

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

They fell first upon the proud, imperious face of an elderly lady, the mother of the earl, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Selwyn, a lady who sits calm and erect. There is not a bend in her figure, not a wrinkle in her calm, aristocratic face; one can see that she is proud to a fault, scrupulous, ambitious, worldly, and fond of life. She wears a dress of olive-grey silk, and a white head-dress. Her face is a fine one, with little trace of care upon it.

Calm, proud, stately Mrs. Selwyn's heart cold and haughty as her face, with only one weakness in her nature, and that is her blind, passionate worship of her only son, a worship that is neither more nor less than pure idolatry, for she gives no thought away from him. As she sits now, her eyes linger on his portrait, a picture painted when he wore the uniform of the Queen's Own. The sunbeams fall there, too, brightening the dark, handsome face into wondrous beauty. Mrs. Selwyn's eyes sit where she can see that picture; it is the next best thing to seeing her son.

The sunbeams fall on something else—on the proud, high-bred face of a young girl, who is sitting beside Mrs. Selwyn. She is a beautiful oval face, with a short upper lip, and a fresh, ripe, and straight nose, and a pair of eyes, and straight brows, and a long, graceful white throat, and small white hands, with every mark of race about her—a thorough patrician; no smiling, dimpled beauty, full of wild, fresh impulse, such as Violante Temple. A court beauty, this aristocratic girl, with all the haughty loveliness and dignity of a queen. She wears no jewels, few ornaments, but a plain white morning dress, that is closed up to the throat and falls in long, graceful folds down to the pretty little feet.

And this young lady, who moves with such calm, serene, proud grace, is called Beatrice Leigh. She is the niece of Mrs. Selwyn, and cousin of Lord Vivian.

Cousin once removed, Mrs. Selwyn had a step-sister, a fair, timid, gentle girl, who married young, and went abroad with her husband, Col. Leigh. The colonel died in Canada; his young wife did not long survive him, and she left her little daughter Beatrice as a legacy to Mrs. Selwyn.

Next to her own son, Mrs. Selwyn loved Beatrice Leigh better than anyone else in the world, and from the first moment the child entered her home, she had one wish, and it was, that her proud, beautiful niece should marry her son.

As children, Vivian and Beatrice spent much of their time together. When he finally went to Oxford and then into the army, they were separated. Vivian retaining for his beautiful little playfellow a warm, kindly, brotherly affection. She, fed by his mother's continual praises of him, and constant reiteration of her wishes, gradually came to love the brave young captain better than all the world besides.

If Mrs. Selwyn had kept her wish, she would have been a very different person. As it was, she was a more unreservedly to the girl. She rejoiced in the peerless, patrician beauty that day by day became more and more developed.

"There will be no one in India like you, my dear," she would say; "you are sure to win his heart at once when he returns; then I shall have nothing left to wish for—when I see my son at Castle, and you the Countess of Selwyn."

So the girl grew up to believe implicitly in her destiny. She was to be Vivian's wife. The same picture that charmed Mrs. Selwyn was her constant resource. She found many a before it, until the dark, handsome face was so deeply engraved on her heart, nothing could ever move it again. She was a beautiful girl, of a haughty, dotted, passionate nature, and with the whole force of the passion that was in her—with the whole strength of a strong soul—she loved Lord Vivian Selwyn.

She looks very fair and serene, as the sunbeams kiss the beautiful face and the white dress; her hair, dark and shining like the wing of a rare bird, is braided round the beautiful head, after the fashion of a Grecian statue, leaving the two pretty, pearly ears to be seen.

"Letters!" cried Beatrice, as the footman entered. "I wonder if Vivian has written; if he is still lingering at that wonderful place—what is it—Wood-Elms, in Leicestershire? What possible attraction has he found in it? Ah, this is his handwriting, I am sure."

From a number of envelopes she selected the one having his writing upon it. Mrs. Selwyn smiled as she did so.

"How quickly you have found that, Beatrice!" she cried. "Now, what does he say?"

"He is coming tonight," she went on; "and, Beatrice," she says he has a surprise for us. What can it be?"

"A surprise!" she cried, a sudden gleam of light making her face still more lovely; "perhaps he has brought you something, aunt."

But Mrs. Selwyn shook her head.

TEA.

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

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

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

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co. 169 DUNDAS ST.

"I do not fancy that is it," she replied, Beatrice. "What has he been staying at this place for? Listen to what he says. 'I hope to be with you on Tuesday night; prepare yourself, dear mother, for a surprise, that will, I hope, be a pleasant one.' What can this surprise be, Beatrice?" continued Mrs. Selwyn; "he has done something that he hopes will please me, rely upon it."

Beatrice had regained all her calm. "We shall know tonight, aunt," she said quietly; "and the day is too warm for conjectures."

CHAPTER VI.

