

RUSHED FROM CEYLON

"SALADA"

TEA

B 22

is electrically weighed, hermetically sealed and dispatched to your table fresh with all the fragrant odors of the Sunny Isle. Sample from Salada, Toronto.

FORCE OF MIND

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

The relations of mind to disease and therapeutics are everywhere admitted, but vaguely understood or used. The author shows how the mind consciously and unconsciously can be of greatest usefulness in many phases of nervous troubles. 12mo, cloth, 347 pages, \$2.00 post-paid.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.

8 University Ave.

Toronto.

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

BOOKS.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET. Prof. A. Loisette tells how you may strengthen the power of your memory. A perfect memory means increased capabilities and a larger income. 12mo., cloth, \$3.00, post-paid. University Book Co., Desk A., 8 University Ave., Toronto.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL.
(European Plan)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.

Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.

St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

KING EDWARD HOTEL.

Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

MOSSOP HOTEL.

(Limited)

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50.

Schools and Colleges

ONTARIO
LADIES'
COLLEGE

and Conservatory
of Music and Art
WHITBY, ONT.

Offers Unequalled Advantages for
the Training of Your Daughter.

Twenty-eight miles from Toronto, 140 acres of grounds, beautiful gardens, tennis courts, large gymnasium and swimming pool. University graduates give instruction in Academic and Household Science Departments; facilities for Musical Education of the highest order (affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music). An intellectual, physical, spiritual and social environment which makes for development of the highest type of strong, capable, Christian womanhood.

College re-opens September 8th. Write for Calendar to

Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal

SAINT
ANDREW'S
COLLEGE
TORONTO - - ONT.

A RESIDENTIAL and DAY SCHOOL for Boys. Upper and Lower Schools. Boys prepared for Matriculation into the Universities, for entrance into the Royal Military College, and for Business. Calendar containing full particulars sent on application.

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD
M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES
SEPT. 13th, 1915

WESTBOURNE
School for Girls
278 Bloor Street West
TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school—small enough to ensure for the pupils a real home, careful personal training and thoughtful supervision. Pupils prepared for the University. Class instruction in Folk and Aesthetic Dancing as well as Physical Work. Outdoor Sports. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A.,
Art Director.

School reopens September 14th.

For Calendar address the Principal, Miss M. Curlette, B.A.

odd ideas you have sometimes, Simpson."

Mr. Westlake was a man of penetration. He had been pondering everything in his mind and he was at a loss to account for the action of the police in suspecting Henry Jackson and sending for the warder.

So he went to them and asked from whom the information came. It is possible that town police would have refused to acquaint him, but the country policemen had no such scruples, more especially as one of their number was engaged to Louise's maid, and the latter did not love that young lady.

"Miss Ormonde gave you the information!" he exclaimed horrified, "oh, but that is impossible. How could she know anything about it?"

A little further conversation convinced him that they were right.

He went home heavy at heart. That any young lady,—much more one staying in his house,—should turn informer revolted him, and she was besides the child of his old friend.

HE went at once into the drawing-room where Mrs. Westlake, Ronald and Louise were sitting.

"Louise," he said solemnly, "I have heard a very terrible thing."

"And what is that?" she enquired with outward boldness although her heart was quaking.

"That you, the child of my old friend, are the person who has wrought all this terrible mischief that has befallen us of late, who caused misery to Mrs. Cornwallis and was probably the death of her husband."

"And pray how did I kill Mr. Cornwallis and do all these dreadful deeds?" she asked defiantly, throwing back her handsome head.

"It was you who set the police on to the track of poor Cornwallis."

"And if I did?" for she saw denial was useless; "if seeing a ruffian with one whom I believed was a designing girl quite unfit to mate with Ronald, if I overheard a little of their very suspicious conversation and thought it my duty to acquaint the police, you ought to be very much obliged to me for looking after your interests."

"I am capable of looking after my own interests. If you had had them at heart you would have told me."

"You did this thing, Louise!" said Ronald sternly; "what motive could you have had?"

She faced her foes, looking very handsome.

"I will tell you my motive," she replied, addressing Mr. Westlake. "I wished to destroy Ronald's infatuation for an apparently low-class girl, and I did it because I loved him, and believed that but for her he would have loved me."

