

A TEAPOT TEST

Is All That Is Required for

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

To Prove Its Superiority Over All Japan Teas

Lead Packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. By all Grocers
HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.Her
Hidden Destiny

Lady Rose began to pour out tea, the gems on her fingers twinkling like stars in the fire and lamp light. "Barbara, you have heard and seen Mr. Bryant," she said in her careless manner. "But I think you have not met Mr. Bryant—Miss Hutton, Mr. Sinclair."

Barbara inclined her pretty head, without raising her eyes—not in discourtesy, but in indifference. Mr. Bryant bowed low, with much grace; but as he came forward, she saw that there was a sudden angry flush in his blue eyes which showed that he resented the carelessness of her manner.

He was a singularly handsome man in the prime of life, his features were perfectly regular, his eyes blue, his hair was golden, and besides his beauty, which was great, he had a personal distinction which was even more remarkable than his good looks.

As he came up to the circle round the fire he was looking rather intently at Barbara, as she stood in her seashell and sables, sipping her tea. She herself was heedless of his scrutiny, but Mr. Sinclair saw it, and his eyebrows met in a sudden angry frown which faded almost immediately.

"I fear you found it cold traveling," Mr. Bryant remarked, in a quiet, deferential tone. "The weather is rather severe for the season."

Something in his voice or tone made Barbara look at him. As she did so she saw in a second that the man before her was the whom she had encountered when she left Mark Robson's lodgings three weeks before, and whom she had not recognized on the stage. As she met his gaze, fixed upon her not rudely, but with a significance visible only to herself, the color died out of her face and she grew pale to the lips.

"It was very cold," she replied mechanically, her voice changed in its tone that Lady Rose glanced up from her tea-cups in surprise and anxiety.

"Barbara, are you ill?" she asked, quickly. "Is the room too warm for you?"

"For a moment it seemed to Barbara that the sudden terror which had seized her would inevitably betray itself, the next she had conquered her tremor, and smiled at Lady Rose bravely, as though her lips had not told their tale, and her eyes were somewhat dim.

"Too warm? Oh, no; delightful," she answered in her usual voice, but her heart was beating violently, and the look upon her face was one of intense interest.

"We have been terribly busy," Lady Rose announced in her lightest tones. "Have we not, Mr. Bryant? I will serve the rest of all our duties for another opportunity. Barbara, because I am sure you are tired. Everything is settled now, and I feel as if my shoulders had been relieved of an insupportable weight."

"You have hardly got rid of all your troubles yet," Mr. Bryant said, with a smile. "But, if well begun is really half-done, we may safely say that we have got half-through our task."

"Is there anyone here I don't know?" Barbara asked, looking over at her hostess as she sipped her tea, trying desperately to ignore the close earnest gaze of Mr. Bryant's blue eyes, which were tranquilly continuing the study of her face.

"I don't think so. The Morrises and Bentleys are here, and Col. Lacy and Lord Almut, and some others. Lord Keith is not coming for a week, as, of course, you know. He puts his head down to political duties. I don't think the combined forces of the Lords and Commons would have kept him away if he had not wanted an excuse for not playing."

"In the circumstances one wonders at the combined houses keeping him away," Barbara murmured languidly.

Leaning back in her low chair, with half-closing eyes and a contented expression, in which Mr. Bryant's musical voice took no small part, went on round the hearth. She looked very languid, very lovely, very indifferent. She had loosed her furs from her throat, which gleamed like ivory in its dark setting, and her face was still framed in the velvet and brown ostrich.

Mothers and Babies.

Wise mothers of the present day have lost faith in the old systems and rules for nourishing infants. Medical science, and a careful study of the principles of dietetics has done much to sweep away false ideas and notions as to how the baby should be fed. An eminent medical writer says: "There can, I think, be no theory in regard to the diet of infants, except the one founded upon a study of the composition of human milk, and an attempt to imitate it."

Dr. J. M. Fothergill, of London, England, that great and good doctor, the subject of infant feeding, declares that Lactated Food is the nearest and surest approach to mother's milk and he places great value upon this wonderful food as a nourisher and builder. The best medical writers on this continent who give special attention to infant dieting, are all agreed that Lactated Food is unsurpassed for building up and fortifying the weak system.

