

GEN. KITCHENER

Insisted that Ceylon Tea should be used by his men in the Sudan Campaign, because of its purity, stimulating and refreshing qualities, being easily prepared and perfectly harmless to the nervous system.

SALADA

CEYLON TEA
Is preserved in all its native purity and fragrance in the sealed lead packets in which it is only sold. Beware of the so-called just-as-good substitutes. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

JESSAMINE.

The doctor's delicate and unenviable duty was half done for him before she joined him in the lower room.

"You consider my father worse?"
"Yes, the address with which she opened the interview."

"I grieve to say that I do."
"Can nothing be done for him?"
He hesitated.

"I am answered," she said, "honestly. 'Don't shelter yourself behind the hateful, worthless subtleties about hope ceasing only with life. Tell me, instead, how long—'"

The rest of the sentence was beyond her powers of utterance. But she did not succumb in aspect, after the wordless struggle died away in a quiver of the unmoistened lips. She was very white, but very still. The doctor congratulated himself upon the sagacity that had led him to choose this one of the twin as the recipient of his unwelcome intelligence. Jessie was his favorite, and he had always contended that hers was the stronger, as well as the more sprightly, nature.

Since she was so collected—so well prepared for the sad probability, if not the full certainty—he could be entirely frank.

"The symptoms are of general congestion," he said, "and we cannot hope to have him with us more than twenty-four hours at the utmost. I shall return, presently, with Dr. Trimble. But his verdict will, I think, coincide with mine. The indications are, I judge, that your father will probably be unconscious much of the time, and suffer little, if at all. No one can doubt his fitness for the great change. I have known him for over thirty years, and I can testify that he has walked humbly and closely with his God. He has instructed you so carefully, Jessie, my dear, that you do not require to be told where to look for consolation, for grace and strength in this trying hour."

A motion of prohibition that had in it none of the grace of entreaty, checked the formula.

"You will not be long absent?" asked a voice from between the rigid lips. The circles under her once brilliant eyes were blacker and broader each second.

"I shall be in again as soon as I can find Dr. Trimble. You had better take Miss Eunice into your confidence with-out delay. She might think it strange—might take it hard if anything were to happen, you know."

"Yes, I know."
The day was warm for the season—so sultry that the circus clouds swimming in the sky looked soft as April fluffiness. How still it was, as Jessie stood in the open oriel-window, and let her eyes roam through garden and churchyard—ever returning, with-out volition of hers, to the gap in the long line of gravestones next her mother's tomb. Had nature swooned all over the broad earth? Was there nothing real left in creation save the fact of her great woe?

"My father is dying!" she said aloud and distinctly.

And again: "I suppose this is what people mean when they talk of not realizing a sorrow!"

She was picking the faded leaves from the creepers, and crumbling them into dust when Eunice came in, Jessie's protracted absence after the conference with the doctor had excited her ar-densions, and she stole down while her father slept to inquire the cause. Immensely relieved at the sight of her sister's attitude and occupation, she smiled as she aroused her from her reverie.

"I could not think what had become of you, dear. What does Dr. Winters think of father?"

"Sit down, Eunice, and I will tell you!" said Jessie, dreamy pity in her eyes, but no change in her hard, hollow voice.

Eunice sank into the nearest chair, laying her hand quickly upon her heart.

"You cannot mean—"
"That he is dying? Yes!" interrupted the other; and in the same awful composure she repeated the doctor's verdict verbatim.

"Now," she concluded, "I will go back to him. You may come presently, when you have had time to think over the matter."

