

## A Menace to Health

The adulterated nerve disturbing teas of China and Japan.

## "SALADA"

## CEYLON TEA

Is the Essence of Purity, and Delicious.

Lead Packets Only. Black and Mixed At All Grocers.

## The Cost of His Head

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

## PART III.

The next few days made themselves wings—wings of diaphanous delight. There was the cheery breakfast, the report of the invalid upstairs, always listened to with interest—some gossip among the "boys," as the disaffected persons were generally termed, contributed by Neddy, who was a pessimist and an intense aristocrat—then the plans for the day were discussed, and the division of labor, if attending to Miss Digby's case could be so called, mapped out. Miss O'Grady, reserving herself for the afternoon in order to leave Grace free to ride or walk with her usual escort, the latter had by this time surmounted his shyness and self-distrust, and longed feverishly for the chance of a tête-à-tête, when he could avow his love and hope to his fascinating hostess. Sometimes he was made miserable by the dexterity with which Grace evaded the various traps he laid for her, and the dreadful thought occurred to him: "Does she love some other fellow, and therefore shrink from the pain of refusing me point blank?" Then some gracious phrase, some melting glance, would add fresh fuel to the flame, which burned so steadily in his heart. He had a curious, unreasonable conviction that Nellie O'Grady did not like him. Little flashes of impatience in her speech, a touch of bitterness here and there in the turn of her phrases, struck Miss Digby's ear as easily aroused suspicions. But though a large-minded and generous man, he was keenly observant, and determined to make himself as agreeable as possible to the pretty little Irishman.

Col. Capel, after a saunter to the stables, and some talk with the old coachman, generally wrote letters and in an apartment called by courtesy "the library," and here Miss O'Grady generally sat at work. She was an adept at lace making and other fanciful fabrications.

"I suppose that Miss Digby is at her usual Good Samaritan task of reading aloud to the sufferer upstairs," said Capel, one soft, showery morning, termed by Irish agriculturists as "fine growing weather."

"Oh, I suppose so. But why a sprained ankle should injure the eyesight, I do not understand," returned Nellie.

"Nor I. However, at madame's age, it is natural enough that she should like to spare her eyes."

"Ah, yes, I forgot."

"At all events, Miss Digby is most faithful in performing her self-imposed duties."

"Yes, indeed, she is," cried Nellie, looking up with a gleam of uneasy light in her dark, quick eyes.

"Then she is kindness itself," added Capel.

"Anyway to women," returned Nellie.

"What! Can she be cruel to tilt portion of the human race which is chiefly devoted to her?"

"Well, you see, she was vexed with one of them, and so she's ready to punish the whole lot."

"That is unfair," said Capel, while he thought, "this is dangerous. It is hateful to suspect that anyone has been before me."

"And then," returned Nellie, "Grace is tremendously patriotic. She thinks Englishmen are cold and selfish."

"Cold! Great heavens!" exclaimed Capel, "we do not deserve such a sentence. I am sure, Miss O'Grady, you have too much penetration to believe this?"

"Well, I am not sure. I have never been in England. Now, Grace has been there a good deal. She was a whole year at Miss Monitor's school at Chester, where they taught her to step in and out of a carriage in elegant style. It would make you die laughing to hear Grace talk off Miss Monitor lecturing the young ladies and then they learned all about the heathen gods, and goddesses, and a very bad set they seem to have been."

"But I thought that Miss Digby had been brought up by this French lady?" said Capel, taking a fresh piece of paper.

"Yes, of course, she was," impatiently. "She went to finish at Chester. No one but an Englishman would have needed that explained."

"Come, Miss O'Grady, do not be so hard on us thick-brained Saxons," said Capel, good humoredly. "Perhaps a long residence in this country might sharpen our wits."

"Well, maybe so. It would take a long time," laughing sulkily.

"Where's the master?" asked De-

Fitzgerald, Scandren & Co.  
169 Dundas Street.GROOTE'S  
FAMOUS  
DUTCH  
COCOAIs now being served free  
at our demonstration  
counter. Come and try  
it. Free to all.Fitzgerald, Scandren & Co.  
169 Dundas Street.

## Laurier and Mowat.

lany, putting in his head, with a sourer look than usual on his wizened face.