The clock on the castle tower had struck seven, the cook had sent more than one message to say that dinner was ready, and the Honorable Mrs. Selwyn, who had expected her son at six, began to grow anxious.

The table was laid in the large dining-room, the servants were hurrying about, all desirous alike of seeing the young master, who was beloved by all.

Mrs. Selwyn was dressed in a rich brown brocade, with golden ornaments, and looked what she was—a thorough English gentlewoman, a perfect patrician.

Beatrice Leigh looked more than usually beautiful. She remembered a liking Vivian had once expressed for seeing her in high dresses. She had discarded the usual dinner dress, and wore a robe of rich Indian muslin, that covered the statuesque neck and pearly shoulders—covered them, that the fine filmy lace they looked doubly fair. A string of rare pearls was fastened round her graceful head, the rich, dark hair was arranged in soft, shining waves, and one deep crimson rose was placed in the bodice of her white dress. It was a simple toilet, that could have suited a beautiful woman, and it did suit Beatrice Leigh to perfection.

Mrs. Selwyn crossed the drawing-room, holding her little jeweled watch for Beatrice to see.

"It is after seven," she said. "Do you think anything can have happened, or has Vivian deferred his return until tomorrow?"

"Neither," replied Mrs. Leigh, with a smile. "I can hear carriage wheels. Why, aunt, you are unlike yourself. I never saw you so nervous."

"He is my only son," was the quiet reply. "He is all I have in the world. Beatrice, no wonder if I am anxious over him. You are right; he is here."

The carriage wheels stopped—there was a confused noise; the barking of dogs, the hurrying of servants; then the drawing-room door opened, and Vivian entered. He looked very handsome in his traveling dress. He went up to Mrs. Selwyn and kissed her.

"I am late," he said; "but there was a delay in the Thornleigh train. How well you look, mother."

Then he turned to Beatrice, and as he looked at her he started with surprise.

"Beatrice," he said, "it would be an old-fashioned compliment to say that I never saw you so improved. But it is the truth. Her beautiful face grew bright with pleasure."

"You shall pay us as many compliments as you like after dinner," interrupted Mrs. Selwyn; "now, go to your dressing-room, you must be famished."

(To be Continued.)

Light and Shade.

Magistrate (kindly to prisoner)—"I give you another trial. Attention! to same person next morning!—What are you for?" Pearly Sam—I spec's I'se here to get dat udder trial.

Our typewriter girl is awfully clever; she can sharpen lead pencils. "Pooh! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks in the office, dying to sharpen them for her."—Collier's Weekly.

Ask—Dauber is painting a picture to keep the wolf from the door. I wonder where he can place it with the best results. "On the door."—Baltimore American.

Thus spake a father to his son: "You've often read, forsooth, Of the Georgia Washington, Who always told the truth."

"Oh, yes," the youngster did reply, "And there was quite a row; 'Was about a cherry tree, I think—' But it's a chestnut now."

"He is the only survivor of the Thirty Years' War, in which he was a participant."

"Senseless! The Thirty Years' War occurred centuries ago."

"Not the one I mean. It ended only last week with the death of his wife."—Philadelphia Press.

Pimples

Are more than a disfigurement of the skin; they are a handicap to a young man, alike in love and business. The pimply face looks dissipated and both merchant and maiden look askance at the unfortunate fellow whose face is his misfortune. An almost certain cure for pimples and similar disfiguring eruptions is found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood of the corrupting cause of ordinary eruptive diseases, cleanses the skin and builds up the body with sound wholesome flesh. "Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"I am well pleased with your medicine," writes John A. Callaway, Esq., of No. 218 26th St., Columbus, Ga. "I was working at night and I broke out in bumps all over my face. When these left the skin peeled off. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and two of Doctor Pierce's 'Fruit Salt,' and I am sound and well. I have a good appetite, but before I commenced treatment I had no appetite at all. My eyes were swollen and my face was pale. I had pimples and brown spots on my face. Now these are gone. I have used many kinds of medicine but received no benefit. Last year I weighed one hundred and thirty-four pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and forty-four. I feel as if I had found the right kind of medicine."

Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper covered, or 50 stamps for cloth binding, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.



London Ablaze

Enthusiasm of Citizens Finds Spontaneous Expression in the Fanfare of Trumpets and the Glare of Fireworks.

A Day of Jubilation Brought to an Ecstatic Close—Demonstrations of a Loyal Multitude—A Monster Procession and a Colossal Bonfire.

In an ecstasy of exultation Londoners, last evening, concluded a day spent in celebrating British successes in South Africa. From the time the stores and factories closed, early in the day, the people generally had but one purpose in mind—to celebrate.