The beryl eyes were wet with many tears before they rained met Jessie's across the sick-bed, out, after that, Eunice bore herself bravely. Hour after hour they sat in the hushed upper chamber, facing their near desolation, without a plaint or a sigh. Below stairs all was silent as the grave. Patsy, with an indefinable idea

Appetizing
For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.
Rodel French Peas, 15c.
Rodel Mushrooms, 28c.
Whole Tomatoes, for slicing, 20c.
Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, California Prunes, 8c per lb.
California Silver Prunes, 12 1/2c per lb.
California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

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STAMPS

that the house should be set in order for the coming of the grim guest, had dusted the furniture, set back the chairs in straight rows against the walls in parlor and dining-room, and closed all the blinds on the lower floor; made her kitchen neat as Miss Eunice could have wished; then seated herself upon the upper step of the side porch, her arms wrapped in her clean apron. Jessie's orders were positive that no one besides the doctors should be admitted, and as the servant's lookout commanded the front gate, she intercepted the many callers who flocked to the parsonage, the swift rumor of the pastor's extreme illness.

"We will keep him to ourselves while he stays with us," the younger sister had answered the other's fear lest this proceeding should give offense to "the people." He has belonged to them for thirty years. At the last we may surely claim him!"

"But they love him dearly," expostulated Eunice. He is their spiritual father, their guide."

"He is our all!" was the curt reply, and Eunice forebore to argue further.

In the midst of her grief she was slightly afraid of Jessie. The wide eyes that were caverns of gloom—the tuneless accents that never shook or varied, cowed her into quiet and obedience.

There was little to be done. The sick man slept—if it were sleep—except when aroused to take medicine or food. At these periods he recognized his children and spoke coherently, although briefly. His kind heart and gentle breeding were with him to the end. His utterances were of thankfulness for the services they rendered, and love for those who bent over him, that the word should be lost of that they felt at each awakening, might be the last sentence they should ever hear from him.

He spoke again, intelligibly and calmly, of the nearing separation, and "I am going fast," he said to Eunice, who was lifting his head upon her arm that she might adjust the pillow. "The Father is very good. The precious blood avails—even for me—for me! I go empty-handed, but not—for there is the 'unspeakable gift.'" Closing his eyes he murmured softly to himself.

Eunice bowed her ear, and held her breath to catch the words.

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It had been the testimony of his whole life.

"Jessie, my dear! my little girl! you are waiting yourself out for me!" he said, at another time. "I wish Roy were here! But his will be done! He knows my darling's needs—her temptations—her trials. Like as a father pitied his children, dear! And it is true! Recollect that I told you so, this—and when—and how!"

She was to recollect it in the Father's good time. Now the words meant little, after she had heard the dying parent's wish for Roy's return. She had something in her own heart that was like a thanksgiving that her father was spared the one pang which the coming of the man he would have her marry would bring—that the sea rolled back to its own home.

"We shall be cared for, papa!" she replied.

"I know! The promise is sure," and he slept again, like a child at eventide upon the mother's breast.

"The great peace is his!" said Eunice, in pious gratitude.

Jessie was mute.

So the afternoon went by, and the shortening twilight of autumn drew on apace. The shutters of the southern windows were raised, and the evening air which evening had now made raw. The fleecy clouds were packed in a cumulus mass upon the horizon, and this began to rise in portentous majesty, as the sun set behind it. Dun, while day lasted, with ragged, brassy edges, it darkened and thickened as Jessie watched it from her seat at the bed-head, into a banner of blackness absorbing the light from the rest of the sky, and blotting out the stars from her sight. The silence was breathless. Not an insect chirped or leaf rustled. Even the pine boughs were motionless. The mill wheel was still; the roar of the waterfall was the only sound abroad under the heavy sky. The sisters could no longer see each other, but all the waning light in the room seemed concentrated upon the pallid face between them. The effect of the pale radiance and the brooding quiet about them was weird—uncanny. Eunice could bear it no longer.

"I will bring the night-lamp!" she said, rising.

She had hardly reached the foot of the staircase, when Jessie heard the garden gate shut, and steps upon the gravel walk leading to the kitchen; next, a stifled scream from Patsy; and a low, manly voice, in rebuke or reassurance. Listening, as for her life, the deadly cold of hands and feet creeping up to her heart, she caught a faint exclamation from Eunice; then the cautious tread of feet in the hall to the parlor door, which was shut behind those who went in; after which all was quiet again.

[To be Continued.]

