

Nutritious, Delicious and Healthful

UNAPPROACHABLE BY ANY JAPAN TEA GROWN.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN Tea is to the Japan Tea drinker what "SALADA" Black is to the Black Tea drinker.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers.

Vera's Love Affair

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I'm on the rock. For sure the greatest evil man can know Bears no proportion to this dread suspense.

"Here you are at last," says Peyton, in a subdued voice, but joyous. He is looking thoroughly disreputable in his borrowed plumes, but radiant as the dawn. It is needless to say he is addressing Griselda. "I've got back," says he, a superfluous remark, as he is looming large as life upon the gravel path.

"You didn't expect you until tomorrow," says Griselda, also in the tone of a conspirator. Well, what did she say? Was she mad with you—does she hate me—do you think she will help us?"

"How can I answer all that here? I've such a lot to say to you, and I feel as if there was an eye in every window over there." They are within range of the entire western side of the house. "Do you know the old ruin at the end of the vegetable garden? Could you manage to get up there? If so, I could follow, and we should at least be out of sight and hearing."

"I'll try," says Griselda, who is assiduously plucking the dead roses from a bush near her and looking at anything but Peyton. To her, every window in the western wing is peeped

Are you trying to make bricks without straw? Build up your body with food that nourishes but a part of its elements?

A building is built of individual stones or bricks, but mortar or cement is a very necessary part of the building to hold the stones and bricks together. Just imagine what would happen to a building if the contractor, thinking to improve its looks, left out the mortar and cement. This is what the miller does when he makes white flour—he leaves out very essential elements in the building of the human body, for the sake of making his product please the eye. The golden outer coating of the wheat would spoil the spotless whiteness of the flour, so they throw it out and with it the nitrates and phosphates which build muscle and brain, and leave practically nothing but the fat- and heat-producing starch.

When you eat

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT AND TRISCUIT

The Natural Foods

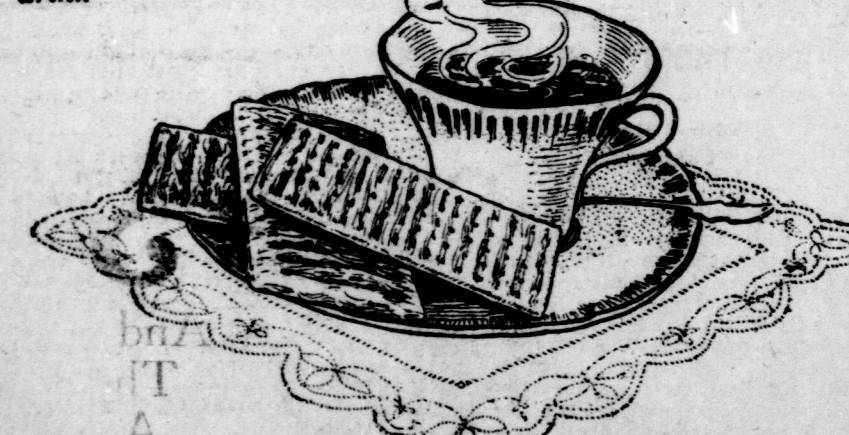
you get the whole of the wheat—every element that the body and brain need for thorough nourishment.

Each Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit contains over seven hundred inches of individual shreds, which are rendered light and porous by the process of shredding. The pores readily receive the saliva during the process of mastication, and in the second step of digestion the porous shreds are quickly saturated with the gastric juices of the stomach. Thus digestion is attended with natural results.

Triscuit is a delicious, light wafer containing no yeast, fats or chemicals. Takes the place of bread or crackers and makes ideal toast.

Make Triscuit your daily bread.

Triscuit as bread, toast, crackers or wafers, served with cocoa or other drink



Send for "The Vital Question Cook Book" free

The Natural Food Company, Toronto, Canada

Just consider, were she to come and find me enclosed in these vile garments! ha, ha, ha!" roars Mr. Peyton shamelessly, enchanted at the vision his imagination has apprehended.

"Does it amuse you to think of your sister having a fit?" says Griselda, severely, who is so terrified at the picture he has drawn and which has so delighted him, that she could come in her breast. "Oh, she could come, what on earth would become of us?"

"She won't come. I tell you I have provided against that," says Mr. Peyton. "She may think it over and come after all; oh, Tom, I feel frightened about it. Yesterday there was only fear of my uncle's finding out; now there is added to that the certainty that your sister will pounce down upon us one of these days."

