A Latter Day ____ Nineteenth Century Laxury

CEYLON TEA

Every leaf is pure and delicious. old in lead packets only. Black and nixed. All grocers.

Sold at 25c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

It was raining hard when he left the club, a most dreary night in the city. The coach rattled through the muddy streets and brought, as it went along, many a bored, heavy counten-ance to the steaming windows, to watch and to wonder at its pace. Lady Capel had been death-stricken while at whist, and she had not been removed from the parlor in which she had been playing her game. She was stretched upon a sofa in the midst of the deserted tables, yet covered with scattered cards and half-emptied tea cups. Only Lady Suffolk and a physician were with her, though the corridor was full of terrified, curious servants, not unkindly gloating over such

a bit of sensation in their prosaic lives. At this hour, it was evident that above everything in the world the old lady had loved the wild, extravagant grandson, whose debts she had paid over and over, and whom she had for years alternately petted and scolded. 'Oh, Dick!" she whispered, "I've got to go-we all have-I've had a good

"Shall I go for Cousin Harold? I can bring him in an hour.' "No, no; I want no priests-no better than we are, Dick. Harold is a proud sinner; Lord, what a proud sinner he is!"-then, with a glint of her usual temper-"he'd snub the twelve apostles if he met them without mitres. No priests, Dick. It is you ! want. I have left you £8,000-all I could save, Dick. Everything goes back to William now, but the £8,000 Arabella is witness to it. Dick, Dick! You will think of me

And Hyde kissed her fondly. Ugly, others; but to him she had been a double mother. "I'll never forget you," he answered, "never, grandmother. "I know what the town will say— 'Well, well! old Lady Capel has gone to her deserts, at last.' Don't mind them, Dick. Let them talk-they will have to go, too; it's the old round-meat and mirth and then to bed-a-"Grandmother!"

hear you, Dick; good-night!" "Is there enything you want done? Think, dear grandmother!"
"Don't let Exmouth come to my funeral. I don't want him-grinning

"Put me beside Jack Capel. I wonder—if I shall—see Jack!" A shadow, grey and swift, passed over her face. Her eyes flashed one piecus look into Hyde's eyes, and then closed for ever. And while in the rainy, dreary London twilight Lady Capel was dying, Katherine was in the garden at Hyde Manor, watching the planting of seeds that were in a few weeks to be living things of beauty and sweetness. It had ceased raining at noon in Norfolk, and the gravel walks were per-fectly dry, and the air full of the fragrance of innumerable violets. All the level land was wearing buttercups. Full of secrets-of fluttering wings and and building nests-were the trees. In the apple blooms the bees were humming, delirious with delight. From the beehlves came the peculiar and exquisite odor of virgin wax. Somewhere near, also, the gurgle of running water spread an air of freshness all

And Katherine, with a little basket of flower seeds, was going with the gardener from bed to bed, watching him plant them. No one who had seen her in the child-like loveliness of her early girlhood could have imagined the splendor of her matured beauty. She had grown "divinely tall," and the exercise of undisputed authority added a gracious stateliness of mancomplexion was wonderful, her face full of sympathetic revela-tions. Above all, she had that nameless charm which comes from a freedom from all anxious thought for the morrow; that charm of which the sweet secret is generally lost after the twentieth summer. Her basket of seeds was clasped to her side within the hollow of her left arm, and with her right hand she lifted a long petticoat of quilted blue satin. Above this garment she wore a gown of wood-colored taffeta, sprigged with rosebuds, and a stomacher of fine lace to match the deep rufflings on her elbow

running hither and thither, as her eager spirits led him-now pausing to watch her drop from her white fingers the precious seed into its prepared bed, anon darting after some fancied joy among the pyramidal yews, and dusky trelliages, and cradle walks of holly

Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy Caller Herrin', They're bonny fish and halsome fairin's Wha'll buy Herrin' New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin' on your pillows Dream'd ye ought o' our poor fellows Darkling as they faced the billows A' to fill the woven willows?