The Grandest Treasures.
One of the fondest, happiest anticipations of a mother's heart is that by her husband's earnest toil, and by careful economy on both their parts they shall be able to lay by a little store which the baby when it is grown to man or womanhood shall have as its own private possession.

But every wife who expects to become a mother may provide a far more valuable treasure for her little one's future than she can ever contain in any savings bank if she will take the proper care of her own health and physical condition during the time when the baby is expected. And if every husband would feel it his bounden duty to see that his wife's health is adopted to carry his wife safely through this critical time, he will help to bequeath to his offspring that health and natural vigor which is the grandest fortune a father can bestow.

During the past year I found myself pregnant and in rapidly failing health," writes Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm, (Roxbury Center, Roxbury, Vt., in a grateful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.). "I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day, and could not sleep a wink at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I followed your directions and took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

"Favorite Prescription" is the only proprietary medicine in the world invented by an educated physician, and scientific specialist for the one specific purpose of restoring health and strength to the distinctly feminine organism. It is a prompt relief and permanent cure for every form of female complaint or weakness.

No remedy so quickly and effectually cures Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

ENVIRONMENT OF THE BIRTH.
We do not see all the beauty of that environment until we contrast it with the environment of the birth. What do we see at the nativity of Christ? A manger, and no garden—night—and there were shepherds keeping their flocks by night. This child is going

Two Environments

Jesus' Birth and Resurrection—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.

Jesus had a way of meeting people unexpectedly. He has never abandoned that significant and blessed way. Jesus was always ready to meet the traveler, courts their footfalls, observes the whole manifestation of their personality when they are in grief and wonder and tender communication one with another, and at the right moment for Jesus keeps all the arguments. He joins them, faces them, suddenly encounters them, and asks them delicate and feeling questions. The appearance of Jesus Christ would seem to be always sudden, and they have been foretold by the most elaborate and dignified prophecy. Two things always come suddenly into our experience, the great joy and the great loss. Death is always sudden. You have been watching for many a day, for a hundred days and more, and at the last it seemed to come without preface or announcement.

Light also comes suddenly into life; a great joy starts the soul into a new consciousness. You thought that you were prepared for the new man, the new prophet, the child that was to lead your house to greater conquests, but there came an element of suddenness in the appearance, a peculiar force of light, a deep consciousness that the universe must make way for another life, the bigger and the more beautiful the ever living in it. "And the Lord will suddenly come to his temple." Jesus Christ often met his disciples quite unexpectedly. Go, said the angel, and preach to his brethren in all the world. And he went. Jesus met them, and added to the doctrine a personality, completed the historical resurrection by an actual visible presence, and that presence has never been withdrawn; our eyes are dim, the presence itself is always there.

WE SEE SO LITTLE, because we look so helplessly and indifferently. Jesus would more frequently meet us in the right direction; he travels on certain roads; it is not suggested that he does not leave those roads, and go upon the unfrequented paths, but there is a pledge that his people shall be where he is. He also will be where Saul is, and he will burn the letters from the high priest, and Saul shall suddenly be struck down by a white flame at the gate of Damascus. The Lord is all about us, and he is looking for us. He is looking for the man who will open it; if the gate is the right road he opens it from the other side. If the gate is the wrong one, he can't open it. We live within the providence of God; we might meet Jesus Christ every morning if we went out to seek him; he is the Lord of morning, he is the glory of the coming day, he has vested interests in the dawn.

With what infinite profitableness, were we so disposed, we might linger upon the environment of the Resurrection, comparing it with the environment of the Birth, contrasting it rather than comparing it. Will you look at the two environments in relation to one another, and see how the environment varies according to the time? You remember of the Resurrection? You remember your own earliest environment; you would not have been without it for the world today, now that the snow of years is whitening your heads, and the old toys and the old amusements and delights: what a comfort to a child; when I became a man I put away childish things. I escaped from one environment into another, larger and wholly more fitted to my increasing manhood. Shall we look at

THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE RESURRECTION?

