

Japan Tea "Outdrawn" and "Outclassed."

Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea, healthful, economical and pure. One pound will make 200 cups of tea, the like of which no Japan tea in the wide, wide world can compare. Sold in the same form as the famous "SALADA" Black Tea, sealed lead packets only. By all grocers.

Given the highest award and gold medal at St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

TALL TALKER

CHAPTER IV.

Dinner was over at The Grange, and Miss Amelia and Olivia were in the drawing-room waiting for the appearance of the squire, who, for form's sake, lingered behind for a quarter of an hour in the dining-room to sip a glass of the famous Vanleyport. I was Miss Amelia's custom every evening during this quarter of an hour to enjoy a peaceful snooze in an arm-chair carefully placed by the footman out of the light of the lamps, from which she awoke on the appearance of her brother to declare with a start that he really in another moment she should have been asleep.

Olivia was sitting as usual with a book in her hand, but this evening the volume remained open at the same page, and instead of reading she was thinking of her strange meeting with the "mysterious stranger" of The Dell. It need scarcely be said that Olivia was not sentimental. She was the last girl in the world to invest anyone with a romantic halo or to "get up a sentiment" over any man; but try as she would she could not dismiss the remembrance of the "mysterious stranger" with its sad eyes and the grave voice with its almost tragic tones, from her mind, and it was with a feeling of actual relief from her too persistent dwelling upon him that she heard the door open, and, looking up, saw her father enter. Miss Amelia heard it, too, and jerked herself upright with the usual, "Is that you, Edwin? Another moment," etc.

But Olivia, looking at her father, saw that instead of the smile of amused incredulity with which he usually received Miss Amelia's assertions, he wore an anxious and thoughtful expression, and as he came up to her to get his cup of coffee, she said in a low voice:

"Is anything the matter, papa?"

"Anything the matter?" he repeated with a little start. "No. What should be the matter?"

"I don't know," said Olivia, "but I thought you looked rather worried, dear."

"No, no," he said with a forced kind of cheerfulness. "I am a little tired, that is all. I am sorry Bertie did not stay to dinner."

"So am I," said Olivia promptly. "How well he looked, dear Bertie."

"Yes," said Olivia in a colder voice. "A good fellow, Bertie, one of those squire, sturdy fellows, don't you think Bertie did him justice this afternoon. If he knew him as well as I do—"

"But you do not know him very well, papa," said Olivia, gently.

"I don't know why you should say that, Olivia," he said. "I—have seen a great deal of him."

"That is true," responded Olivia dryly, "and all we have seen is to his credit. Don't let us discuss Mr. Bradstone, papa, she was saying almost pleadingly, while the butler entered, and, approaching the squire, said something in a low and guarded voice, and the squire's face changed.

But Olivia's ears were quick and she caught the word "accident."

down on her knees beside the unconscious girl, and was about to murmur peremptorily, "Get up, Olivia," when her arm, and a voice said in low accents of command:

"Don't speak to her, please," Olivia looked into the grave, handsome face with a meekness utterly novel and strange to her.

"Can I do anything?" she whispered. "Poor Bertie!"

"Yes," he said in the same low, calm tone. "Get me some cold water." She slipped to the water jug and poured out some for him, and watched him in a frenzy of anxiety as he bathed the girl's white forehead.

"Is—is he hurt?" she asked with excitement, she noticed, and remembered long afterward, how gently and how carefully he did his work. He, the woman-hater!

"Is—is she much hurt?" she whispered after a time.

"She is not hurt," he replied. "She is stunned, do not be alarmed. She will recover consciousness presently."

"Are you—are you a doctor?" asked Olivia, a few minutes later; and the question was caused by the calm, deliberate way in which he did what was best to be done.

"No," but it is not the first accident I have seen. "I have sent word to Wainford for the doctor. Do not be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Almost as soon as he spoke, Bertie opened her eyes, and after a wild glance or two, fixed them upon the pale, handsome face bending over her. "Is—is he hurt?" she faltered.