C PER TIN, OR

8 TINS FOR 25C

160 Dundas Street.

Fnone 485.

Whom Is It Justifiable for One Person ed into Katherine's mind that calm to Kill Another?

evening hour. Neither had she any presentiment of sorrow. Her soul was happy and untroubled, and she lingered in the sweet place until the ten-der touch of gray twilight was over fen and field. Then her maid, with a To the Editor of The Advertiser: I have read carefully of shooting of a negro prisoner in the Kingston Penitentiary, and I cannot manner full of pleasant excitement, came to her and said: Here be a London peddler, madam; and he do have all the latest fashions, and the help regretting the occurrence. The story shows that the man was badtempered, vislent and dangerous. He news of the King and the Americans. had threatened to kill any man who would enter his cell. The warden Now, for many reasons, the advenof a London peddler was a great and ordered him to be punished. On being informed of this he repeated his threat. Then the warden gave the qrpleasant event at the Manor House. Katherine had that delightful and excusable womanly foible-a love of fine der, "Take him to the dungeons." That clothing; and shops for its sale were might possibly mean death to the offivery rare even in towns of considercers or the prisoner or to both. I think it would have been better to have left able size. It was from packmen and hawkers that fine ladies bought their the prisoner to himself for a while, to feel the effects of hunger, to get his laces and ribbons and gloves, their precious toilet and hairpins, their paints and powders, and India scarfs and fans, and even jewelry. These reasoned with. There is a key to every man's disposition if one can only hawkers were also the great news find it, and it is the duty of those bearers to the lonely halls and granges managing criminals, or the insane, or and farmhouses; and they were everyeven ordinary pupils who seem intractable and incorrigible, to try to where sure of a welcome and of such entertainment as they required. Generally, each peddler had his recognized find that key and use it wisely. Any-body can manage law-abiding citiroute and regular customers, but oczens, any teacher can secure success casionally a strange dealer called, and

and privit. For, as Sir Thomas Swaff-ham said, "Hyde garden looked just as if brought from Holland," and es-

pecially so in the spring, when it was ablaze with gorgeous tulips and hya-

She had heard much of Lady Capel and she had a certain tenderness for the old woman who loved her husband

so truly: but no thought of her enter-

doubly welcome.

towards the house.

across her shoulders.

ought.

pathies went.

to repack his treasures, and Lettice to

carry away the pretty trifles and the

hands out o' the American pockets."

"See, you, madam—they are a-going

punish the Bostonians: and Mr. Burke.

the bar of the House. Now, the ques-

was about to leave the room with it

when he suddenly remembered a scarf

of great beauty which he had not

"I bought it for my Lady Suffolk,"

very color of affradiles. But, may

hap, as it is candle-teening, you'd like

A singular look of speculation came

into Katherine's face. She examined the scarf without delay, and as she fingered the delicate silk she led the

man on to talk of Lady Suffolk;

though, indeed, he scarcely needed the stimulus of questioning. Without re-gard as to whether Katherine was tak-

ing any interest or not in his infor-

mation, he detailed with hurried avid-ity the town talk that had clung to

her reputation for so many years. And

he so fully described the handsome cavalry officer that was her devoted

attendant that Katherine could have

had no difficulty in recognizing her

husband, even without the clues which

her own knowledge of the parties

She stood in the gray light by the

rapidly, interloping bits of news about

the court and the fashions, but going

lover, and what was likely to take place now that Lord Suffolk was out

of the way; "though there's them that

do say the captain has a comely wife

(To be Continued.)

HE AILED MANY YEARS.

Kidney Trouble of Some Kind - Lame

Back and Weakness-Cured by a Few

Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Brockville, Oct. 12.—As stated by Ir. Wm. A. Stagg himself, the facts

of his quite recent perfect recovery

from weakness and ailments many years suffered are as follows: "To a

few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I

owe my complete cure from weakness

and lame back which had clung to

me for many years. As soon as I decided that the cause might be from

cured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills,

and I am glad to say that only a few boxes were taken before I was as well

The plain Roman characters are

said by some authorities to be so call-

ed because for over 600 years they were used by the popes in their bulls.