What is that first object that you see? It is a garden; it is a tomb. Let us not speak of that, I reverse your sentence, retaining its history and enlarging its meaning. We could say mournfully and freely, almost, indeed, atheistically: There was a tomb in the garden; that is all. How can you improve it? Easily, by almost inverting it: There was a garden around the tomb. That is better, the gospel gleams in that nobler talk. I see only the tomb, and after some spirit speaks with me for a moment I lose sight of the tomb in the broader, lovelier view of the garden. Let the theist say there was a tomb in the garden; I pray my God to help me to say there was a garden around the tomb.

Is there anything in the environment of the resurrection to match the garden beauty and the garden fragrance? Yes. What is it? Morning. "As it began to dawn," begins the text. When we are conscious of the presence and the blessing of the dear Lord, His coming means light, morning, something that has to grow, an increasing light, a gleam of the heavenly light, a gleam of the eternal that it means. So far, then, the environment is right, garden and morning, how they match one another! what a duel is that! Let the skeptic take me to the tomb, and I will show him the garden. Garden and morning—what next? What we call spring, April, the time when the green blade is coming up or the little flower has fought its way through the frost and snow. When Christ rises all things rise; when Jesus comes up from the tomb there is no tomb. He has left it; now there is nothing but vernal beauty, vernal music thrills the responding air. A lovely environment, garden, morning, spring—what more? Angels. A beautiful picture it is to see the angel of the Lord coming and thrusting back the little pebble that was rolled to the door of the tomb, and oh the subtle irony! on the holy contemplation of the stone and the angel sitting on it! Marmion waved the fragment of his blade in sign of victory, a sign in its way and at the time pardonable, but there stands out a picture taken from the tomb, a picture grander than Marmion's waving of his blade. The angel of the Lord flicked away the stone with its red Roman seal, and having set it a few inches away sat upon it. It is then a right beautiful environment, and full of holy suggestion, and wet with a very gracious pathos, wet as with sacred tears, such as might have dropped from heaven. Garden, morning, spring, angels; that is resurrection, resurging, coming back to flood and throne and final diadem.

ENVIRONMENT OF THE BIRTH.
We do not see all the beauty of that environment until we contrast it with the environment of the birth. What do we see at the nativity of Christ? A manger, and no garden—night—and there were shepherds keeping their flocks by night. This child is going

to be born in the darkness, he may bring the light with him. He has always done so. He will not fail at Bethlehem. A child always brings light with it; the darkness has notice to quit the moment the child cries. Manger, night and what we call winter. We keep the Saviour's birthdays when the snow is on the ground; the keener the frost, the more highly piled the snow, we say: This is true Christmas weather. Not resurrection weather; something has happened between the winter and the spring, something has happened between the fall of that snow, the growing of that ice, and the breathing of that balmy breeze over Jerusalem. "This same Jesus," Jesus of the garden and the morning, of the spring and the angels, was once the Jesus of the manger and the night and the winter. Better that the environment were not reversed! We have a trick of going the other way. Some men have everything at their birth; their Bethlehem is gold and morning and garden and sun and feast, and their old age a withered failure, the fair page ill-written and crumpled as with contemptuous hands. There is a possibility of inverting what God has arranged as the natural evolution and proper culmination of life. It is sad to think that a man should have everything before he is two years old, and then have to live the rest of his life in the shadow of that early fortune. The boy should have traversed the galleries of Europe before he is thirteen years of age; call it an irony that a boy over-caked, over-fed, fondled and dandled and confectioned until his mother he is an old roue; the boy has exhausted everything and cries because there is not another world to exhaust. Blessed are the poor, blessed are they who have to count their shillings in the bread to the week, if so be they are honest in heart, independent, courageous, religious. You do not know

WHAT YOU OWE TO YOUR POVERTY.

