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*************** AITHFUL -TILL THE END

Stairs, whose every fibre thrills to her voice, pales a little beneath that friendly "Phil." How it brings back all. Those dear sweet days . Ever since that day when he had unexpectedly come upon her and her husband in the wood he had lived in a sort of hell. He had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in many ways during the had thought of her in the had the had thought of her in the had thought of her in the had the had thought of her in the had t in many ways during that cruel time in India and afterwards on his return—

as married—as happy in her married life—as unhappy—but somehow he had never thought of her as a mother! The sight of the boy Geoffrey had been a death-blow-a stab-from which he could not recover; she-his little love—his sweetheart—the pretty child he had left—the mother of another

When first he saw the boy, with his strange likeness to his mother, a sort of frenzy seized him. He knew then what murderers must feel before they commit the vilest crimes of all. That she should have borne a son to himhis rival! He could have cursed Gaveston aloud for that. If she had re-mained childless-God knows what thoughts worked in Philip Stairs' mind, but I think he could have forgiven her more easily-but for that.

And yet to curse Gaveston! Having seen him it seemed hard-impossible That kindly, honest gentleman! Stairs knew he would have been glad to find him a scoundrel—an irredeemable brute—but Gaveston was a man that no other man could ever despise. He saw that, being no fool, and his misery grew. Did she love him? Could she? That man—so much older than herself-her sweet, her lovely self! It was certainly possible. The man was lovable in many ways, and there was the boy-the child! That tie of all things the strongest. No, he was cast behind—forgotten—left dying on the cats in the village, where we lived road of her life-sighing his time away,

"Love going out in despair."

Cecilia has been talking gently all cries she suddenly, leaning forward, her arms upon her knees. "Oh, what a beautiful serve! Did you see

'She is doing splendidly," says Stairs, who in spite of the belief that he is me, and when I held out my hands forever beyond amusement of any kind, is now growing interested. "And yet someone told me she couldn't play

"Ah! that was Mrs. Chance, she hates poor Nell," says Cecilia, whispering to as one would to an old and appreciated friend. "She's a wretch, that woman! She'd say anything if she didn't like one.' She doesn't like you!"

"Me! Oh, no. Not a scrap," says ecilia. "And I'm so glad. I hate people whom I hate to like me!" Poor people!" says Stairs. Cecilia laughs.

You needn't be so very sympathetic," says she. "I don't hate you?" Stairs turns aside abruptlyonly she can keep it up-but poor old Nell is so nervous."

'She doesn't seem nervous today." "No. I can't think why. There again!" as Nell, much more to her own surprise than anyone else's, plays go and congratulate her." as no man can reach. In fact, Nell joy," says Stairs in a strange, hurried is playing today as she never played voice.

"She and Wortley will win," says "I hope so!"-she looks at him. "Don't you?" "You know I do." His desire for Nell's victory is now indeed very keen. He is leaning forward in quite an excited way, and his whole expression has altered. He is another being-he is the man Cecilia had known six years

For a little time she looks at him as

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Picture Frames If taking in this sudden wonderfulchange, that, alas! brings back to her the past with most unfortunate vividness. She moves a little reservicient ness. She moves a little nearer to him—she feels happier with him. He is so like that he used to be—her friend—her chum!

"Phil!" says she, impulsively. CHAPTER XXII. Stairs recovers himself with a start, All at once Nell and her chances of winning fade into a lost background. He has forgotten her as completely as though that rather finished coquette had never existed.

"Yes?" He is looking at Cecilia now with a rather frowning expression, and there is coldness in his question. Each time she utters his name—the old

again," says Cecilia, with an adorable pretence at fear. "Not like my old pretence at fear. "Not like my Phil! Not like the friend I knew. Stairs grows a little pale; and then ll at once he understands her. She is ot cold, or brutal, or a mere inconnerself does not know. She believes thought of deeper feelings. She has

'You were going to say something," says he a little hoarsely, turning his eves from the beautiful ones that are Yes, I was. But it is so hard to speak to you, you change so. Just a moment ago I felt as if I knew you. a moment later and you were a stran-

'We all change in six years," still not looking at her.
"You may!" says Cecilia, with a de lightful attempt at huffiness. "But I"she pauses, and a little laugh breaks from her. "Look at me-do I change?" "Women are different from men." "How do you know that? In this case at all events you are no judge, him, and mischievously lowers her face, until it is under his—"you won't look at me." because"-she moves a little nearer to

Stairs' eyes are now on hers. "Well, am I changed?"

"Beyond recognition, almost," says he in a low, if passionate tone. "You were a girl when I left you, you are the wife of Gaveston now. It leaves little to add in the way of change. But," controlling himself with an effort, "all this is beside the mark. You wanted to ask me a question."
"Perhaps! However, I don't want to ask it now," says Cecilia, who has been

so persistently spoiled for the past six mortality for six years was 22,000, out years, that opposition disturbs her peace. "I don't want to ask a question of anyone who don't want to answer it. And you, Phil, I do think it is rather nasty of you, to talk to me like "Like what?" This little faint squab-

e brings back to him the old days. How often they had quarreled over "this and that,"—such happy quarrel-

when first we met-you remember them? That dreadful old Miss Brent, who prophesied that you would be transported and that I should come to a bad end? How we used to laugh?" 'Laugh!" Stairs draws a long breath. the time—he answering mechanically. How gay she seems over her memories. "I really think Nell will win after "Yes, we used to laugh then!"

"Well, I am glad you remember so uch," says Cecilia, with a pretty, girlish sort of reproach that goes to how it ran along the ground? He couldn't take it—that immaculate pertains was really the question I wanted son with the queer old racket. There to put to you-why were you so cold again! And Nell-why, she usually and indifferent to me the first day we can't play a bit in public, you know met again-that day at Lady Hopkins' -you remember? I thought it was dreadful of you. You just looked at

> like this--' She makes a little gesture and he takes the pretty hands for a moment his, hardly pressing them, then pushes them back to her as if fear-"I was dreadfully rude, I suppose, says he, with a ghost of a smile. "But

> I was wise, too. 'Wise?" He has turned his face from hers again. "How were you wise?" Her name has burst from him, as

though forced from his lips in spite "Ah!" cries she gaily, "now we are friends again. 'Cecilia,' you used to call me that often in the old days.
But far more often Cissy! Have you friendly letter. Numbers had also forced to the control of the control o a branch growing over his head has apparently attracted his attention. From under her hat. Her eyes are full a branch growing over his head has apparently attracted his attention.
"That's good for you," says he in a of joy. "Nell has come to live with us now, and sometimes she calls me of joy." I love it!" Her smile deepens, edly. "Why, Nell is excelling her-Oh! Did you see that? Ah, if the old days, and of you, and—"

At this moment a shout comes from the tennis court, a shout of victory. Cecilia springs to her feet. "She has won!" cries she, "Nell has won! Oh, how lovely! Come, let us "She will have many to wish

before, and as in all probability she will never play again. Her nerves have turned to steel, and her whole blood turned to steel, and her whole blood the followed there?"

Voice she can allote to links you. Stay here, I have much to tell you. Those old days of ours—those you know of—but let me tell you of those links you. Some of the most continued to steel, and her whole blood the stay of the most continued to steel, and her whole blood the stay of the most continued to steel you of those links you. that followed them?" "Your life in India?" Cecilia who has

> She has forgotten Nell and her vic-Nell is surrounded on all sider. Everyone is saying pretty things to her.
> Mr. Nobbs has presented her with the orchid from his coat. There is a little istan and Australia. astonishment mingled with congratulations, but in truth no one is so astonished at her success as Nell herself. She confesses this gaily to Miss Mc-Gregor, who, with Mrs. Chance, has just come up.

"Ah, you must not depreciate yourself," eries Mrs. Chance, airily. "You the pretty legend in a rather heartless will get plenty to do it for you, so spare yourself!"

"Not so very many, I hope," says

Nell even more airly will get plenty legend in a rather neartless manner. According to his account the woman was anything but a heroine.

The general says he was ordered to occurred the process of the p

To be Continued.

KIDNEY WAR. How Insidiously It Wages, But How Quick the Surrender, and How the American Kidney Cure, Turns His Guns on the Disease.

was a great sufferer from Kidney trouble. The disease became so acute that I was confined to the house was great." that I was confined to the house, and was greatly afflicted with insomnia. I was persuaded after using many other remedies without relief to procure a bottle of South American Kidney Cure. I had relief almost from the first dose. The crown of Russia, valued at \$2,500,-I have persisted in its use, and after 000, and Great Britain, \$2,000,000. The using six bottles I am well and strong Portugal diadem is of solid gold and again. I can work 14 hours out of 24 precious gems, and weighs about three and feel very little, if any, fatigue, It is the best medicine I have ever used."

For sale by C. McCallum and B. A. sapphires and emeralds. Many of these

Interesting Scraps of Information Found in Many Out-of-the-Way Places,

A Strange Case That Excited England a Century Ago.

A plea in favor of allowing commor sentiment sometimes to direct the law may be argued from the case of poor name, that once when used by her would thrill his heart to happiest delight—he feels so sharp a pang as makes endurance difficult. His frown domestic servant with a family in Chancery lane. One day the family says Cecilia, with an adorable was taken ill of poisoning. It was learned that the poison was adminis tered with the food and the young girl was arrested for it. No one had died from the effects, but that circumstance t cold, or brutal, or a mere incon-quent coquette. It is only that she that the law made a capital felony of even an attempt at poisoning. a friendship for him-she has no public sentiment was against the punishment of the pretty young girl. nvinced herself that the old love she titions signed by thousands were sent ore him, was as the love she bears in now, the remembered love of a love signed by thousands were sent to the king—even her employers signing it. But the recorder of London had hild for its chosen companion, no taken a dislike to the girl. He had determined that she should be hanged and hanged she was. There was a tre mendous demonstration at Miss Fenning's funeral. Six young girls clad in white led the way, while 10,000 people followed the hearse. It has never been shown beyond question that the girl was innocent, but circumstances afterward coming to light indicate that she

> COST OF GOING TO MECCA. Though most of the traveling is done foot, it costs a great deal to go to lecca. It costs a goodly number of the foreigners their lives to kiss the black stone, which, according to all true believers, fell from heaven, and to drink from the well Zem-Zem, the waters of which are daily replenished from the fountains of Paradise, are the main objects of the 100,000 pilgrims who annually visit the place. Unfortunately who are responsible for the health and good government of the Holy City make no manner of provision for the periodical influx of the devotees, who have to herd like cattle in the fields and open streets. In con-sequence all the water, even that of the holy well, becomes filthy. It has en estimated that from 20 to 50 per cent of the Bombay pilgrims never re-turn alive. Of the 13,970 of the year 1888, 7,465 died, either at Mecca or on board the pilgrim ships. The total

THE PAGODAS OF CHINA. No more interesting monument to the skill of the ancient architects is to be found than are the wonderful pagodas of China. The most remarkable of these structures, the porcelain tower of Ninking, was destroyed during the Tai-ping rebellion of 1853, but there are me remaining that present equally curious features. They are very old, no records showing exactly when they were built. There is as much difference of opinion as to the purpose of the builders as there is concerning their age. Some writers assert they were intended as watch towers in time of war. But the most probable theory is that they were of Indian origin, and were introduced by the priests of Buddha as a receptacle for holy relics such as thumbs, fingers, toes or any other portions of their god which might be found from time to time.

BOULANGER SUPERSTITIONS. It is really extraordinary how some people seek to prove-and do prove to their own satisfaction—that everything in the world—the career of a famous man, the facts of a discovery, or even the writing of a book—is governed by some simple law. The slightest coincidence is indubitable proof of the truth of their opinions. Thus a number of folk have established as a reason for Boulanger's failure in life the fact that his name began with a B, and that the letter influenced his life. The theory is based on the fact that he died at Brussels through despair over the death of Mme. de Bonnemain. Also that Queeny de Beaurepaire, another B, was his accuser at the trial with which his dif-ficulties began. By the same species of reasoning it has been determined that friendly letter. Numbers had also a great deal to do with his fate. Mme de Bonnemain was born in 1865. The four figures add up 19. She died in 1891, the four figures of which also add up 19. Boulanger himself was born in 1837, and these four figures add up 19. He died in 1891, which gives us 19 again.

SOMETHING ABOUT RUBIES. The largest ruby modern discovery has known was brought from China and is now a part of the Russian crow jewels. It is about the size of a pigeon's egg. The finest ruby ever offered for "She can afford to miss you. sale in England was drop-shaped and celebrated stones are not rubies at all.
The great ruby in the Maltese cross of risen sinks back into her seat again, her eyes on his. "Tell me," says she. the British imperial crown is really a spinel, a counterfeit ruby. Burmah is spinel, a counterfeit ruby. Burmah is the only country in which genuine rubies have been found in any quantities. Some of those found in the United States are of the finest quality, but they are few in number. They are also found in Madras, Mysore, Afghan-

NOT A HEROINE, AFTER ALL. The famous Maid of Ratisbon, once one of the favorite heroines of France, is no longer as famous as she used to . Gen. Marbot's memoirs disposed of Nell, even more airily still. "One here," she pauses—it is the slightest pause, but it gives time for her eyes to meet the widow's "and there but town I suddenly saw a voung women. ing myself among the streets of the to meet the widow's-"and there, but town, I suddenly saw a young woman spring up before me, crying: 'Save me. I am a French woman.' She was a dressmaker established in business at Ratisbon. I asked her to show me the way to the bridge, but as we were inder fire she was afraid. Thereur I ordered her to be led to the head of he column by two grenadiers. Flag of Truce Is Hurriedly Hoisted shrieked, but it was of no use. One When That Great General, South of the grenadiers was wounded in the arm, and the blood spurting over the oor, terrified woman, she fainted and

THE RICHEST CROWN. The royal crown of Portugal is the are historical relics of Portugal's for-

mer greatness. They were brought to enrich the crown of Portugal when the

mines of the Indies and Brazil were at the disposition of that valiant little country. Four of the diamonds are of enormous value. Portugal is now a very limited territory, but the imposing titles of former days are still continued by the ruling monarch. Don Carlos conjures as the "King of Portugal and the Algarves, within and beyond the seas in Africa; Lord of Guinea and of the Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and the Indies."

The Indian Burial Ground-Rondeau. (David Mills.)

This is the mound, the grassy mound, Where ancient Indian warriors lie, The dark blue waters far around, And overhead, the pale blue sky.

Before the Crees came to this land, The Eries long were dwellers here; They pitch'd their tents where new we Here came they when the spring was

They hunted here the fowl and fish, From hence did many a song ascend; All night was heard the wish-ton-wish, Till summer-time came to an end. IV. Then, here the timid deer was seen

To drink from out the clear, cool lake, Fearless it brows'd upon the green, Till early dawn began to break.

The dust of many a chief lies here, Who, in his way, did deeds of fame, Whose mem'ry to his tribe was dear— Now none amongst us know his name, VI. Here in the night old hunters say— That long ago their fathers said-

The lake-nymphs came from far away And made soft music for the dead. VII
They sang of deeds by warriors done,
Of strand-fires lighting up the skies,
Until the rays from morning sun From out the waters 'gan to rise.

They sang so clear from out the deep-Their voices floated to the strand; The music had a soft, sad sweep sobbing waves tread on the

They sang of men who'd come no more, Of times that ne'er would be again, Of hunters' shades upon the shore, And touched with rest, the souls of

When bowmen from the chase return Weary in limb, in soul depressed, The favs sang songs of wand'rers worn Until the hunters sank to rest.

The shades, men here no longer see— The songs of nymphs they hear no more; Far duller now the senses be-Hear but the waves sob on the shore

Among these sands the warriors sleep No mounds here mark their place No dryads o'er them nightly weep, Though warm winds whisper from the

No lonely mound, no polish'd stone, Shall ever o'er an Erie rise, To tell what worthy deeds were done-Here a forgotten hero lies.

Another tribe has come and gone; Our people come and go no more; The Indian warrior's work is done; He hunts not as in days of yore.

XV.
The wrathful winds wail o'er the land,
The water wraiths howl on the shore,
No Indian tents upon the strand—
The dead, he buries here no more. The forests gone, the sun gone down; The night is dead—hard by the lake There stands no more the Indian town,

No longer nymphs sweet music make The night is dead—nor come again Our fathers from the hunters' land;

For melting strains along the strand. The night is dead-the waves sob low, For wand'ring nymphs who're seen no more, And sing not as, in long ago, To soothe the dwellers by the shore.

London, Aug. 9, 1897. The body of Laurie Turner, of Winnipeg, who was drowned in the Red River last Tuesday, has been found a

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"My, blood .was so impoverished that I had no color in my face. I lost flesh and became very weak. The condition of my heart frightened me, as I suf fered from sharp pains and palpita It was impossible for me to get restful sleep at night, and on this acount I was unable to walk even a short distance, as the slightest exer-tion made me so short of breath that

I could scarcely move.
"I was easily startled and mentally became very despondent, thinking that I was going to die shortly. I had to give up my painting, which was my chief pleasure. Last November I gave up treatment with the doctors because their medicines seemed of no effect. then commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Strong's drug store. From the time I commenced their use a radical improvement took place. My nervous system was completely restored to its usual strength and vigor. I have now

"The color in my face has returned, and I sleep as well as ever I did in the past. Id o not suffer now from heart or nerve trouble. I can walk any distance today without inconvenience or Goods are offered at sacrifice weariness. All my friends remark the wonderful change for the better in my prices to clear, on account of the dust and debris from taking

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Prices have been quoted in these columns that seemed absurd, but our customers will bear us out in saying they have ulways found every item as advertised. The following list for Saturday and Tuesday is evidence of our anxiety to reduce the stock before opening new imports, for even with the big annex in course of erection we'll still be crowded for

Black Dress Goods.

Fancy Figured Blacks; regular Fancy Figured Blacks, regular prices 75c and 90c, sale price 50c Black Figured Mohair; regular boxes, and am strong and price 40c, sale price 25c They have restored healthy Black Figured Mohair; regular prices 75c and 85c, sale price 50c Black Henrietta, 42 inch, all wool; regular price 40c, sale price 25c

Goods are offered at sacrifice

out the back wall.

Silk Specials.

Plain China Silk; regular 25c, sale price 150 Wash Silk; regular 25c, sale price.. 15c Check Taffeta; regular 50c, sale 25c Fancy Shot Taffeta; regular 75c Plain Shot Taffeta; regular 75c, sale price 50e Fancy Figured; regular \$1 and \$1 50, sale prices 65c and 98c | sale price 15c

In Basement.

For Saturday and Tuesday-One decorated gilt edge: regular price \$2 a dozen, sale price\$1 00 One gross 4-inch decorated China fruit saucers; regular \$1 10 dozen, sale price One gross Bread and Butter Plates, gilt edge, assorted colors; regular price \$1.50 a dozen, sale Seven pounds Standard Granulated Sugar, with one pound of our Imperial Blend Tea, black

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