A Prominent Lawyer Says

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

Business chances, articles for sale, 1 cent per word for first insertion and same rate in The Advertiser, namely, houses to let, boarders wanted, male help wanted, etc., are all charged the 1-2 cent per word for each subsequent

hid up in the country.'

always back to Lady Suffolk and her

to wait till the day comes again."

Bill is a diabolical bill."

with good students. But it requires the deepest study, if not real genius, such, having unfamiliar ware, were to manage the savage and intractable, it Parkins, Lettice?" asked and more than a teacher's certificate Katherine, as she turned with interest to make a read student out of the stupid and wayward. Criminal life "No, ma'am, it isn't Parkins, and I is held cheap. "He was a troublesome do think as the man never showed his character, I'm glad he is dead," says face in Hyde before; but he do say the average guard. Yet a life is gone that he has a miracle of fine things." out and there is a heart somewhere In a few minutes he was exhibiting sad over the event. It might have them to Katherine, and she was too come near to any of us. much interested in the wares to notice day an animal chased and gored to their merchant particularly. Indeed, death its owner. He was stalled, howhe had one of those faces which re- ever, and spared because he veal nothing—a face flat, hard, secret worth more than his avoirdupois in as a wall, wrinkled as an old banner. the market. Had the owner He was a hale, thick-set man, dressed known his disposition he would have in breeches of corduroy, and a sleeved avoided him. The Kingston criwaistcoat down to his knees of the minal was worth less than the same material. His fur cap was on animal. the carpet beside his pack, and he had that the verdict of the coroner's jury a fluent tongue in praise of his wares as he hung his silks over Lettice's his fate. The man who shot him was outspread arm or arranged the scarfs quite within the law. That leads me across her shoulders. wisdom of the strict application of law There was a slow, but mutually satto criminals. Entering Toronto from isfactory exchange of goods and money, and then the peddler began the west I see men on the walls of the

to escape, and I suppose that the law Then, also, he found time to would justify these guards in shooting talk, to take out the last newspapers them. I cannot bring myself to justify such treatment of a prisoner. and to describe the popular dissatisfaction at the stupid tyranny of the Death is the punishment meted out to Government towards the colonies. For the most flagrant criminals. Few, if either from information, or by some any, of these prisoners deserve death. process rapid of instinct, he undershould a guard be permitted, stood to which side Katherine's symmuch less instructed or ordered to shoot them? It is human nature to try "Here be the Flying Postman, madto regain our liberty. It certainly is am, with the great speech of Mr. no crime; why then should a man be Burke in it about the port of Boston but it won't do a mossel o' good, mad-am, though he do tell 'em to keep their

armed with rifles that they may shoot

Central Prison inclosure.

pieces of satin her mistress had any prisoner that they may see trying

rights. One evening a few years ago two who had learned to use the revolver, to shut the port o' Boston, and make on hearing a noise at the lattice, promptly fired and killed both the Salem the place of entry-that's to would-be burglars. A celebrated American divine justified the act, affirmhe says: 'The House has been told that Salem is only seventeen miles from ing that it was the only way to pro-Boston; but justice is not an idea of tect society. Would it not have geography, and the Americans are better to have alarmed the burglars? condemned without being heard. Yet A shot into the air would have sent the universal custom on any alteration them off, protected the property and avoided their death. She had no of charters is to hear the parties at moral right to shoot them unless she tion is, are the Americans to be heard, could not help it. Had they stolen all the valuables of the mansion the or not, before the charter is broken for our convenience? * * * The Boston law would not have sent them to the scaffold. I do not object to the law that permits one to defend his own He read aloud this bit of Mr. Burke's fiery eloquence in a high, droning life even at the expense of the life of voice, and would, according to custom, have continued the entertainment; but have continued the entertainment; but should never take life until we have exhausted every other method of de-Katherine, preferring to use her own intelligence, borrowed the paper, and fense,