And even while the stores were open that purpose was greatly in evidence, for the chief business done was in the sale of flags, tin horns, and patriotic emblems. Many of the mercantile houses closed early in the afternoon, and the pandemonium which was let loose in the morning the instant the news of the relief of Ladysmith became general, and raged with increased vigor. Rigs, lavishly decorated with the national colors, and drawn by one, two or four horses, traversed the city streets. Some contained ten or a dozen lusty-lunged young men, with ear-splitting horns and kazoos, the sounds from which rose above the general din. At the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets there was continuously, from early morning until after midnight, a smiling, cheering, flag-bedecked, horn-toting throng. In the evening, as the time for the procession to start drew near, the crowds there, and similar crowds all along the line of march, grew in density. Walking along the sidewalks in the principal streets in the center of the city was a slow job. Apparently the one aim of the entire population was to jubilate. Men, women and children congregated by thousands, and everybody wore a flag, ribbon, badge, or other patriotic emblem. Rockets shot from upper story windows of the business places, and the scene was witnessed the spectacle. Red fire was burned in great quantities, and shed a continual glare over the thronged streets. The city was literally ablaze, and the inhabitants could have blazoned their loyalty to the British Empire in any way more pronounced, for the wild enthusiasm which characterized the conduct of the people was as spontaneous as it was general.

FORMING THE PARADE.

About 7 o'clock in the evening crowds of people began to assemble in and near the drill shed. The militiamen, and those who were to participate in the procession were nearly all gathered in the drill shed, and as they assembled the crowds became larger and larger on the adjacent streets and in the park across the road. The men who formed the country's defense in the times that have gone by gathered in the east end of the shed. Gray-haired veterans of '68 and '69 were there. Men who have lost the elastic step and hardy strength of former days, but whose hearts were as true as ever. They were the men of the days that are past, but they evidenced their determination that their aid would still be given, should it become necessary. Behind these were the ex-prisoners of the 9th Field Battery of Artillery, who were especially noticeable on account of the old-fashioned knapsacks they carried on their backs. Then came a representation from the First Hussars, with No. 1 Company, R. C. I., in the rear, and behind them again were paraded the 7th Fusiliers. These latter made a splendid showing in their great coats. They were about 200 strong. All these were in the hall, while upon the streets outside congregated the other bodies who were to march. East of Wellington the fire department were stationed. In front of them were the civic authorities, while on other streets nearby there were the cadets, the citizens, the bands and the vehicles. On all streets was the ubiquitous small boy. Seemingly he ruled the city. He rode upon street-cars, asked for permission to, and still he was unobscured. The blare of his horn was rending every ear. On all sides there was felt his noisy, squirming, healthy presence. While the crowds were waiting for the procession to start, the relief of the monotony of the proceedings by same fan-fare of trumpets, and by cheers and cries similar to those that had been heard continuously on the streets throughout the day. He who rode the loudest horn, at one time, he who made a noise that differed from others was a person of distinction. It must be admitted that the boys carried off the honors, not because of their own prowess, but because their grown-up brothers, their fathers, yes, even their sisters and mothers, rivaled them in the variety of their noise-producing endeavors. Staid citizens gave themselves into the joyous jubilation with unrestrained energy. Like the Kafirs of all ages, every man was a boy last night.

ON THE MOVE.

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THE SALUTE.

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While arrangements were being completed at the hall, the Sixth Field Battery paraded at their gun shed. About 50 men were present, and were under the command of Lieut. George Wilson. Four guns were hauled out onto the street, and were manned. When all was in readiness, a short time after 8 o'clock, the order was given to load with blank ammunition. Soon the resounding boom of the gun was heard throughout the city, and the first of a salute of 21 guns had been fired. Every few seconds the heavy roar was repeated, until the required number of shots had been fired. Then the guns were restored to their places and the men went to participate in the events that were occurring down town.

Two Hussars, Col. Gartshore and Chief of Police. Veterans. Ex-Members Sixth Field Battery. No. 1 Company, R. C. I. Citizens. Seventh Battalion Band. Bugle Band. Col. Smith. Seventh Battalion. L. C. I. Cadets. Chief Roe.

Nos. 1, 2 and Stations, L. F. D. Mounted Masqueraders. Salvation Army Band. Acting Mayor Jolly, City Council and City Officials. School Board and Officials. School Teachers and Children. L. C. I. Pupils. Citizens.

Sons of England. Musical Society Band. Arlington Club. Ramblers' Club. Oregon Club. Belvidere Club. Balmoral Club. Mahatma Club. Orient Club. Christopher Columbus Society and Band.

Western Medical College Students. St. John's Athletic Club. G. T. R. Carshons Employees. Citizens in Vehicles and on Foot.



Stationery.

PEN POINTS—Saturday we will sell 100 dozen of first-class Pen Points, Falcon, 232 and 233; one dozen for 3c

SCRIBBLERS—One hundred page School Scribblers, dozen for 10c

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