"Nonsense," says Mr. Peyton. "I never saw anyone who so loved to torment me as you do. Why, think, you should say? Do you imagine I really want to make myself miserable? Nature has given me a mind to make the best of it."

"Or abuse it!" "Surely there is no occasion to be rude," says Griselda, who is looking at the fact that evil may befall us, am I then to be dubbed a fool? There are spots! They say the old monks lived here long ago. I thought you would never come to rid me of the fancies that haunt me—do you think she will help us?"

"Come and sit here, then," says he, drawing her towards a small cove of late hay that has evidently been drawn in for some time and left there forgotten. It gives them a comfortable seat, and Mr. Peyton, with Griselda's hand in his, proceeds to give her a graphic description of his visit to his sister.

"At the last she seemed dangerously desirous of coming to pay her respects to you in person. She seemed quite bent on seeing you face to face, but I flatter myself I vanquished that troublesome craving. I nipped it in the bud."

"Talking to you, Griselda, confusedly, partly to gain time, partly to avoid the subject of death and doesn't know what to say."

"You heard me, didn't you? I desire you to tell me, madam, who was your companion?"

"You can see for yourself," says Griselda, trembling. "There is no one here. 'There is no one here,' with an eloquent gesture of her hand to the silences around her. Who should there be?"

"That is best known to you; and I warn you," says he, "that if you will be bad for you to deceive me. What! you think me an old dotard likely, yet I am as wide-awake as most yet, and I can detect a falsehood in a joined conversation as I drew near. One was yours; one was that of a man. What I desire to know is where he came from. He thumps me with his foot on the ground with sudden passion. 'Where is your companion?'"

"You see for yourself," says Griselda, distractedly, "there is no one." Again she points to the empty space, but her eye at this moment is directed to the sight of Mr. Peyton's dilapidated boot, her courage gives way, and she feels that death is near; so poignant is her desire to see him, so loving he as he does, it communicates itself to Peyton, because presently, with the utmost caution, the damnable toe is withdrawn.

"You would have me suppose, then," says the old man with a sneer, "that you are a ventriloquist? That is, you tried on a conversation here simply for your own amusement, enacting the parts of Madame et Monsieur to perfection? I congratulate you on a talent hitherto so modestly thrust into the background. It is another charm added to those already so well known to me."

"I am not a ventriloquist," says Griselda, with a frown.

"No! You must pardon me if I dare to disbelieve that, yet I must, I suppose, take your word for it. Were you feeling then? For the stage, perhaps? A wise decision, as if you succeed (and there can be little doubt of that) with one so filled with the fire of genius it will make a fine and a burden from the shoulders of an old man who is now supporting you, while barely able to support himself."

"I am not going on the stage," says Griselda, she might perhaps have said more, because her hot young blood is boiling at the insults heaped upon her, but a surging movement in the heap before her so petrified her that she hardly dares to breathe. Seeing it, her side, her courage returns. "I have been thinking it over," however, she says, "and I believe I have found out a way that will enable me to relieve you of my presence."

"Eh, eh? What d'ye mean?" stammers the old man, who, in his eagerness to go out as a governess, you think, perhaps? I tell you, no. I promised my dead brother to be a guardian to you, and as such I claim obedience. From this house you go not. Do you hear, you willful girl!" stamping once again he turns to her, and says, "I warn you, you are under my control. I have given you my word. I will befriend you. I don't care what you cost. To me, to me alone, you shall be beholden for all."

He quivers with agitation—surely some secret fear is working in him, or some remorse. As if exhausted, and unequal to the argument, he turns aside from her, and to her horror, proceeds to prod and pry with his stick the haycock so full of meaning.

"Now, why has this been left here? Good hay, good hay, and rotting here, because those will see it? Nothing. Why, there is a quarter of a ton of hay if there is an ounce, and sound as one could wish for. Then, how I beggared day after day. Thieving scoundrels, doing nothing, and crying for wages morning, noon and night."

He has so far prodded the haycock that now he has come to within an inch of Mr. Peyton's nose, who heretofore awaits the worst in a state of suffocation hardly to be described. Too late he remembers that he was not Tom Peyton, but only the gardener, as Mr. Peyton came up, and that he might easily have struck an attitude and taken Griselda's estate as a gift, and such a plant without danger of discovery. But would Griselda have directed? There lay the rub.

[To be Continued.]

Inmates of St. Asaph workhouse, in Wales, possess a pony and phaeton, a piano and a library of over six hundred volumes. All are provided by generously disposed persons in the district.