"I don't know," returned Nellie; "who wants him?"

"Faith, Jefferies, the Yankee, no less. It's about old Daly's farm. I'm thinking he's nothing but a land-grabber, bad cess to him, if it's after the land he is."

"I fancy my uncle has gone down to the farm. Anyhow, I'll go away. I don't fancy the man. Don't put him in here, Delany. It will disturb the colonel."

"Pray don't think of me. I have just finished my letters."

"Thank you, sir. If I have the black-vised creature in the hall, some of the boys will be putting the comethor on him."

Miss O'Grady gathered up her work and departed, and the next moment a small, slight man, with keen black eyes, neatly dressed in a dark green riding suit and top boots, a whip in his hand, and with almost, but not quite, the air of a gentleman, was ushered into the room.

"Your servant, sir," he said, in a peculiar voice, neither Irish nor English. "You are Mr. Jefferies," said Capel, rising and confronting him. "You are generally to be heard of."

"At the 'Black Bull,' Clonmel," put in the newcomer.

"Exactly, I have a note for you," and Capel drew forth the note Lane had given him.

Jefferies read it quickly. "All right," he said; "I have been expecting this. Not seeing or hearing from you, I came here to see you."

"And your business?" said Capel sharply, not liking the looks of the man.

"You will, I believe, be summoned to your command a little sooner than you expect," said Jefferies, readily. "I wish to warn you that I have no use looking for the rebel Costello in these parts. I have sure word that he is in hiding up in Glenarriff, which is all the better, for not being among his own people the boys will not be so ready to risk life and limb to screen him."

"It's that's the case, I wonder he does not find some fishing boat to take him to sea. I suppose he is in communication with France."

"No doubt, sir. Where will you be putting up in Cork, sir?"

"At the Crown and Scepter Hotel. How the deuce do you know that I am likely to be summoned sooner than the 20th?"

"Because the brigadier is bad, sir—sick with the liver—and will be asking you to come."

"That remains to be seen," said Capel. "Hello, Mr. Jefferies!" said Digby, coming in quickly; "so you are after Daly's farm again. I tell you you need a lot more evidence to make matters clear to me. Now, it is close on luncheon time—you go and have some dinner—and I will talk to you after."

He rang. Delany immediately appeared, and, receiving his master's orders, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, croaking out, "This way, Mr. Jefferies."

To be Continued.

An Absolute Remedy  
for Consumption.The Generous Offer That Is Being  
Made by the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., of Toronto.

Confident of the Value of Their Discoveries, They Will Send Free Two Bottles Upon Application to Any Person Suffering From Throat, Chest, Lung, and Pulmonary Affections.

More than four-fifths of the great army of victims who today are not only in the land of the living, but in the enjoyment of health, had they but known wherein their hope of restoration lay, and made timely use of the only infallible remedies that have thus far been introduced.

As a matter of fact, thousands of witnesses might be brought forward—competent witnesses, too, whose testimony is incontrovertible—to prove not only that the Slocum Scientific Treatment is wonderfully efficacious in the cure of throat and bronchial affections of pulmonary disorders, but that it does cure in cases of well-defined and unmistakable consumption.

For the purpose of bringing these wonderful remedies more prominently than ever to the attention of the public, and thus widening the scope of their usefulness, this company is now making a most generous offer—an offer that should certainly be taken advantage of immediately by every sufferer to whom it may be made known.

That is, they offer to send, absolutely, "without money and without price," two bottles of the preparation to any sufferer who will make application therefor, simply sending their express and postoffice address.

The making of this proposition—a bona fide and reliable offer—will make eloquently indeed of the "good faith" in which the company put their remedies before the public. They are confident of their infallibility.

Sufferers may address the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., 138 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Can.

When you write say you saw this in the "Advertiser."

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—Locke.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reproached to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

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

Paris burglars recently broke into the office of one of the judges in the Palais de Justice, but opened the wrong safe, finding only law papers, which they left behind.

It was a cold morning when the Scotchman was in the habit of rising, and never stirred from his bed until the breakfast bell rang. The older man considered it his duty to warn the young man against the effects of indolence, and at the same time to impart religious instruction to him.

