

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

There was another ordeal before her. The ladies withdrew, and she dreaded the prospect of an hour's tête-à-tête with the stately mother-in-law, and the beautiful, naughty lady, whose dark, bright eyes seemed to read the secrets of all her little fears.

She tried in her simple way to talk to them. Mrs. Selwyn was not unkind—she was too ladylike and well-bred to make the young girl feel the differences between them, but it was not in human nature to get up all at once an affection for the one who had thwarted every plan and wish and hope of her life.

"Do you play much? Are you fond of music, Lady Violante?" she asked.

"I sing," replied the young wife; "but I fear my singing would not please you. I taught myself something after the fashion of the birds."

"The birds sing sweetly enough," commented Miss Leigh, par parenthèse.

"Will you sing for me, my dear?" continued Mrs. Selwyn. "Anything you like—just in your own fashion."

"I sing nothing but old English ballads," she said; "I do not know either French, German or Italian songs."

Again the two ladies exchanged looks, as who would say:

"No manners, no accomplishments; what did she marry her for?"

"I will sing my father's favorite," she said, and then, in a clear, sweet voice, she began the old ballad, "On the Banks of Allan Water."

Years afterward they remembered it. The timid, shrinking girl, with her sweet, fair face, the satins and diamonds gleaming in the bright light, and the sweet, clear voice that faltered over the line:

"There a course lay she."

Faltered, as though the words were prophetic of the strange destiny that awaited her.

Miss Leigh made no comment. Old ballads, however full of music and pathos, did not interest her. Mrs. Selwyn thanked her and went away.

A style of music quite out of date, unfortunately, she said; "but very nice for all that. Do you play much?"

"Nothing but the accompaniments to my own songs, was the timid reply."

And then her face flushed again.

"How ignorant, how awkward I am," she thought. "How could I think of singing such an old-fashioned song to them?"

And there rose again to her mind the memory of the evening when she never to come again, when she, through the gloaming, had sung to her father, who thought such music the most glorious in the world.

Then Lord Selwyn, hearing music, came in, and Beatrice Leigh awoke to something like life.

She sat down to the piano, and presently the room rang with glorious melody. Her voice was a rich, soft contralto, and she sang a passionate love-song—sang it, too, with such fire, such passion, such power, that she carried the hearts of her listeners with her.

Violante's fair face flushed, and her dark eyes grew bright. She leaned over the piano, drinking in the music that fell from those proud lips. When it ended she drew a deep breath, as one who had been in a trance.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How I envy you, Miss Leigh. Oh, if I could sing like that I would ask for no other gift."

"You would find many others wanting," replied Beatrice, with a smile.

"Music nowadays is almost as common amongst young girls as it is amongst your favorite birds."

"Sing for me again, Beatrice," said Lord Selwyn, leaning over the piano, and his voice rang out. This time it was a dreamy German melody, that filled one's heart with vague, delicious dreams, that seemed like an echo from heaven; that took those who listened into another, fatter, more ideal world. When she had finished, Violante's sweet eyes were wet with tears.

"I never knew what music was before," she said; "I shall never have courage to sing again."

"Your little ballads are very nice," said Mrs. Selwyn, encouragingly; "but Miss Leigh has had the best masters; her music is, of course, quite another thing."

And Violante felt more and more humbled. Who was she, to take her place among such brilliant and accomplished ladies? How was she to hold her own? She felt more like an ignorant, untrained school girl, than as the mistress of that gorgeous home should feel. It was a relief to her when the evening ended.

"You made a little mistake tonight about the satin and diamonds, did you not, my darling?" asked Vivian when they were alone.

She looked up at him with glistering eyes.

"Oh, Vivian, I was so ashamed, and so distressed," she cried. "What would they think of me? But you told me a recherche toilet."

"Recherche does not always mean desolante, or yet fine," he replied; "it means what Miss Leigh's dress was—distinguished, graceful, and so contrived as to look beautiful without attracting attention."

"When shall I learn all these things?" she said despairingly. "Oh, Vivian, it is hard to be a fine lady."

"How overdone that poor child

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.

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166 DUNDAS ST.

looked," remarked Mrs. Selwyn to her niece.

"My lady was ailing her splendor," was the ill-natured reply; "and very awkwardly it sits upon her. No possible art can transform a brown sparrow into a white dove; fine feathers do not always make fine birds."

CHAPTER XI.

Neither Mrs. Selwyn nor Beatrice Leigh would have owned to themselves that they were unkind to Lady Violante.