"Do you mean me?" said Mr. Faradene. "No, I am not hurt in the least."

Bertie heaved a sigh, then she caught sight of the cut on his temple.

"What's that? You are hurt?" she exclaimed, with a gasp.

"That is nothing," he said with a smile. "I think you had better not talk."

But Bertie did not agree with him, evidently.

"He saved my life—this gentleman," she said. "I was just falling under the wheel when he stopped. To-day, I saw him go down."

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SOCIAL CLEANINGS

Mrs. George C. Gibbons' dance in honor of her daughter, Miss Marjorie, on Tuesday, January 3rd, will be a brilliant function to usher in the new year. The invitations will be out very shortly.

Miss Marjorie Gibbons' friends were sorry to hear of her illness, with a severe cold during the past week, and hope she will soon be better.

Miss Edna Kent, Fairlawn, is expected home from a long visit of eleven weeks, spent in Belleville and Montreal. In the latter city, Miss Kent, whilst the guest of Miss Jessie Ramsay, was the honor guest at several very smart functions arranged for her.

A great wave of heartfelt sympathy was extended to Mrs. Richardson, Woodlands, and the many near connections, in their sad bereavement of the past week.

Judge Woods (Chatham), was in London on Tuesday attending the funeral of his cousin, Mr. Richardson, of Woodlands.

Mr. Victor Kent's host of friends will be delighted to see him in for the Christmas season. Mr. Kent comes from Port Arthur on Monday.

Mrs. Smallman, Miss Eleanor Smallman, Miss Bridge and Miss Huntley, were given a royal send-off at the G. T. R. depot on Monday afternoon, and carried with them best wishes for the safe passage, violets, roses, and bouquets galore, from the host of friends, who had gathered to say good-bye.

Mrs. Caven Barron has issued invitations for a large tea on Tuesday afternoon next, from 4 to 7 o'clock, in honor of her sister, Mrs. McCordale, of Quebec.

Mrs. J. B. Campbell, Dundas street, was the hostess of a very charming tea on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Campbell received, in a handsome black silk and lace gown, and was assisted by her daughter, Miss Adah Campbell, who wore a beautiful white silk with overdress of white net applied in deep creases.

Mrs. Archer, of Petrolia, who had on a pretty white silk costume with cluny lace garnitures. The sweet strains of the Italian orchestra were heard throughout the spacious house, which was made still more attractive by its splendid decorations of stately palms and pink roses.

She slipped at it obediently, her brown eyes fixed upon his with the gratitude, the devotion, which one sees in a dumb animal often enough, but in a human, alas! only too seldom. Then with a sigh she turned her face away and closed her eyes.

Mr. Faradene stood upright. "She will be quite ashamed of talking such nonsense when you have recovered, Miss Bertie," he said. "Now, drink this will you, please?" and he held a flask of brandy to her lips.

She sipped at it obediently, her brown eyes fixed upon his with the gratitude, the devotion, which one sees in a dumb animal often enough, but in a human, alas! only too seldom. Then with a sigh she turned her face away and closed her eyes.

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HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A pathetic letter from a lady who cured her husband of his drinking habits. Story of her successful struggle.

In a dainty gown of cream satin with iridescent and exquisite lace garnitures, Miss Marjorie Gibbons, of the Grange, of London, England, was a most attractive and delightfully gracious hostess of a large dance at the Keneels on Friday evening last.

Her cousin, Mrs. Adah Kent, of Dundas street, was the piano soloist in the Bumble Bee" scored high.

Miss Eleanor Kerrigan, of Havergal, was the piano soloist in the Bumble Bee" scored high.

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RATE AND Single First Class Fare and One-Third. LIMIT. For the Round Trip. Good going Dec. 24, 25 and 26, valid returning until Dec. 27, 1904. Good returning until Jan. 2, 1905.

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