

A BACK UP



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E. N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

FAITHFUL
TILL THE END

The quiet of the hour has fallen on
Stairs. Sitting out here with Cecilia
beside him, the present seems eerily
vanish away, and the past to live
again. He had heard many things
since his return—had listened with ap-
parent carelessness to passing refer-
ences to Cecilia, while his whole heart
and soul were on fire.
And every idle word had told him
that his pretty girl, the girl he had
left with soft eyes, full of unconscious
love for him, had been most cruelly
betrayed.
There could be no last, lingering
doubt about it. She had been hurried
into marriage with a man old enough
to be her father, and in no way con-
genial; she had been thrust into a
arms against her will—a gentle, fright-
ened, bewildered victim. At times when
this knowledge grew upon him, he used
to curse the dead memory of her
mother, but always, always he ex-
onerated Gaveston.
It would indeed be impossible to look
on that honest, upright gentleman, and
not know at once that treachery of
any sort would be beyond him; that
truth unswerving was his watchword,
and that death itself would be prefer-
able to disloyalty of any kind.
He too had been betrayed—perhaps
more basely than either Cecilia or her
Stairs.
He turns suddenly, and looks at Ce-
cilia—how silent she too has grown!
Mrs. Gaveston is leaning forward—her
elbow on her knees, her chin sunk in-
to the palms of her hands. She is
smiling as if at some inward memory,
and her eyes, staring straight before
her into the darkness, are smiling too.
It strikes Stairs with a shock of hor-
rible joy, that never since his return
since his second meeting with her, has
she ever looked so happy—so content!
As though feeling the fixed regality
she turns slowly to him, her eyes still
smiling, her air full of half-awakened
meaning. What meaning?
"Cecilia," says he suddenly—hoarsely.
"Yes," she bends towards him eagerly—
expectantly. Her eyes seem to
entreat him.
"Why—why did you not wait?" ex-
claims he in a low, but passionate
tone. "Why should you have thought
not to touch her—and all at once the
spell is broken."
She smirks at her feet.
"Wait—wait!" she cries again. "Why
should I wait?—and for what? For
you?" she looks at him lightly. "You never
fold me to wait."
"Not in words," says Philip, hardly
knowing what he says.
"Ah! words!" she laughs again, a
little feverishly. "Words are so im-
portant. You forgot that. Oh! how
cold it is getting, come in—come in."
"How you look—!" her laughter has
grown mocking now, as laughter will
when it comes from a miserable
crust. "What are you thinking of?"
"I don't know. Of what should I be
thinking? Why should you ask?"
"Because with the expression of a man
just roused from happy dreams to the
knowledge of a crime, you are looking
at me as if I were a murderer."
"You are right—let us go in."
As they go, stepping into shadows
here and there, a huge white stone
marking a corner is unseen by Cecilia
—her foot coming against it she stum-
bles slightly, and Stairs with an im-
pulsive gesture catches her hand.
"Oh!" says she.
"You are not hurt?"—his hand is
holding hers as in a vice.
"No—no. But how fortunate you
caught me. I—was falling—I think—"
She stoops down, and her hand is still in
his. Their eyes meet.
Cecilia's face is ghastly as she steps
into the drawing-room. A moment later,
Stairs with her now. No one is
near—no one sees her, as with a sign
from Stairs to go, she sinks into a chair
in the recess of the window.
A mild little woman with a face like
the placid sheep—a cousin of Nobbs—
"who is at present chaperoning me, te-
de-he!" is singing "Home, Sweet
Home," with many variations—and in
a style that she evidently datters her-
self would give Madame Patti cause
for thought—as indeed it would.
This is apparently taken by the
guests as a polite hint to seek their
own "sweet home," and as they all
they have risen, and are only wait-
ing for the termination of the brava-
uras, to bid their host "good-night."
It is soon done. Farewell has been
said by all.
"Partin' is such sweet sorrow,"

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shrieks Mr. Nobbs in his shrill treble
as Nell waves her hand to him gaily,
and then sinks back in her corner of
the brougham. Cissy, for a wonder,
does not seem inclined for conversa-
tion, so Nell performs falls back on her
own thoughts. They run here and
there, always stopping, however, at
one point. Sir Stephen had not spoken
to her once tonight!
"What a temper that wretched man
must have!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I want to go down to the beach and
catch crabs," says Geoffrey.
"So you can, when your tutor has
left," says his father.
"The tide will be in then," says
Geoffrey discontentedly.
An under-master from the school
below comes daily up to Gaveston
Park to teach the little heir of that de-
lightful old place his three Rs. An
hour each day is all that is insisted
on, but it must be confessed that
Geoffrey is a far from brilliant scholar.
He is another—and that ever since the
latter's appearance on the scene of
Geoffrey's life—another day has
been a holiday for that youngster.
"It will be out some other day,"
says Gaveston, who is reading his pa-
per. Breakfast is over, but still Ce-
cilia and Nell are lingering at the
table running through their letters,
and the few little sealed packets the
post has brought.
Geoffrey finding this last remark
hardly up to his taste, slides up to his
mother.

"Tell papa to give me a holiday,"
whispers he, crawling up from under
the letter, and bringing him close to her,
presses his pretty head against her
shoulder.
"So many holidays!" says she in a
whisper, too.
"What's that?" asks Gaveston, look-
ing up with a slight touch of irrita-
tion. He is in the middle of Mr. Glad-
stone's last speech at Edinburgh, and
is in it that irritating irritation that
the word "holiday" has come to him across
his indignation, and makes him a little
impatient. The very unusual phrase
that sits upon his forehead makes him
look older, and the sun most unkindly
is shining at him, that makes him
directly on the slight baldness of his
head.

"He wants a holiday," says Cecilia
indifferently. The indifference is so
strange that the boy edges closer to
ask pappi why him one? She
always used to—!!

"No—no—no! Really it is always
holidays," says Peter. Then all
once the frown disappears, and he
nods at Geoffrey fondly—the disap-
pointment in the little face has disap-
peared. "No holiday today, old man."
"But why not today?" asks Geoffrey
aggravated.

"The simplest reason. Because you
had one yesterday."
"But that's a long time ago," says
Geoffrey, with a long, unmis-
takeable sign of woe, that Nell, seeing his
pressing the close-cropped head against
her bosom—and wondering at her
conduct to the rescue herself.

"This one more day, Peter?" says
she coaxingly. "We'll be good from
this day out, and I, well, study
and study, until our brains are
won't we, Geoff? Come now, Peter,
give us this one day; pity the poor
little school-boy!"

"Poor little school-boy indeed," says
Peter, with kindly contempt. "I be-
lieve there is no one on earth to be
envied so much as a school-boy. The
school-boy has but one duty in the
world—to prepare his lessons for next
day; and this, no being his own mas-
ter, he must do—there lies the comfort
task with nothing still and he
feels the glow of a good conscience,
and knows he can hold up his head
with any man. Come now, Peter, let
me hold up your head, don't you?"

"I don't! I want to catch crabs,"
says Geoffrey, with a half-mocking
half-mischiefous glance at his father
over his shoulder.

"See how you've brought him up,"
says Peter to his wife. "I have my
doubts about the clearness of your own
conscience after that."
Cecilia glances at him strangely for
a moment; then she laughs, but her
laughter leaves something to be de-
sired in it.

"Perhaps I haven't one, good or bad,"
says she. She pushes the boy gently
from her. "There go, prepare your les-
sons."
There is a note of regret in her tone,
and Gaveston suddenly relents.
(To be continued.)

FALL FAIRS.

Where and When the Exhibitions
Will Take Place.

Western, London	Sept. 9 to 18
Winnipeg	Sept. 10 to 18
Reg. Man.	July 19-Aug. 21
Montreal	Sept. 10 to 18
North, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Central, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Northern, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Monmouth, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Waterloo, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Great Northwestern, Goderich	Sept. 10 to 18
Western, Sept. 10 to 18	Sept. 10 to 18
Peninsular, Chatham	Sept. 10 to 18
North Oxford, Woodstock	Sept. 10 to 18
Central, Waterloo	Sept. 10 to 18
West Middlesex, Stratford	Sept. 10 to 18
North Oxford, Woodstock	Sept. 10 to 18
Palmerston, Palmerston	Sept. 10 to 18
Ontario and Durham, Whitby	Sept. 10 to 18
South Oxford, Tilsonburg	Sept. 10 to 18
Tilsonburg	Sept. 10 to 18
Ontario and Huron, Oshawa	Sept. 10 to 18
Lambton, Sarnia	Sept. 10 to 18
West Elgin, Walkerton	Sept. 10 to 18
West Elgin, Walkerton	Sept. 10 to 18
Kinloss, Kinloss	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
North York, St. Mary's	Oct. 1 to 2
Moss and E. Frid	Oct. 1 to 2
Woodville, Elmira	Oct. 1 to 2
North Brant, Paris	Oct. 1 to 2
North York, St. Mary's	Oct. 1 to 2
Alvinston, Alvinston	Oct. 1 to 2
Embro, Embro	Oct. 1 to 2
Petrolia, Petrolia	Oct. 1 to 2
West Nisourit, Thorncliffe	Oct. 1 to 2
Simcoe, Simcoe	Oct. 1 to 2