

New Tea for Old. Pure Tea for Impure.

SALADA CEYLON TEA

Light color in infusion will out-draw any Japan tea grown. Although similar in flavor it is infinitely more delicious.

The Face Behind the Mask. A Romance.

The room was spacious and richly furnished. Just enough light stole through the draped window at the further end, draped with crimson satin, embroidered with gold, to show it. The floor was of veined wood of many colors, arranged in fanciful mosaics, and strewn with Turkish rugs and Persian mats of gorgeous colors.

"Great heaven! what a beautiful face!" was his cry, as he bent still further down. "What the plague is the matter?" asked Sir Norman, coming forward. "You have said that," said Ormiston, recollecting, "The plague is the matter. There lies one dead of it!"

"Come away!" said Ormiston, catching his companion by the arm. "It is death to remain here!" Sir Norman had been standing like one in a trance, from which this address roused him, and he grasped Ormiston's shoulder almost frantically.

TLA. 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. 100 DUNDAS ST.

The "Arabian Nights" had suddenly turned him into stone. He was much addicted to, and destined him to remain there an ornamental fixture for ever.

Ormiston rushed downstairs to intercept the dead-cart, already almost full on its way to the plague-pit. The driver stopped at his call and instantly followed him upstairs and into the room.

"A bride, I should say, and an uncommonly handsome one, too. We'll just take her along as she is, and strip these nice things off the body when we get it to the plague-pit."

"So saying he wrapped her in the sheet, and directing Ormiston to take hold of the two lower ends, took the upper corners himself, with the air of a professional undertaker, and Ormiston recoiled from touching it, and Sir Norman, seeing what they were about to do, and knowing there was no help for it, made up his mind, like a sensible young man as he was, to conceal his feelings and caught hold of the sheet himself.

"No," said Sir Norman, rather dejectedly, turning to follow the cart. "I am for the plague-pit in Finsbury Fields!" "Nonsense!" exclaimed Ormiston, energetically. "What will take you there? You surely are not made of stone to follow the body of that dead girl?"

"I shall follow it! You can come or not, just as you please!" "Oh, if you are determined, I will go with you, of course, but it is the craziest freak I ever heard of. After this you need never laugh at me."

"I never will," said Sir Norman, moodily. "For if you love a face you have never seen, I love one I have only looked on when dead. Does it not seem sacrilege to throw anyone so like an angel into that horrible plague-pit?"

"I never saw an angel," said Ormiston, as he and his friend started to go after the dead-cart. "And I distrust there have been scores as beautiful as that poor girl thrown into the plague-pit before now. I wonder why the house has been deserted, and if she was really a bride. The bridegroom could not have loved her much, I fancy, or not even the pestilence could have scared him away."

"But, Ormiston, what an extraordinary thing it is that should be precisely the same face that the fortune-teller showed me. There she was alive and here she is dead; so I've lost all faith in La Masque for ever."

"Are you quite sure it is the same, Kingsley?" "Quite sure," said Sir Norman, indignantly. "Of course I am! Do you think I could be mistaken in such a case? I tell you I would know that face at Kamscaaka or the North Pole, for I don't believe there ever was such another created."

"On the other side of the embankment the Hotel Cecil stands back in its six-story tower, and the bridge rises in the way of trees and bushes. Quite a way down, past Queen's College, there is a narrow archway, and underneath a flight of stone steps. These lead into the outer Temple court, and passing there is a labyrinth of squares, passages and smaller courts."

The buildings are tall and stolid-looking. They will never tell the legal secret of their history, and the chambers within their walls; they will not confess to us what they confessed to Dickens—the windows are not frank and clear, but have small panes which in the Temple court, and passing back the light that comes in over the tops of the other buildings."

THE TEMPLE WIG SHOP. In one corner of the Temple cloisters there is a little pigeon-hole shop where wigs and gowns are in display. They might be the same that were there 50 years ago; there is dust about the edges.

And then there is a dingy little park, put right down into the stone paving. A young man comes from a darkening doorway, drops his hat, and picks them up, and takes a hurried cut across the grass plot and hurries down Plum court.

QUAINT OLD LONDON

How it Strikes a Foreigner—The Old Antiquities.

London is a huge, half-regulated mechanism, the expression of a thousand impulses to crowd together all those things which humanity craves for. Close sides by sides the thrush, tailor shop, book mart, and fishmonger's stall, and human needs, but illogical in human forms, push in and out, pass and repass—the forms for their needs remain the same, for they are never satisfied.

The real things are the buildings, the monuments, and the Thames; the unreal are the people who run by earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

THE BUYING AND SELLING OF LONDON. The buying and selling of London are like some old-time fair—the shops so often seem not more than booths set up for the day. And turning just one corner you are out of it all and back 100 years. Take such a turn off Charing Cross—where cabs and buses keep up the noise of the city.

One house looks more alert. It has a plate set in between the parlor windows, announcing the residence of Benjamin Franklin some 100 years ago. But a thin, gray cat sits carefully on the edge of the grating over the cellar way. Up the street there is another, not so gray but thinner—London is full of gray cats and wizened old women.

THE PAVEMENT ARTIST. There is a wide stone wall along the Thames, and not far from the corner a pavement artist is down on his knees at his base drawing with colored chalks, which she smears with the palms of her hands. There is a gray tower against a pink sky, a stretch of blue water and some green trees. She has made four pictures, and they are all country scenes. She looks up as you pass with a defiant movement of her pretty head; her eyes are large and blue, and she has a certain air, as she rests her hands on the dusty sidewalk.

On the other side of the embankment the Hotel Cecil stands back in its six-story tower, and the bridge rises in the way of trees and bushes. Quite a way down, past Queen's College, there is a narrow archway, and underneath a flight of stone steps. These lead into the outer Temple court, and passing there is a labyrinth of squares, passages and smaller courts.