Mothers need not hesitate about using Lactated Food for their babies, seeing it has such strong recommendations. A tin will be sent free to any mother who has not yet given this food a trial. Send full address to Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, P. Q.

plumes of the hat that she wore. No one could have told how deeply agitated she was, what a sudden and overwhelming terror possessed her. Had Bryant recognized her? she wondered. Did he know her story? What was the meaning of that persistent and significant gaze which she tried vainly to ignore? Every time he spoke she feared it would betray her, or that he would say something which would make her betray herself. Had Barbara Herrick not been present, she would have had no doubt that Barbara was watching her with anything but friendly eyes, and the suspicion her own dread engendered made her think that Barbara herself was suspicious of her. A great regret that she had not told Lord Keith of her visit to Mark and endeavored to interest him in the man who had been so generous to her, seized her. If any word of Mr. Bryant's now betrayed to him, he would be angry and the deception. The girl felt sick and faint at heart as she lay back in her chair, sipping the fragrant tea and listening to the pleasant murmur of voices—listening, but not hearing or seeing the words that were uttered, as her own betrayed, when presently she rose, drawing her furs around her.

You have not told me what play you are going to act, after all," she said, languidly; and hardly had she uttered the words when she saw in their astonished glances that she had betrayed her absence of mind.

"My dear Barbara, where have your thoughts been?" Lady Rose exclaimed, laughing. "We have been talking of 'New Men and Old Acres,' and you are to play 'Lillian Vavasour.'"

"If I remember anything of the play, I am utterly unfit for the part," she said carelessly. "Have you chosen me, Mr. Bryant? You are stage manager, are you not?"

"I have that honor," he answered, bowing; "but I have been guided by her ladyship as to the assignment of my company."

"You will play it charmingly and look lovely," said Lady Rose, decidedly. "And in default of Lord Keith, Maurice Stoddard has volunteered for the part."

"It is a pleasant role," Mr. Bryant remarked. "I have seen it played admirably by indifferent actors; even Robson, Miss Hutton, played it with great effect for some months."

"Robson! Who is he? Oh, I remember. The hero of the Stourton fire," said Lady Rose. "You know him, Mr. Bryant?"

"I know him. We were members of the same company until I gave up my engagement for that which I have at present the honor and pleasure of filling."

"I wish you had brought him with you," Lady Rose remarked. "He would have been very useful at this crisis. I am a man of family, as well as of talent and courage."

"I know but little of him," the actor answered constrainedly. "We are only the merest acquaintances, but I believe him to be a man of good family, distinguished by his people for conduct they could not approve."

"So brave a man ought to be a man of noble life," remarked Mr. Sinclair.

"Ah, but Robson is not! I am afraid he has none of his very white fleeces, but he is one of the blackest sheep," Bryant rejoined carelessly, then added: "Many men are courageous, Lady Rose, who have no claim to any other virtue; it is a question of physical, but no more of moral, superiority. Robson is a worthless fellow in every way, and undeserving of the honor you mention."

Raising her eyes in mute protest and indignation, Barbara met his fixed up-on her. She grew very pale and her lips quivered slightly, as she raised her muff and rested her cheek against it carelessly. She felt mean and ashamed and base to think that she stood there silent when the falsehood of this man's assertions—she, who owed him whom he condemned so vast a debt! Words of indignation and passionate declaration rose to her lips, but died there; she dared not utter them. What interest could he have for her in her eyes?

There was a look of insolent mockery and almost triumph in Walter Bryant's eyes as they met hers for a moment; she averted her own gaze immediately.

"Les absens ont toujours tort," she quoted, negligently, and she stroked softly the rich dark furs which so enhanced the delicacy of her beauty. "It was rather a pity, was it not, to destroy our illusions?"

"Graver illusions have sometimes to be dispelled," Bryant said quietly. "Might I venture to entreat Miss Hutton to spare me a few minutes of her leisure?" he added, addressing Barbara in a deferential tone. "I should be glad to be permitted to discuss her role with her at the earliest opportunity."

There was the slightest possible emphasis on the latter part of the sentence, which only Barbara noticed; the furs hid the quivering of her mouth as she paused a moment before replying. "Is it important?" she asked, in her most careless manner.