Unconsciously, even to herself, Mrs. Selwyn always spoke to her as she would have done to a child, who required constant direction and constant attention.

Miss Leigh was never openly sarcastic, but the numerous snarls and arrows that new daily round her golden head would have pierced a stronger heart than Lady Selwyn's.

Beatrice had a quiet way, that no one out of herself understood, of directing in some vague manner Vivian's attention to all his wife's deficiencies, sometimes by a few seemingly most kind words of advice or caution, again by what she called a timely hint; and Vivian, who could have led a forlorn hope, and gained a victory easily on a battle field, positively believed his wife had no better friend, no truer well-wisher, than Beatrice Leigh.

The Christmas of that year was a very gay one at the Castle. Lord Selwyn secured himself to go greatly in arrears over hospitality—he had given neither party nor fête worth naming since his accession to the title; all that was altered now that he had a lovely young wife to please and consult.

So that Selwyn Castle became the very center of gaiety. Large relays of guests came from London, and, once there, liked to remain. There were dinner parties, fetes, balls, charades and tableaux; the whole neighborhood seemed to be aroused, and one family vied with another as to who should be the gayest and most brilliant.

It was a new world for Lady Violante—a world she would have enjoyed excessively had she been a spectator instead of a leader. She was very much admired and much liked by all the guests. They thought her graceful and lovely; yet in some vague way she never seemed to be the real mistress of the brilliant revels.

If one put a question about the charades, the tableaux, the music, or the dresses, she was a way of raising her shy, sweet eyes, and saying:

"I do not know; pray ask Mrs. Selwyn or Miss Leigh."

And on one day Lord Selwyn overheard this little speech. Lord Calder, a young nobleman, who had been his chosen college friend, came up to Lady Violante. She was arranging with exquisite grace some flower leaves round a white marble statuette.

"Lady Selwyn," he said, "will you please come and settle a dispute? Instead of rehearsing for the evening, we are all quarreling. Lady Selwyn declares the part of Marie Antoinette in the third tableau was given to her, and Miss Dens says the same thing. They are both beautiful—our chief belles—and it must be settled without offending either. Do pray come and arrange it."

She clasped her little hands in dismay, and raised two beautiful, frightened eyes to his.

"I," she cried, "settle a dispute between two ladies. Indeed, Lord Calder, I cannot. Ask Mrs. Selwyn or Miss Leigh."

"Pray pardon me," he said good-humoredly, "if I do neither. You are our queen and liege lady. I shall appeal to no other."

"But, indeed," she cried in great distress, "I should not know what to say. They would not take the least notice of me. They know I do not understand such matters."

"There is nothing much to say," said Lord Calder. "Only a few diplomatic words. Compliment both ladies, and tell Lady Selwyn she is right; give Miss Dens an extra compliment."

Her dark eyes opened wide, the dimpled lips grew pale.

"I could not frame what you call 'a few diplomatic words' to save my life," she said. "If I go near I shall only make matters worse. I should be sure to say, 'Dear ladies, pray be friends, and do not quarrel.'"

"That would not do at all," he replied. "No, I am quite sure it is beyond me. Do pray ask Miss Leigh."

Lord Calder did not feel very pleased as he walked away. He had a true sense of humor, and he was a little amused at her youth, her grace, her beauty, and her shy, timid manner, so different to fashionable fastness. But he perceived one thing, and it was that Lady Selwyn was not mistress in her husband's home. He was one of the few who seemed completely to understand the politics of Beatrice Leigh.

Then Lord Selwyn, who had stood by a silent listener, came forward with the great expression Violante had ever seen on his face:

"You should have complied with Lord Calder's request, Violante," he said. "It is not dignified to refer everything to my mother or to Miss Leigh. They are both very kind in helping you; but you must learn to bear your own responsibilities. You are mistress in your own house."

(To be Continued.)

Light and Shade.

Plenty of exercise they say. Will keep the doctor far away.

A young man in a neighboring town recently got over with a girl who had just married. He sent her a request to go driving, and when she had joyfully accepted and rigged herself out in her best clothing he sent her a hammer and a lot of nails with the information that she could drive all she pleased.—Kankakee Times.

Imaginary wrongs are always based on imaginary rights.

Ten De Foote—There doesn't appear to be much lawlessness about your town.

Cactus Cal—No, we don't stan' for it, 'round here.

Ten De Foote—I suppose when any bad character drifts into town you immediately expel him?

Cactus Cal—Well, we suspend 'em, most frequent.