Every morning the Scotchman arose at 6 o'clock, shaved himself, and when completely dressed shook his young friend and addressed him in this manner: "Now, lad, you see what it is to gain time. Here I am, dressed and ready for breakfast, with half an hour in which to read a chapter in the Bible and to commit a verse to memory which may serve a useful purpose during the day. Now, I shall open the good book at random and read any verse on which my eye chances to light; and I think it probable that the verse will have some special application for the events of the day. Meanwhile there you are, with barely enough time to dress for breakfast, and not a minute to spare for good reading."

For a week or more this address was repeated every morning with little variation, and the chance passage read aloud by the young man gave the Scotchman a dose of his own medicine.

## Laurier and Mowat.

lany, putting in his head, with a sourer look than usual on his wizened face.

"I don't know," returned Nellie; "who wants him?"

"Faith, Jefferies, the Yankee, no less. It's about old Daly's farm. I'm thinking he's nothing but a land-grabber, bad cess to him, if it's after the land he is."

"I fancy my uncle has gone down to the farm. Anyhow, I'll go away. I don't fancy the man. Don't put him in here, Delany. It will disturb the colonel."

"Pray don't think of me. I have just finished my letters."

"Thank you, sir. If I have the black-vised creature in the hall, some of the boys will be putting the comethor on him."

Miss O'Grady gathered up her work and departed, and the next moment a small, slight man, with keen black eyes, neatly dressed in a dark green riding suit and top boots, a whip in his hand, and with almost, but not quite, the air of a gentleman, was ushered into the room.

"Your servant, sir," he said, in a peculiar voice, neither Irish nor English. "You are Mr. Jefferies," said Capel, rising and confronting him. "You are generally to be heard of."

"At the 'Black Bull,' Clonmel," put in the newcomer.

"Exactly, I have a note for you," and Capel drew forth the note Lane had given him.

Jefferies read it quickly. "All right," he said; "I have been expecting this. Not seeing or hearing from you, I came here to see you."

"And your business?" said Capel sharply, not liking the looks of the man.

"You will, I believe, be summoned to your command a little sooner than you expect," said Jefferies, readily. "I wish to warn you that I have no use looking for the rebel Costello in these parts. I have sure word that he is in hiding up in Glenarriff, which is all the better, for not being among his own people the boys will not be so ready to risk life and limb to screen him."

"It's that's the case, I wonder he does not find some fishing boat to take him to sea. I suppose he is in communication with France."

"No doubt, sir. Where will you be putting up in Cork, sir?"

"At the Crown and Scepter Hotel. How the deuce do you know that I am likely to be summoned sooner than the 20th?"

"Because the brigadier is bad, sir—sick with the liver—and will be asking you to come."

"That remains to be seen," said Capel. "Hello, Mr. Jefferies!" said Digby, coming in quickly; "so you are after Daly's farm again. I tell you you need a lot more evidence to make matters clear to me. Now, it is close on luncheon time—you go and have some dinner—and I will talk to you after."

He rang. Delany immediately appeared, and, receiving his master's orders, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, croaking out, "This way, Mr. Jefferies."

To be Continued.

An Absolute Remedy  
for Consumption.The Generous Offer That Is Being  
Made by the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., of Toronto.

Confident of the Value of Their Discoveries, They Will Send Free Two Bottles Upon Application to Any Person Suffering From Throat, Chest, Lung, and Pulmonary Affections.

More than four-fifths of the great army of victims who today are not only in the land of the living, but in the enjoyment of health, had they but known wherein their hope of restoration lay, and made timely use of the only infallible remedies that have thus far been introduced.

As a matter of fact, thousands of witnesses might be brought forward—competent witnesses, too, whose testimony is incontrovertible—to prove not only that the Slocum Scientific Treatment is wonderfully efficacious in the cure of throat and bronchial affections of pulmonary disorders, but that it does cure in cases of well-defined and unmistakable consumption.

For the purpose of bringing these wonderful remedies more prominently than ever to the attention of the public, and thus widening the scope of their usefulness, this company is now making a most generous offer—an offer that should certainly be taken advantage of immediately by every sufferer to whom it may be made known.