You never would have been the man you are if you had been born anywhere else than at Bethlehem, in the manger, surrounded by night, winter-bond, frost so severe on your front door that you cannot open it to get to the well which has been turned into one block of ice. These things are hard if hardly taken. Who are the men that shake the world? The men who were born at Bethlehem. Who are the men that come to the garden and the morning and the spring and the angels? They are the men that have had to travel from Bethlehem to Golgotha, and to travel that via mala not in their own strength, but in the presence and under the comforting inspiration of God and his Christ and the eternal Spirit. Of course there are great difficulties in the way, because many people have had to undergo the depleting and disembodying process of having been born in piousness and rocked in cradles of gold. Take Lord's own course as an example and an encouragement; he was rich, and yet for our sakes he became poor; he made himself of no reputation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; therefore God hath highly exalted him. To know nothing about poverty may be not to have made the acquaintance of the best friend you could have had; you always have had so much that you did not know there was a God. The man who has no acquaintance with the poor man's sick chamber does not know what life is. If you would improve your tempers go and visit the sick poor; if you would enlarge your own spirit of contentment and satisfaction go down to those people whose lives are spent in struggle and pain and disappointment. So Jesus Christ

BEGAN AT THE RIGHT END, began with manger and night and winter and fishermen, and went straight up to garden and morning and spring and angels. Let us take heart, then. We cannot help our poverty; sometimes we have been almost tempted to envy the boy at school who had everything, the boy who was so dressed that it never would have entered our imagination that he was going to school at all, he must have been going to some festival, to some exhibition day, to some grand show, and surely not to what we know as school, a hard master and a hard lesson and bare board, and the penance hardly gathered by faithful industry and every penny of the pence with a hue of blood upon it. You never would have been so military and yet so forbearing, so dignified and yet so condescending, if you had not been the child of the manger and the night and the winter and the little fishermen. Never be ashamed of it! I will be ashamed of you if you are ashamed of the father and mother that did their best for you, though that best may have been but poor.

THE MEANING.
Look at the spiritual and ideal significance of these two environments, and especially the environment of the resurrection. What is the meaning of all this? The meaning is poetry, idealism, higher consciousness, a continually self-refining spirituality, a continually shedding off of the old and the poor and the mean that belongs to our own nature, and a constant rising into the true manhood. Always remember that there is a spiritual here



SATURDAY and MONDAY BARGAINS.

We mention only a few of the many bargains in each department.

CUP AND SAUCER SALE

You can make a change on your tea table and save money at the same time by being here early Saturday morning. Two hundred and fifty Fine China Tea, Coffee and Bouillon Cups and Saucers, beautifully decorated in latest designs. A choice lot, that have been selling in the regular way up to 50c; Saturday 10c, 15c and 25c. your choice at.....

Shirt Waist Special.

Two dozen ladies' pure white Muslin Shirt Waists, tucked fronts, trimmed with embroidery insertion, yoke and plaited back, detachable linen collar and straight cuff; regular price \$1.75, at..... \$1.49

Summer Dress Skirts.

LADIES' SUMMER SKIRTS, made of pure white duck and linen crash, seven-gored skirt, new back, over stitched seams; regular \$1.25, at..... 99c

69c Ladies' House Wrappers.

Made of fast color American Cambric, yoke back and front, rolling collar, separate waist lining, wide skirt, deep hem; regular price \$1.00

\$1 Ladies' House Wrappers.

American print, light and washable colors, yoke back, full front, and deep full over shoulders; regular price..... \$1.25

\$1.75 Ladies' Cambric Wrappers.

Dark colors, very full and well made, yoke back and front, full roll over shoulders, finished with ruffle and finishing braid; regular price..... \$2.25

Baby Bonnets.

10c Baby Bonnets, made of fine corded muslin, plaited muslin, facing, muslin ties and trimming, round crown shape, Saturday and Monday..... 5c

Three Hosiery Extras.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, guaranteed stainless Louis Hermsdorf dye; special price, 19c pair, or 2 pairs for..... 25c

Ladies' Tan Hose, real mako, fast color, double sole, high spliced heel; regular 20c hose, Saturday and Monday, 2 pairs for..... 25c

Men's Black Cotton Half-Hose, stainless, Hermsdorf dye, made of best mako yarn, high spliced heel; regular price 15c a pair, at..... 10c