Engine drivers working from Crewe to London and back have to notice no fewer than 570 signals.

LOCAL SOCIAL GLEANINGS

Many softly-shaded candles, fragrant hincian and above all a graceful and kindly woman, combined to make the tea given by Mrs. George B. Gerrard on Thursday afternoon the prettiest and most pleasant entertainment of the week. Mrs. Gerrard looked very handsome in a mauve silk costume, as she received her guests and presented her visitor, Miss Nettie Vroom, who was piquante and pretty in a white mousseline de soie gown, with a profusion of lace insertions. Miss Gray, without doubt one of London's most charming and gracious hostesses, and it goes without saying that the function was one of great enjoyment.

The lunch table was artistically arranged with yellow daffodils and laid with covers for sixteen. The guests of honor were Miss Jessie Garthshore, of Hamilton; Miss Duncan, Scotland, and some of the others who went out were Mrs. J. A. Smallman, Mrs. John E. Kna Pringle, Miss Millie Harris, Miss Amy McDougall, Miss May and Miss McKenzie, Miss Allie Hyman, Miss Kibbe, Miss Macfie, Miss Bessie Walker, Miss Westcott, Miss Hunn.

Hon. William Patterson, of Brantford, took lunch informally at Idlewild on Friday last with Hon. C. S. Hyman.

Mr. M. K. Cowan, of Walkerville, spent from Saturday to Monday last at Idlewild.

Mr. Hugh Labatt, of Montreal, is spending a visit in town with his parents, Mrs. John Labatt, Brantford, and Queen's avenue.

His many friends were more than sorry to learn of Dr. C. T. Campbell's illness, and hope to see him about very soon.

Miss Garthshore and Miss Duncan were the charming visitors in town in the person of Mrs. John Hunt on Friday evening last.

The following afternoon Mrs. Hunt again entertained at three tables, six hand euchre, at which Mrs. Somerville won the prize for one hand, and Miss Duncan, Scotland, for the points. Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. James Duffell, Mrs. Gerrard, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Jessie Garthshore, Mrs. F. J. Eccles and Miss Boddy were a few of the guests.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Gerrard gave a small but very smart evening at cards for her guest, Miss Nettie Vroom, of Walkerville, and Mrs. Fred Harper, Miss Graydon, Major Laybourn and Mr. Graydon.

Daintily pretty in all its appointments was the lunch of six covers given by Mrs. Edge on Thursday for the past week the guest of Mrs. J. B. McKillop, St. James street.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Gerrard, of the B. N. A. Bank, entertained a few friends at tea, when those present had the pleasure of meeting Miss Vroom, Mrs. J. A. Smallman, Mrs. John E. Kna Pringle, Mrs. F. J. Eccles, Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Stewart, the Misses Beddome, Miss Helen Gibbons, Miss Edith Maudson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard also gave a small supper party this week.

Mrs. William McDougall, Parkhurst, was the hostess of a charming little party of dancing given in honor of Mrs. Septimus Denison, who leaves for Toronto next week.

Miss Dell Spry, of Barrie, is a much-welcomed visitor in town, with Miss Rebecca MacWhinney.

Mrs. James Fulton Cummings, of St. Petersburg, Russia (nee Kathleen McKillop, of Hyde Park), spent part of the past week the guest of Mrs. J. B. McKillop, St. James street.

Quite the jolliest and the largest of the fortnightly dances given at Glenora by the young men was that of Saturday evening last, which was their first dance since the 15th inst. was season. Mrs. Gerrard, Mrs. Fred Harper and Mrs. Frank Reid were the very delightful chaperons of the function, and the bright company included Miss Jessie Garthshore, Hamilton, Miss Duncan, Scotland, Miss Lottie Hobbs, Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Smallman, Brantford, Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Olive Peters, Miss Nenone Carling, Miss Harkness, Miss Edith Harkness, Miss

Miss Laura Hyman is in Hamilton on a visit.

The snowshoe tramp out to the Kennels on Tuesday, the 15th inst., was owing to the absence from the city of Mrs. T. H. Carling, chaperoned by Miss Louise Carling.

Miss Allie Hyman, Kent street, has returned from a very gay visit in Hamilton, where she was the guest of Mr. Charlesworth Meakins, South Emerald street.

Miss Millie Harris spent a few days in Detroit this week, returning on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Wright, Hamilton, who has recovered from her illness with a gripper, came to London with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Gates, last week, with whom she will spend a visit.

Mrs. Mathewson sent P. C. cards to her many friends in town during the week. Mrs. Mathewson will spend a few weeks with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Weld, the Ridgeway, before leaving town.

Colonel Septimus Denison went down to Toronto to be present at the illustrious dinner given by the officers at Stanley Barracks in honor of Col. Buchanan, C. B., who has been transferred to Kingston.

On Monday afternoon of this week Mrs. J. A. Brownlee, 232 Hyman street, was the hostess of a very delightful progressive euchre given in honor of Miss Leeson, of Toronto. Mrs. Brownlee's table home was artistically decorated with pink roses and carnations and presented a lovely appearance. The hostess was charmingly assisted in her duties by Miss Green, Miss Hardy and Miss Callender.

Mrs. Simpson, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. John Weld, the Ridgeway, since December, returned to her home in Kingston on Wednesday.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Green, Miss Elsie Green and Messrs. Hartley and Ned Green in their bereavement of the past week.

Miss Ethel Millar, Elmwood avenue, has returned from a two-months' trip to Jamaica.

Mrs. Herbert Gates, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Gerrard, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Smallman, Miss Smallman and Miss Pringle were a few of the many who dropped in to say how do you do and enjoy an informal cup of tea with Mrs. Peters on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Peters' complete restoration to health is a source of gladness to her many friends.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Pennington was the charming hostess of a brilliant little tea given in honor of her sister, Mrs. Ridout, and during the

course of the afternoon she greeted among others Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. St. L. Mackintosh, Mrs. Gerrard, Mrs. Blinn, sen., Mrs. Beddome and Mrs. Puddicombe.

Miss Edith Scatterd gave a snowshoe tramp on Monday evening, followed by a supper party, at her home on Richmond street. The intense cold of the night prevented several from attending, but those who did go had a very merry time.

Mrs. (Lieut.) Stewart will sail for England on March 19, by the S.S. Minneapolis from New York, with Mrs. Ellwood and the Misses Ellwood, of Toronto.

A bright coterie of young people responded to the kind invitation of Mrs. Ernest Smith, Tuesday, on Saturday last, for a snowshoe tramp and luncheon at the Kennels. Mrs. Smith is without doubt one of London's most charming and gracious hostesses, and it goes without saying that the function was one of great enjoyment.

The lunch table was artistically arranged with yellow daffodils and laid with covers for sixteen. The guests of honor were Miss Jessie Garthshore, of Hamilton; Miss Duncan, Scotland, and some of the others who went out were Mrs. J. A. Smallman, Mrs. John E. Kna Pringle, Miss Millie Harris, Miss Amy McDougall, Miss May and Miss McKenzie, Miss Allie Hyman, Miss Kibbe, Miss Macfie, Miss Bessie Walker, Miss Westcott, Miss Hunn.

Mrs. Lionel Elliot was the guest of honor at the afternoon tea given by Mrs. Willie Hyman, Kent street, Monday afternoon. The large drawing-room was profusely decorated with spring flowers, a reminder that Easter was very near. Mrs. John I. A. Hunt poured tea, and her three daughters, assistants, Miss Hyman, Miss Mabel Magee and Miss Tabby Moore, attended to the needs of the guests. Some of those who enjoyed the function were Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Mrs. Beddome, Mrs. Gerrard, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Jessie Hunt, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Drake, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Reid, Miss Graydon, Miss Walker, and others.

Mrs. Fritz Beck entertained at the tea hour yesterday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Wright, of Hamilton.

Mrs. Lionel Elliot has been the guest of Mrs. Hyman, Idlewild, since Wednesday last.

Mrs. Willie Hyman entertained at cards on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. R. C. Struthers gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday at her handsome residence on Wellington street, and in spite of the bitter cold of the day very many responded to her invitation. Mrs. Francis Love was the most kind assistant in the drawing-room, looking after everyone during the afternoon, and by her bright presence, added not a little to the success of the function. The tea room and table were all a soft glow of delicate rose-pink and the gasoliers were gracefully twined with smilax. Mrs. Edson, in a lovely gown of pink crepe de chine, with cream applique, presided over the tea, and her color scheme, shed with drawn-work cloth over pink satin, centered with a magnificent glass vase of lovely pink roses, and pale pink satin scarves ran diagonally across, ending at the four corners with large bows. Six silver candlesticks, with shades to cord, will be had, and the color scheme, shed their mellow radiance, giving an exceedingly pretty effect. The girls who served the dainty refreshments were Miss Isabel Love, Miss Maud Hannah, Miss Florence Magee, Miss Beatrice Ivy (Jarvis), and Miss Lila Broderick.