That is, they offer to send, absolutely, "without money and without price," two bottles of the preparation to any sufferer who will make application therefor, simply sending their express and postoffice address.

The making of this proposition—a bona fide and reliable offer—will make eloquently indeed of the "good faith" in which the company put their remedies before the public. They are confident of their infallibility.

Sufferers may address the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., 138 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Can.

When you write say you saw this in the "Advertiser."

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—Locke.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reproached to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

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

Paris burglars recently broke into the office of one of the judges in the Palais de Justice, but opened the wrong safe, finding only law papers, which they left behind.

It was a cold morning when the Scotchman was in the habit of rising, and never stirred from his bed until the breakfast bell rang. The older man considered it his duty to warn the young man against the effects of indolence, and at the same time to impart religious instruction to him.

Every morning the Scotchman arose at 6 o'clock, shaved himself, and when completely dressed shook his young friend and addressed him in this manner: "Now, lad, you see what it is to gain time. Here I am, dressed and ready for breakfast, with half an hour in which to read a chapter in the Bible and to commit a verse to memory which may serve a useful purpose during the day. Now, I shall open the good book at random and read any verse on which my eye chances to light; and I think it probable that the verse will have some special application for the events of the day. Meanwhile there you are, with barely enough time to dress for breakfast, and not a minute to spare for good reading."

For a week or more this address was repeated every morning with little variation, and the chance passage read aloud by the young man gave the Scotchman a dose of his own medicine.

## Laurier and Mowat.

lany, putting in his head, with a sourer look than usual on his wizened face.

"I don't know," returned Nellie; "who wants him?"

"Faith, Jefferies, the Yankee, no less. It's about old Daly's farm. I'm thinking he's nothing but a land-grabber, bad cess to him, if it's after the land he is."

"I fancy my uncle has gone down to the farm. Anyhow, I'll go away. I don't fancy the man. Don't put him in here, Delany. It will disturb the colonel."

"Pray don't think of me. I have just finished my letters."

"Thank you, sir. If I have the black-vised creature in the hall, some of the boys will be putting the comethor on him."

Miss O'Grady gathered up her work and departed, and the next moment a small, slight man, with keen black eyes, neatly dressed in a dark green riding suit and top boots, a whip in his hand, and with almost, but not quite, the air of a gentleman, was ushered into the room.

"Your servant, sir," he said, in a peculiar voice, neither Irish nor English. "You are Mr. Jefferies," said Capel, rising and confronting him. "You are generally to be heard of."

"At the 'Black Bull,' Clonmel," put in the newcomer.

"Exactly, I have a note for you," and Capel drew forth the note Lane had given him.

Jefferies read it quickly. "All right," he said; "I have been expecting this. Not seeing or hearing from you, I came here to see you."

"And your business?" said Capel sharply, not liking the looks of the man.

"You will, I believe, be summoned to your command a little sooner than you expect," said Jefferies, readily. "I wish to warn you that I have no use looking for the rebel Costello in these parts. I have sure word that he is in hiding up in Glenarriff, which is all the better, for not being among his own people the boys will not be so ready to risk life and limb to screen him."

"It's that's the case, I wonder he does not find some fishing boat to take him to sea. I suppose he is in communication with France."

"No doubt, sir. Where will you be putting up in Cork, sir?"

"At the Crown and Scepter Hotel. How the deuce do you know that I am likely to be summoned sooner than the 20th?"

"Because the brigadier is bad, sir—sick with the liver—and will be asking you to come."

"That remains to be seen," said Capel. "Hello, Mr. Jefferies!" said Digby, coming in quickly; "so you are after Daly's farm again. I tell you you need a lot more evidence to make matters clear to me. Now, it is close on luncheon time—you go and have some dinner—and I will talk to you after."

He rang. Delany immediately appeared, and, receiving his master's orders, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, croaking out, "This way, Mr. Jefferies."

To be Continued.

An Absolute Remedy  
for Consumption.The Generous Offer That Is Being  
Made by the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., of Toronto.

Confident of the Value of Their Discoveries, They Will Send Free Two Bottles Upon Application to Any Person Suffering From Throat, Chest, Lung, and Pulmonary Affections.