Three friends who had been spending the evening at their club agreed that the one who did not do as his wife told him when he got home would pay for an oyster supper.

Smith, in trying to find the matches, trod on the cat.

"That's right," said his wife, waking up; "kill the poor cat, and have done with it."

"Well," thought Smith, "I'll have to kill the cat or pay for the supper."

So he killed the cat.

Brown was no less fortunate when he arrived home. In the dark he stumbled against the piano.

"Why don't you break the piano?" demanded his wife.

Brown at once broke the piano.

When Jones got home he stumbled on the top step of the staircase.

"Tumble downstairs and break your neck!"

"Not me!" answered Jones. "I'll pay for the supper first!"—Answers.

Kruger and Steyn Witnessed the Fight of March 7.

And Did All They Could to Rally Their Troops.

But the Rout Was Complete—The Naval Brigade From Ladysmith Got an Ovation at Cape Town.

London, March 9.—The war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Roberts:

"Poplar Grove, Friday morning.—Presidents Kruger and Steyn were both present at the fight of March 7, and did all in their power to rally their troops."

"The rout, however, was complete, the men declaring that they

COULD NOT STAND

against the British artillery and such a formidable force of cavalry."

OVATION FOR THE SAILOR LADS.

Durban, March 8.—The Naval Brigade from Ladysmith arrived today in command of Capt. Lambton. They numbered about 200, and were enthusiastically received. The railway station was lined with men from H. M. S. Terrible, and the meeting of comrades caused many touching scenes. When the gunners who played such an important part in the defense of Ladysmith marched down the street, headed by the band and flags of the Terrible, and carrying the tattered Union Jack from H. M. S. Powerful, which had flown throughout the siege of Ladysmith,

THE CHEERING WAS TUMULTUOUS.

The crowd which assembled was of immense proportions. Lunch was prepared and served in a shed adjacent to the railway station, and the men ate heartily. The majority of them looked well, but showed signs of the rough work and fatigue they had undergone. Their uniforms bore many tokens of wear and the fatigue of the day.

Capt. Percy Scott, the naval commandant at Durban, the men marched to the place of embarkation for Simons-town.

LIES ABOUT LEYDS.

Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal diplomatic agent, has issued a protest from Brussels against "bogus news" purporting to emanate from him. He singles out a prominent Berlin paper as an offender.

ONTARIO BUDGET

Shows a Buoyant Revenue and a Large Surplus.

Toronto, March 9.—Hon. George W. Ross, in his capacity of provincial treasurer, delivered his first budget speech to the legislature yesterday. The review of the finances was a most admirable one. Mr. Ross handled his subject with all the skill of an experienced financier, and displayed a familiarity with figures which denoted that the question of education is not the only one to which he has given close attention. Financial matters are often tedious and uninteresting, but the premier's treatment of the provincial finances was extremely lucid and entertaining. He was heard with close attention throughout the two hours which the delivery of his speech occupied.

An unqualified bravo for the speaker and a handsome surplus placed beyond the reach of dispute by the testimony of the most eminent financiers in Ontario, were two matters which gave the premier's treatment of the provincial finances a special significance.

Mr. Ross took full advantage. He also made it clear that in view of the healthy state of the finances of Ontario no time would be lost in carrying out without reasonable limits those plans for the advancement of the material interests of the province which were enunciated in the speech from the throne.

Col. Matheson, the financial critic of the opposition, for a short time before adjournment, but reserved the greater part of his remarks until today.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Assets—Direct investments.....\$ 268,104 18 Funds held by the Dominion on behalf of Ontario..... 4,758,135 15

Common school fund..... 1,488,482 43 Bank balances..... 836,195 39

Total assets.....\$7,368,917 20

Liabilities—Account with the Dominion.....\$2,000,000 00 Railway certificates..... 1,156,831 15 Annuities..... 1,897,044 94 Public trusts..... 61,297 62

Common school fund..... 1,488,482 43 Contributions by Ontario..... 2,811 42

Total liabilities.....\$5,117,985 16

Surplus of assets over liabilities.....\$2,250,932 04

Estimated receipts for 1900—Subsidy.....\$1,196,872 80 Interest..... 202,414 48 Crown lands..... 1,500,000 00 Public institutions..... 102,700 00 Education..... 50,000 00 Casual revenue..... 150,000 00 Succession duties..... 175,000 00 Taverns and brewers..... 75,000 00 Fisheries..... 35,000 00 Law taxes..... 60,000 00 Alms taxes..... 4,500 00 Assessments..... 12,000 00 Cash balances, Dec. 31, 1899..... 836,195 39 Provincial tax..... 220,000 00

Total.....\$5,019,682 67

Here Rests Your Hope.

New remedies come and new remedies go; but Scott's Emulsion is the great rock foundation on which hope of recovery from weak throats and lungs must rest. It is The Standard of the World.

One thing favorable to the electric locomotive is that it can climb hills and turn curves that the steam locomotives cannot touch.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Cheney, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my household work." It overcomes Constipation, improves Appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50 cents. For sale by W. T. Strong & Co.

"I write to tell you the benefit I have received from your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' after having suffered for three years with salt-rheum," writes Miss Bertha Peters, of Lulu, Monroe Co., Mich. "The humor was on my hands, and I had been treated by our home physician who did not help me. After I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I took seven bottles, and can now say with pleasure that I am cured. Nobody knows the intense pain have suffered, and could not sleep at night, the aching, burning, and itching sensation would be so bad, sometimes I could hardly bear it. I thank you for your 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery" when there is constipation.

Hands delicately moulded and daintily white are among the chief of woman's charms. When such hands are marred by eruptions, their very beauty draws attention to the repulsive disease. Humors which break out on the body begin in the blood. Soaps and salves may cover up a humor, but they do not cure it. There is a cure for salt-rheum and other eruptive diseases, caused by a corrupt condition of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures these diseases perfectly and permanently. It carries off the poisons which cause disease. It makes the blood pure and rich. It increases the quantity of the blood supply by increasing the action of the blood-making glands. It makes the skin white and clear by making the blood pure.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant.

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BASEMENT

Graniteware

GRANITWARE CHEAPER THAN TIN.

Lot 1—About three dozen Granite Teapots, regular price 35c, 45c and 60c; your choice Saturday and Monday for..... 25c

Lot 2—Two dozen Granite Teapots, nickel tops; regular prices 45c, 55c and 65c; sale price..... 35c

Lot 3—Saucepans—Good-sized Granite Saucepans, long handle; regular price 25c and 30c; sale price, while they last..... 19c

Six-quart Granite Saucepan; regular price 35c and 40c; Saturday and Monday, only..... 25c

Lot 4—Assortment as follows: Granite Tea Kettles, regular price \$1.05; sale price only..... 75c

Granite Milk Pans, 12 quarts; regular 40c; Saturday and Monday, only..... 25c

Granite Muffin Pans, large size; regular 50c; sale price..... 25c

Granite Pudding Pans, oblong, in white and gray; 20c size reduced to..... 9c

Lot 5—Granite Funnels, 15c, reduced to..... 7c

Large size Granite Wash Basin; sale price only..... 25c

Granite Soap Dishes, regular 15c; sale price..... 7c

Granite Jelly Pans..... 5c

Granite Deep Plates..... 5c

Granite Dinner Plates..... 8c

Granite Mugs..... 3c

Lot 6—About 100 Granite Plates, in white and gray; a very special offer. We will sell these on Saturday and Monday for only..... 2c each

Granite Cups, large and small; your choice while they last, for only..... 3c each

Lunch Boxes

Large size Japanese Lunch Boxes, with slide lid and handle; these boxes were regularly sold at 35c. Our special price for Saturday and Monday, only..... 10c

Baking Powder

About 50 half-pound cans of the Best Baking Powder, regularly sold for 15c; while it lasts only, per can..... 5c

About the same quantity of one-quarter pound cans of Sunrise Baking Powder; regular price 8c; sale price, Saturday only, per can..... 2c

Main Floor

Notion Tables

Extracts—Large bottles best quality. Extracts—Vanilla, Lemon, Rose, Peppermint, Celery and Nectarine; regular price 15c; Saturday and Monday only, per bottle..... 10c

Only one bottle of each kind to a customer.

Soap—Another lot of fine Toilet Soap—The French Savon Bouquet of Flowers, Complexion Soap; two large cakes, wrapped and put up in a fancy chrome box; Saturday and Monday, only 7c per box, worth 15c. Only one box to each customer.

LADIES' BLACK SHIRT WAISTS.

Black Sateen Shirt Waists, laundered collar and cuffs; regular price \$1, for..... 75c

Ladies' Black Sateen Shirt Waists, tucked bias fronts, stitched, plaided back; regular price \$1.25, for..... 97c

Ladies' Mercerized Black Sateen Waists, bias tucked front, yoke back; regular \$1.35, for..... \$1