Her many friends are very delighted to see Mrs. Harley Brown out again after her illness with a gripper.

A bright little tea at the beginning of the week, claimed Miss Millie Harris, Edson house, as the delightful hostess. The guests numbered Miss Freida Puddicombe, Miss Geraldine Beddome, Miss Helen Gibbons, Miss Edith Maudson, Mrs. J. A. Smallman, Mrs. John E. Kna Pringle, Mrs. F. J. Eccles, Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Stewart, the Misses Beddome, Miss Helen Gibbons, Miss Edith Maudson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard also gave a small supper party this week.

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Mrs. Hanna and Miss Maud Hanna were the delightful hostesses of two consecutive Friday afternoon teas.

Mr. Rowland Munro, Stanley street, has been quite ill for the past four weeks. His friends are hoping soon to see him about again.

Miss Goldie, of Port Huron, is a very popular visitor to London just now, the guest of Mrs. Joseph Scandrett, Dundas street. Another charming guest of Mrs. Scandrett's during the past few weeks was Miss Eva Coghill, of Wyoming, who made hosts of friends during a visit that was all too short.

KATRINKA.

THE AUTOMOBILE FREIGHT TRAIN MAY BE A THING OF THE FUTURE

With Twenty Tons, It Can Make Sixteen Miles an Hour.

New M. C. R. Superintendent One of Youngest in the Service.

An Engineer Placed on the "Deadly Black List" Sues for \$15,000 Damages.

A scheme for running "automobile freight trains" over ordinary country roads, outlined in the reports, is attracting some attention in a number of places. There is no tractor or "pulling" locomotive of enormous weight, to sink into the mud and sand, and to wear itself out in fruitless revolutions of its wheels, in efforts to start or stop the heavy load behind it. It is nothing like that. Nor is it a train of individual automobile vehicles, each supplying its own power, but hitched together. That would be expensive and heavy, and would require a man for every vehicle.

The invention, which is the work of a distinguished Frenchman, Col. Renard, consists of a train of separate cars, at the head of which, in place of the locomotive, is a "factory of energy." This factory of energy generates motive power on the principle of ordinary automobile, by the use of gasoline or some other readily inflammable liquid, as light as the rest of the cars. With a weight of two tons it will generate fifty to sixty horse-power, which is transmitted and distributed to the cars. This enables the entire train to start or stop, or to maintain a continuous speed, as easily and reliably as so many individual vehicles operating independently.

Actual experiment has demonstrated it is said, that a train of this character with a total weight of twenty tons can run along ordinary country roads at an average speed of sixteen miles an hour; and on account of the distribution of the weight over so large a surface of ground, no more harm comes to the road than it would receive from the ordinary traffic.

In France the invention is called both a "train of continuous propulsion" and an "automobile railroad." The latter appellation is suggestive, and hints at the invention's largest possibility. It may serve as a means for carrying freight as well as passengers, and by a number of rails and an established right of way.

Experiments have also proved that the train is easily steered, and by a most satisfactory device the separate cars are made to turn "correctly," that is, they closely follow the direction taken by the first car, no matter how sharp the curves may be. The train can therefore be operated in narrow and winding streets. The invention has been taken up by the German military authorities, with the idea that it is likely to prove of value for military purposes.

H. H. Adams, who recently became superintendent of the Canada and Michigan Midland Division of the Michigan Central, is only 28 years old. He is a striking example of the possibilities for men of brains, regardless of their age, in the railroad business. Mr. Adams will have his headquarters in St. Thomas. Mr. Adams was born in Detroit in 1876, graduating at the Johns Hopkins University in 1897, and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1899. He became draughtsman and roadman on the Michigan Central in the same year and was promoted to assistant engineer in 1901, assistant chief engineer in 1902. He then served as secretary of the general superintendent the latter part of the same year and was later promoted.

Only 4.19 per cent. of the passengers on German railways travel first class. The second class passengers constitute 34 per cent.; the third class, 45.2; fourth class, 23.8; military, 1.84.

What promises to be a fierce contest in Indiana courts is the \$15,000 damage suit of George Grigsby against the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway Company. Grigsby was an engineer and in his complaint he says he was discharged without cause and the railroad company was not content with disposing of his services, placed him on "the deadly black list," since which he has been unable to hold a position in any railroad company in the United States.

Grigsby will prosecute the case under an act passed last year, which is intended to prevent employers from conspiring to prevent employees from seeking the securing labor at their individual option.

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