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COVERED GRANITE MILK PAILS.
12 Quart..... 45c
10 Quart..... 40c
8 Quart..... 35c
6 Quart..... 30c
4 Quart..... 25c
2 Quart..... 20c
1 Quart..... 15c
GRANITE MILK CANS, 2 sizes, 35c and 50c
TEA STEEPERS, granite, one quart..... 15c
PIE PLATES, granite..... 50c
JELLY-CAKE PLATES, granite..... 10c
MIXING BOWLS, granite..... 5c
PUDDING DISHES, oblong, 2 quart, regular 25c..... 10c
CHAMBERS, granite..... 20c

White Earthenware.

10 dozen White Earthen Cups and Saucers, all perfect; regular price 90c a dozen, Saturday and Monday..... 60c
BOWLS, three sizes, 10c, 15c and 20c..... 5c
BAKERS, large size, 10c and 15c..... 10c
PLATTERS..... 25c

Wall Paper Sale.

Saturday morning we will put on sale all odds of this season's Wall Papers. The lot contains from 2 to 10 rolls of each kind, and sold regularly for 4c, 6c and 8c a roll. Saturday all be sold at 1c, 2c, and 3c a roll. Also:
15c Papers reduced to..... 9c
10c Papers reduced to..... 7c
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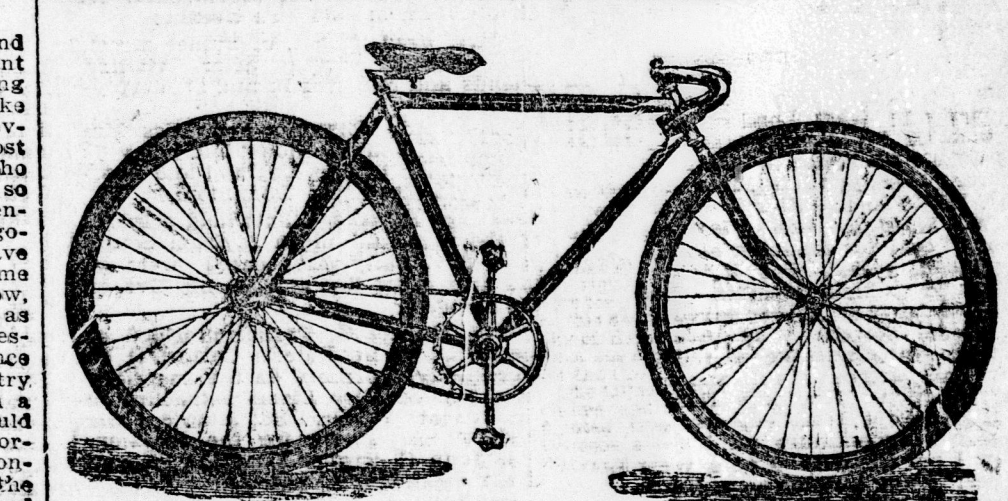
Baby Carriages.

Still greater reductions in our Baby Carriages: \$9 carriage, upholstered throughout in American velour, fitted with satin parasol to match upholstery, well and strongly made, bicycle galvanized wheels; sale price..... \$6.50

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100 Curtain Poles, 5 feet, in oak and mahogany stain, complete with wooden trimmings; regular price 35c, at..... 25c
25c Curtain Poles..... 20c

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The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on their kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisham, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:
"My daughter, now 12 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for such great benefit they have conferred upon her."

As well as a bodily ancestry. You are pleased that your first remembered ancestor wore a gold ring. There is nothing to be particularly pleased about in that circumstance. And you, speaking on the occasion, may say, I am the son of a man who worked for a gold ring and never wore it. I belong to an ancestry, quoth one, who shot king after king on field after field. And I, quoth another, have no blood records in my family—

Higher far my proud pretensions rise. A child of parents passed into the shies.

And if you have the gracious soul, the

beautiful spirit, the very soul of charity and helpfulness to others, that is fame. All else may be but infamy.

A DINNER PILL. — Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healing nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convey the food particles of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion.