bad company, at late hours, if he would not take action it was time the municipalities did. If more of these measures were in force, he would go to church on Sunday and not lose his home and rig. Wm. Bailey was out \$20 in this respect, and could get no redress.

The matter was left in the hands of the reeve, deputy reeve, and Councillor Ferguson.

A letter was read from Meredith, Cameron, Judd & Dromole, stating that any high rent any building is driven from the system. As a spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed. If feeling languid or "out of sorts," and your nerves need a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people, and take nothing else.

money and let the matter stand as before.

"And then what can we do?" asked Councillor Ferguson.

"Nothing," said the reeve.

Mr. Ferguson—That's the question that we live in a municipality where a man won't pay taxes and can do just as he likes.

Mr. Duff said he had opposed the motion to advertise the lands, but last year the deputy reeve would have it that way and the council was out just that much more. An order was passed for the amount.

Chief Ross of the city reeve department, acknowledged the receipt of \$35, a gift from the village council for services at the late fire.

A communication from John Blewins, Toronto, asking that the council appoint a delegate to a convention to be held in Toronto to consider amendments to the act respecting exemptions, was filed.

ANOTHER WRIT THREATENED.

Another communication was received from Mr. P. McPhillips, regarding H. W. Healy's property on the Wharncliffe highway. Healy, it is claimed, has an opportunity to sell the lands, but the intending purchaser declines to close the bargain while the claim for the overdue taxes for 1887 and 1888 is pending. He claimed that some of the officials had been satisfied that the claim against the property for taxes had been paid, and that the account should be removed from the treasurer's books. If this was not done he threatened to issue a writ of mandamus against the council.

Reeve Saunby said he had been advised by the solicitors that, in order to pursue, and on motion the communication was filed.

COST OF THE BREAKWATER.

Councillor Duff laid on the table a statement showing the cost of the breakwater and its repairs as closely as he could ascertain. During the years 1885-6 no ledger account was kept, and it was a difficult task to know just what was spent on it. The breakwater was begun in 1885 and finished in 1888, the total cost of construction being \$12,258.88. Since 1888 the cost of repairs had been \$13,127.92, a total of \$25,386.80, or an average of \$32.24 per year, as follows:

1885 \$5,886.33
1886 5,181.00
1887 3,023.10
1888 168.45
1889 53.50
1890 7.00
1891 844.15
1892 439.56
1893 804.97
1894 174.54
1895 813.25

MOKE TROUBLE.

Councillor Hamilton drew attention to the fact that the breakwater on Ash street had been damaged. The pipe leading from Mr. Carroll's house, he said, had evidently burst, and the breakwater had been dug up and left in a weak condition in order to repair it.

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