The College, Hamilton, Oct. 12. BURIED TOGETHER

he said; "but Lord Suffolk died sud-den, and black my lady had to wear. Sad Death of Brothers, One in Hamilton, the Other in Buffalo. It's forrin, madam, and here it is-the

Hamilton, Oct. 14.—The bodies Anthony Willman, of Buffalo, and his brother, Daniel Willman, of this city, were buried together in Buffalo yes terday morning. The deaths were par-ticularly sad, Daniel, died here while going home from work last Friday night. A telegram was sent to his brother, stating that the body would be shipped to Buffalo for burial. It was taken to that city on Saturday night, and when it arrived, Anthony who had been sick, died also. Both men had heart disease. It was intended to bury the former on Monday, but the funeral was postponed until yesterday morning, so the brothers could be buried together. The dual funeral was attended by Messrs. John White, John Hall, Morgan McLaughlin and Fred. Shelter, of this city. Anthony Willman was born in Baden, Germany and with his parents went to Buffalo window, fingering the delicate satin and listening. The peddler glanced from his goods to her face, and talked 27 years ago.

NO LAUGHING MATTER. Kind old gentleman (to small boy crying on the step)-What is the mat-Small Boy-I-p-pop is putting down c-carpets. "And does that unpleasant task of your father make you so sorry, then?"
"N-n-no; pop p-p-pounded his

"Ah! Sympathy for your father's pain. Is that what makes you weep?"
"N-n-no! I 1-1-laughed!"

ONE ON THE BISHOP.

From Tit-Bits. good cricket story is told of the Bishop of Rochester. He was batting in a local cricket match when the bowler sent a ball very wide of the wicket.
"Keep the ball in the parish!" cried "Keep the ban in the the irascible bishop.

The next ball knocked his lordship's middle stump out. The yokel shouted:

"I think that's somewhere about the my Lud!"

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

DOWN THE DECLINE.

Rhoumatism and Constipation, the enemies of old age, routed by Mack's Rhoumatic (Liver and Kidney) Pills. "Those Mack Pills have indeed been a comfort to me," said an old gentleman of seventy winters. "I was crippled with rheumatism, but since taking Mack's Pills I am getting as supple as a boy. Constipation bothered me considerably, but the pills have happily freed me from that ailment." No remedy for old people equal to Mack's Pills. Price fifty cents, all druggists.

Cough Chaser"-Quick to catch and

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Miss Florence Hartley Secures a Verdict

Toronto, Oct. 14.—At the Civil Assize Court, Mr. Justice MacMahon on the bench, a whole afternoon was occupied with the hearing of a claim for \$5,000 damages, brought by Miss Florence Hartley for alleged breach of promise of marriage against Robert James Jones. The fair plaintiff, who is 24 years old, is cashier in R. Walker & Sons' departmental store, and the sec

ond of four daugnters living with their parents at 151 Bleecker street, while the defendant, although half a century has passed over his head, still lives with his father at 30 Wilton avenue She is a good-looking, lady-like blonde of prepossessing manner, the second of the four sisters, and he is a little stick. Both are, or were till recently, members of Elm Street Methodis Church, and during the hearing of the case many prominent members of that congregation were noticed in the court

Briefly told, the plaintiff's story was that she first met defendant when they were next-door neighbors, on St. Alban's street in 1892, and that he proposed marriage to her on various occasions, but she refused him un-til 1894, when she succumbed to his importunity and accepted him. The courtship continued into the spring of 1895, and the wedding was set for June of that year, but was subsequently postponed until the fall. In October a year ago, however, deendant secretly married his housekeeper, though he kept up his relations with Miss Hartley as her flancee until the very day of his marrlage, and she did not learn of his faithlessness until several days after the cere mony had actually taken place. This statement was corroborated fully by several witnesses, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for \$1,000 and costs. Mr. Hartley H. Dewart, crown attorney, represented the fair plaintiff, and the defendant, who offered no evidence, was represented by Mr. B. B. Osler.