More than four-fifths of the great army of victims who today are not only in the land of the living, but in the enjoyment of health, had they but known wherein their hope of restoration lay, and made timely use of the only infallible remedies that have thus far been introduced.

As a matter of fact, thousands of witnesses might be brought forward—competent witnesses, too, whose testimony is incontrovertible—to prove not only that the Slocum Scientific Treatment is wonderfully efficacious in the cure of throat and bronchial affections of pulmonary disorders, but that it does cure in cases of well-defined and unmistakable consumption.

For the purpose of bringing these wonderful remedies more prominently than ever to the attention of the public, and thus widening the scope of their usefulness, this company is now making a most generous offer—an offer that should certainly be taken advantage of immediately by every sufferer to whom it may be made known.

That is, they offer to send, absolutely, "without money and without price," two bottles of the preparation to any sufferer who will make application therefor, simply sending their express and postoffice address.

The making of this proposition—a bona fide and reliable offer—will make eloquently indeed of the "good faith" in which the company put their remedies before the public. They are confident of their infallibility.

Sufferers may address the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., 138 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Can.

When you write say you saw this in the "Advertiser."

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—Locke.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reproached to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

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

Paris burglars recently broke into the office of one of the judges in the Palais de Justice, but opened the wrong safe, finding only law papers, which they left behind.

It was a cold morning when the Scotchman was in the habit of rising, and never stirred from his bed until the breakfast bell rang. The older man considered it his duty to warn the young man against the effects of indolence, and at the same time to impart religious instruction to him.

Every morning the Scotchman arose at 6 o'clock, shaved himself, and when completely dressed shook his young friend and addressed him in this manner: "Now, lad, you see what it is to gain time. Here I am, dressed and ready for breakfast, with half an hour in which to read a chapter in the Bible and to commit a verse to memory which may serve a useful purpose during the day. Now, I shall open the good book at random and read any verse on which my eye chances to light; and I think it probable that the verse will have some special application for the events of the day. Meanwhile there you are, with barely enough time to dress for breakfast, and not a minute to spare for good reading."

For a week or more this address was repeated every morning with little variation, and the chance passage read aloud by the young man gave the Scotchman a dose of his own medicine.

## Laurier and Mowat.

lany, putting in his head, with a sourer look than usual on his wizened face.

"I don't know," returned Nellie; "who wants him?"

"Faith, Jefferies, the Yankee, no less. It's about old Daly's farm. I'm thinking he's nothing but a land-grabber, bad cess to him, if it's after the land he is."

"I fancy my uncle has gone down to the farm. Anyhow, I'll go away. I don't fancy the man. Don't put him in here, Delany. It will disturb the colonel."

"Pray don't think of me. I have just finished my letters."

"Thank you, sir. If I have the black-vised creature in the hall, some of the boys will be putting the comethor on him."

Miss O'Grady gathered up her work and departed, and the next moment a small, slight man, with keen black eyes, neatly dressed in a dark green riding suit and top boots, a whip in his hand, and with almost, but not quite, the air of a gentleman, was ushered into the room.

"Your servant, sir," he said, in a peculiar voice, neither Irish nor English. "You are Mr. Jefferies," said Capel, rising and confronting him. "You are generally to be heard of."

"At the 'Black Bull,' Clonmel," put in the newcomer.

"Exactly, I have a note for you," and Capel drew forth the note Lane had given him.

Jefferies read it quickly. "All right," he said; "I have been expecting this. Not seeing or hearing from you, I came here to see you."

"And your business?" said Capel sharply, not liking the looks of the man.

"You will, I believe, be summoned to your command a little sooner than you expect," said Jefferies, readily. "I wish to warn you that I have no use looking for the rebel Costello in these parts. I have sure word that he is in hiding up in Glenarriff, which is all the better, for not being among his own people the boys will not be so ready to risk life and limb to screen him."

"It's that's the case, I wonder he does not find some fishing boat to take him to sea. I suppose he is in communication with France."

"No doubt, sir. Where will you be putting up in Cork, sir?"

"At the Crown and Scepter Hotel. How the deuce do you know that I am likely to be summoned sooner than the 20th?"

"Because the brigadier is bad, sir—sick with the liver—and will be asking you to come."

"That remains to be seen