The buildings are tall and stolid-looking. They will never tell the legal secret of their history, and the chambers within their walls; they will not confess to us what they confessed to Dickens—the windows are not frank and clear, but have small panes which in the Temple court, and passing back the light that comes in over the tops of the other buildings."

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE. Dodging in front of a Piccadilly bus and avoiding a "sandwich" man, you came to the other side of Fleet street, and nearby there is the sign, "Wig Court." It's a narrow court, and almost dark—just light enough to see another weather-beaten sign hanging from the wall, a few feet higher. "The Cheshire Cheese" is inscribed thereon. From the door comes the heavy laugh of a man and the heavy "chug" of ale glasses on a wooden table.

Inside there is, first of all, a smell of toasting cheese and the large portrait of Dr. Johnson and a ghost of Boswell's presence. The deep fireplace is cold, and the small-paned windows let in just enough light to note the rough edges on the favorite seat of Dr. Johnson—rather hard and narrow for the portly gentleman, but making dignity conspicuous by denying comfort. There are tables, three of them, on the other side of the small room, and there is plenty of good cheer at each one.

Thackeray and Dickens used to come here, too, but they have no portraits. Goldsmith lived just across the court for a long time, and there is no doubt about his taking a glass of ale here on occasions.

But it is the Welsh rarebit and rabbit pie which link today with the past, and you feel a subtle sympathy with Johnson and Boswell—a warmed, meliorated understanding of them that lasts as far as the corner of the Strand, where you take a Hyde Park bus and clamber up the stairs to an outside seat.

FACTS ABOUT METEORS

A Fragment of a Comet's Tail—The Intense Cold of Space Felt by Man.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meters that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the meters are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze.

FOR FIRST-CLASS DRY MAPLE AND BEECH wood cut to order, call Phone 347. Campbell & Chantler, 176 BATHURST STREET

No doubt there are other good teas, but for strength, richness and real quality Blue Ribbon Ceylon stands alone.

FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE.

...New Importations in... Silver-Mounted Cut Glassware. Silver-Mounted English Decorated Chinaware. Carvers in Cases, in Ivory and Stag. Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks. Fine Silverware. Rodgers Cutlery.

Hobbs Hardware Co.

BOVRIL

is infinitely more nourishing than extract of meat or home-made beef tea. By our special treatment of FRESH LEAN BEEF we restore to beef tea the nutriment which is completely destroyed by the ordinary process of boiling the meat.

HEAD OFFICE, BOVRIL, Limited, Montreal. 30 Farrington St London, England. 27a S.V.2X.VV

J. HINTON THE UNDERTAKER, 250 Richmond Street. Private residence, 62 Beecher Telephone—Store 440; House, 432. XXV

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Railways and Navigation CANADIAN PACIFIC

NEW YEAR'S RATES. Return tickets will be sold as follows: General Public—Single first-class fare, good for 31 days, Jan. 1, 1900, to return until Jan. 31, 1900.

Railways and Navigation MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route."

NEW YEAR'S RATES. Single fare for Round Trip. Tickets will be issued Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 2, and at Fare and One-Third for round trip, going Dec. 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 3, and to points West of Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 2.

Railways and Navigation CANADIAN PACIFIC Ry

Christmas and New Year Holidays to U. S. Points. Round trip tickets will be sold Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1899 and Jan. 1, 1900, good only on date of sale, good returning from destination up to and including Jan. 2, 1900, over the Canadian Pacific, London and west, to points, Detroit and west in Central Passenger Association territory, north of Ohio River, including Louisville, east of Lake Michigan, also east and including Chicago, Peoria, Quincy, Keokuk, Hannibal and St. Louis to Detroit.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY On and after Sunday, Oct. 14, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m., for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritimes.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a.m., due to arrive Riviere du Loup at 6:30 p.m. The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and Levis at 4:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express. The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME. The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, duck, brant and other fowl common to this part of the continent.

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Passenger Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 35 York Street, Ross House Block, Toronto. H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 145 St. James Street, Montreal.

Railways and Navigation GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM 1900.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS Single first-class fare, good going Dec. 30 and 31, 1899, Jan. 1, 1900, valid to return until Jan. 31, 1900. Single first-class fare and one-third, good going Dec. 29, 30 and 31, 1899, and Jan. 1, 1900, valid to return until Jan. 3, 1900.

Railways and Navigation MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route."

NEW YEAR'S RATES. Single fare for Round Trip. Tickets will be issued Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 2, and at Fare and One-Third for round trip, going Dec. 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 3, and to points West of Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30, 31 and Jan. 1, good to return Jan. 2.

Railways and Navigation CANADIAN PACIFIC Ry

Christmas and New Year Holidays to U. S. Points. Round trip tickets will be sold Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1899 and Jan. 1, 1900, good only on date of sale, good returning from destination up to and including Jan. 2, 1900, over the Canadian Pacific, London and west, to points, Detroit and west in Central Passenger Association territory, north of Ohio River, including Louisville, east of Lake Michigan, also east and including Chicago, Peoria, Quincy, Keokuk, Hannibal and St. Louis to Detroit.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY On and after Sunday, Oct. 14, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m., for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritimes.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a.m., due to arrive Riviere du Loup at 6:30 p.m. The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and Levis at 4:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express. The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME. The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, duck, brant and other fowl common to this part of the continent.

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Passenger Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, 35 York Street, Ross House Block, Toronto. H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 145 St. James Street, Montreal.

WHITE STAR LINE REDUCED FARES. New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

E. De La Hooke, Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner Only in New York, Buffalo, Yonkers, Boston, Chicago, Brookline (Mass.), Providence, Philadelphia, and Worcester are public baths maintained.