"Our time is very limited, Miss Hutton. If you could spare me a few minutes before dressing for dinner, or, after, if you prefer it, it would probably save you inconvenience later on."

The voice was low and deferential, the words were plausible and respectful; but Barbara gave them a meaning they possessed only for herself and for him. She raised her eyes and looked at him fully and defiantly.

"Is it imperative that I should speak to you tonight?" she questioned, in her coldest tones.

"It is desirable," he answered, smiling slightly.

"Then, after I have dressed, I will see you for a few minutes before dinner."

Our conference need not be a very long one, I suppose?"

"How can I thank you for so much grace?" he murmured, as he bowed low and drew back slightly, too clever an actor to let his triumph be visible save in the one swift flash of his blue eyes.

"Here is a copy of the play," said Lady Rose, handing it to Barbara. "Take it with you to your rooms. Barbara, and amuse yourself with it while you are resting. You have three good hours in which to recover from your fatigue and to dress, and you will be doing me a favor, mine, if you spare ten minutes of them to Mr. Bryant this evening."

CHAPTER XV.

One of the principal features of Lady Rose's charming, old-fashioned mansion was a long gallery, which ran along the center front of the hall and connected the projecting wings at either end. It was lighted by five large stained glass windows, which tempered the glare of even the hottest of July suns; between the windows were tall, slender, and in the windowed recesses were cushioned seats, which in hot weather were favorite resorts of the inmates of the Hall; and the shining dark oaken floor was covered with a rich-hued Turkey carpet stretching from end to end.

At either end of this gallery, which went by the name of "my lady's corridor," were ante-chambers leading into lesser passages, which opened into the gallery, and which were reserved for guests, while on the side facing the windows were several other doors leading into some of the state apartments; and the oak paneling between these doors was covered with ancient tapestries of which even the vivacious little mistress of the Hall, with all her hatred of the antique, was very proud, and which were in perfect preservation.

At dusk "my lady's corridor" was illuminated by quaint antique brass lamps swinging from the ceiling, and these were all burning and shed a pleasant mellow glow when Barbara Hutton came out of one of the state suites of rooms which faced the stained windows. As Lord Elsdale's niece and the future mistress of the mansion had been allotted apartments reserved for guests to whom Darley wished to pay exceeding homage, and this fact, slight but significant, was noticed by Walter Bryant, as he stood in the recess of one of the state windows, looking at a smile broke over his face. He watched her as she stood for a moment on the threshold of her room, daintily pulling on her gloves, and into his cold blue eyes came a look almost of admiration, which was succeeded the next moment by a look of doubt, puzzled and questioning.

She was dressed in white—she had worn white so frequently since Lord Keith had told her that it became her delicate dark loveliness—a long straight gown made of some dull white material with raised flowers of white velvet upon it; she wore her great pearls round her throat, and a knot of deep-red roses was the only spot of color about her. She was very pale and there were dark shadows under her eyes, but the watercolor's keen eyes saw that she held her head even more proudly than usual, and that her lips were firm and set.

When she had finished putting on her gloves, she turned slowly and looked from her maid the little yellow book that Lady Rose had given her, then moved slowly away, while the maid returned to the room, closing the door behind her. Barbara, who had been looking at the gallery, the mellow gold light from the old brass lamps fell full upon her, on the dead white of her gown, the soft gleam of her pearls. As she drew near the window, she saw Mr. Bryant stood, he advanced and met her as she came. He was already so pale that no increase of pallor could be remarked, but the keen eyes resting on her saw that her lips quivered slightly. She stopped at once, looking at him steadily.

"You were waiting for me?" she asked, carelessly.

"I ventured to do so. I hoped—and my hopes have been realized—that you would generously spare me more than the ten minutes of which Lady Rose spoke."

He spoke with extreme deference; but something in his voice made Barbara's eyes flash under the dark lashes.

"I am at your service," she said, in the same languid indifferent manner. "There is yet half an hour before dinner-time, so that you can give me your directions fully, and so spare me and myself a second recital of them."

"I hardly think one interview will suffice," he returned.

"I fear it must," Barbara said, haughtily, and passing him, she sunk down upon the purple velvet cushions of the window-seat, and looked at him expectantly.