Then Mrs. Westlake spoke.

"Do you call that love, you wicked, cruel girl, to do what my son would have given up all his liberty to prevent; to set the police on the track of a poor young girl who had never done you any harm, to hunt a man down, to almost ruin Ronald?"

"It was not I who would have ruined him, it was his own foolishness. And it is a little hard I should be blamed for Mr. Cornwallis' death, seeing that I had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Do you not know," said Ronald speaking in the same stern tone, for her confession had not softened him in the least, "that the results of our actions are not apparent at the time? That good actions will produce good fruits, while bad actions will bring forth what the doer of them little dreamt of? You have done your worst for us."

"Perhaps it was a hasty impulse; perhaps she is sorry," said kind Mrs. Westlake.

"No, Mrs. Westlake, I am not the least sorry," returned Louise with a laugh that made her hateful in Ronald's eyes. "I am a little bit sorry perhaps that the man should have died—though it was no fault of mine—but as to what befell that girl, all I can say is that she deserved all she got, and I wish it had been much more."

She made this speech hoping to hurt Ronald for his tacit rejection of herself.

"As," she continued, "I see the general feeling is against me, I will depart, and say good-bye for all time."

There was no reply and she went out of the room.

Ronald rang the bell, he was very angry.

"Ask Miss Ormonde at what hour she will have the carriage round, and send a maid to assist her maid in packing," he said curtly, being minded to speed the parting guest.

The message brought to him was that Miss Ormonde was going to walk to the station to catch the train that went in twenty minutes' time, and she requested that her trunks might be sent after her as soon as might be convenient.

BEFORE five minutes had elapsed she had left the house, and no one in it saw her again. Mr. Westlake offered to escort her to the station but met with a peremptory refusal, which he was glad of, although in one way he felt sorry for her.

"I hope we were not too hard on her," he said dubiously.

"No one can be too hard on a woman who betrays her friends and is not even sorry for having done so when she sees what harm she has done," was Ronald's verdict.

His anger was not on his own account but on that of Enid; her principal suffering had been caused by a woman who hated her, and at present he could not forgive that woman.

His mind was taken off from the subject soon for a general election took place. Ronald put up for Willowbridge and was returned by a large majority.

He had attained what at one time had been the dearest desire of his heart, to represent his fellow man and labour for his country, but now another desire was predominant. He wanted Enid and could not be happy until she became his wife.

But could this ever be? She had written more than once but her letters were restrained. He answered them at once, and, on his becoming a member, she wrote in terms of warm congratulation.

"For I know," she said, "that you will never become a self-seeker, I know that you have not entered Parliament because you look on it as a stepping stone for yourself. I know that you will devote yourself to whatever you consider right and good, and will not be guided simply by party feeling."

Then she told him that she and her mother had been abroad long enough, but that before settling down in town for the winter they proposed making a sojourn on the borders of one of the Scotch lakes.

On receipt of this letter Ronald became strangely restless, he could settle to nothing.

"Mother," he said one day with a laugh; "don't you think I require change of air?"

She looked at her handsome stalwart son and smiled.

"You do not look very ill, but if you think you require change of air why then I think so also."

"Best of mothers, that is the right view to take. I require Scotch air, and nothing but Scotch air will set me up. To Scotland I go to-morrow."

"Shall you—shall you meet any one there?" his mother asked timidly.

"I hope I shall meet plenty of people there," was all the information he vouchsafed.

"I believe," Mrs. Westlake said to her husband, "that Ronald is trying to meet Mrs. Cornwallis. I am sure she ought to be rejoiced to get him for a husband, nice girl as she is."

"I hope he isn't looking too high," replied Mr. Westlake. "Of course I should be rejoiced to have her for a daughter-in-law. I said so when I thought she was only a poor girl—but I understand that she is now very rich. Our money, which might have been a set-off for her birth, is not now of the least account."

"Does he know she is so rich?" "I don't know that he does. I took care not to say anything about it when someone told me, for fear he should think it an impediment and be afraid to propose. For anything I know to the contrary, he may think it was Lady Iredale who returned me that five hundred pounds."

"No one is too good for our Ronald. And I am sure she loves him."