DROPPED DEAD AT A CHRISTEN-ING. Big Rapids, Mich., Oct. 14.-Mrs. Bert. Escott, wife of the manager of the telephone exchange here, dropped dead at the christening of her 2-weeks-old child. A minute before her death she was laughing.

HIS LAST AERIAL VOYAGE. Smith's Falls, Ont., Oct. 14.-Prof. Frisbie loosed his balloon at the races nere, and the airship went up until it became a speck. But there was no parachute drop, as expected. Finally the gas became exhausted, and the aeronaut, balloon and parachute began the descent together. The parathute would not work, so Frisbie forced to hang to the rolling balloon, which at first slowly descended earthwards. Then it began to drop quicker. The professor again tried the parachute, but it would not work. The end of the perilous situation came when the whole outfit lodged in a tree, and Frisbie reached the earth not hurt. shot for it? Common sense would He declares he has made his last balsuggest that even criminals have loon ascension.

> The Queen of Sweden belongs to the Salvation Army, and sometimes wears its characteristic garb in public.

ON THE RIVIERA. She—I wonder what makes the Mediterranean look so blue? He—You'd look blue if you had to wash the shores of Italy.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. Mother (at a party)—Why did you allow young Saphead to kiss you in the conservatory? Daughter-Why, ma!
Mother-Oh, you needn't why, ma,"
me. One side of his nose is powdered

and one side of yours isn't, and the people have noticed it.

ONE FACT

Outweighs a Thousand Claims-It Is Facts We Give You Backed Up by London Proof.

Facts are what we want. Opinions won't do. They differ. It is hard to pick the correct ones. You have a backache. One friend tells you to use plasters. They will cure the backache. That is his opinion. Another recommends a liniment.

You follow the advice of one; perhaps both. But are you cured? We think not. The ache perhaps leaves for a time.

You don't reach the cause. Go for the kidneys, and the back Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kid-

That is why they cure backache. This is a fact which can be proven. London people say so. Here is one: Mrs. Mary Wonnacot, 380 Clarence street, London Ont., says: I have had serious kidney troubles for fourteen years. For the past two years I have been a great sufferer. The loctor said I had what is called 'floating kidney.' I have suffered very much with pain in the back and right side, also neuralgic pains in my head. I was nervous, could not sleep well, had no appetite and was completely dragged out. I was in great distress all the time, and felt thoroughly miser-

able and sick. "For many years I tried a great number of medicines in order to get relief, but all without avail, until I sent to Strong's drug store and got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. I told my doctor I had got them, and he said they would undoubtedly do me good, and they have done so, far beyond my expectations. Since I have been taking them I have felt better every day. They have relieved me and helped me in all the distressing ailments to which I was subject. I am stronger; have no more pain. Appetite is much better, and in every way I feel they ne me the greatest good. It is a great thing for me that at last I have found something that suits my case, and which I know benefits me as no other remedy could do."

PALE GIRLS

Weak, languid and listless, suffering from heart palpitation, nervousness, stomach troubles or constipation, should use Indian Woman's Balm. It cures.

WEAK WOMEN

Run down, easily tired, pain in back or limbs, troubled with dizziness, rush of blood to the head, faint feeling, neusea, try Indian Woman's Balm. It's nature's remedy for women.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Case toria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friends

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves. Dr. J. F. KINCHELOE,

Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that mmend it as superior to any prescription

known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. L.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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was awarded for furniture at the Western Fair, and the judges decided in our favor. This is another proof that we are leaders in the manufacture of fine furniture. All the latest designs and patterns will now be found in our warerooms,

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brown Hair Dye, \$150, etc., etc.

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superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc. Electri
cal treatment for falling and gray hair. Madame Foys' Dermatological Institute 140 Maple street, London,

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Varnish Brushes, which are fitted with Jenkins' Patent Bridle Catch.

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