[To be Continued.]

OLIVE OIL FOR BEAUTY

Use It If You Wish Clear Complexion, Says King's Physician.

London, April 9.—"What shall I take for my complexion?" a reigning beauty in British aristocratic society asked Sir Thomas Barlow, physician to the King Edward's household, the current number of a medical paper reports.

"Take olive oil," Sir Thomas answered. "Live in it, live with it, eat it, drink it; do your food with it, and don't do without it—lubricate your system."

As the result of following this advice the lady achieved her desire—a clear skin.

Then she began to give beauty luncheons, in which olive oil was very prominent, and these luncheons became quite popular.

"Olive oil, though incapable of supporting life taken alone, nevertheless lends itself," the periodical quoted, explains, "to a diminished meat diet, as it prevents indigestion. The warm, rosy complexion of the Italian and Sicilian women is due to the free air and climate of their country."

"From one to two tablespoonfuls spread over the face in different ways is quite sufficient to achieve the results hoped for by the King's physician."

Totally Destroyed.

Merritt, Ont., April 9.—About 10:30 last night fire was discovered in the residence of John Taylor, on the west side of the old Welland Canal. The building, with most of the household goods, was totally destroyed. A defective chimney was thought to be the cause of the fire. The building was covered by insurance.

STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

The kind that grow.

THE bargain idea is all right in buying dry goods, but never with seeds, and if you want your garden to be a success, fight shy of so-called "bargains" in seeds, and stick to something you know to be good. What you want is FULL SIZED PACKAGES at popular prices. Seeds that are TESTED AND TRIED. No disappointment with them. Your money's worth every time. Insist on getting

STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

not merely because we say so, but because they are known from one end of Canada to the other to be absolutely reliable. You get what you think you are getting every time. Never any guess-work as to results. We make sure in advance that the seeds are right, and values always the best. Insist on having Steele, Briggs' Seeds, and avoid disappointment.

If your dealer can't supply you, send to us for Catalogue, and order direct by mail

The STEELE, BRIGGS' SEED CO., Limited

TORONTO, Ont., HAMILTON, Ont., and WINNIPEG, Man.

BLACK SPELL FOR
WORRIED FRANCE

Labor Strife and Woe in Mining Districts Furnish an Uncomfortable Week.

Paris, April 8.—It has been a bad week, one of strikes and troubles. Last Saturday it was learned with astonishment that thirteen miners survived the catastrophe of the Courrières mines after having remained 21 days in the shattered galleries, living on bark from timbers and the decayed flesh of dead horses. These thirteen unfortunate were taken care of at the infirmary, while the whole world manifested interest in their case.

Four days later was found one more miner, who had groped about the galleries and kept himself alive with provisions left by his dead comrades. Great manifestations of sympathy were organized. Two of the men who escaped so miraculously were decorated by the Minister of Public Works, who went to see them and descended into the mine.

These events further excited the miners, already aroused by the trades union of socialist papers, and instead of ending the strike, which hindered the work of rescue, they turned bitterly against the engineers and companies and accused them of having caused the catastrophe by their negligence and avarice.

Moreover, while Deputy M. Basty echoed these sentiments before the Chamber of Deputies, obtaining an order for investigation, violent disturbances took place in the Pas de Calais district. It was necessary to send the engineers and directors by armed force. Now there is a general strike in the north, and the Pas de Calais companies have ceded on all points and raised the wages nearly one-fifth.

It is to be hoped this concession will terminate the differences, but this is not certain, because the miners are under the influence of socialist politicians.

So much for the region of the north. In the east on Wednesday the home of a rich factory owner was pillaged and burned by workmen. This proprietor, who manufactured lock work articles, had discharged a workman who had organized a union among his associates. The men demanded his reinstatement, but this was refused. Hence the conflict and criminal aggression.

In the south the people have been no less troublesome. Cafe waiters at Toulon have begun a strike which has assumed alarming proportions. One of them who refused to strike killed a man while defending himself against strikers.

All in all, Clemenceau is not enjoying a tranquil ministry. His resolution not to surrender in rendering more apparent the accuracy of pessimistic prophecies made by men who expect the Socialists and reactionaries to be strengthened by the ballot-box on May 6.

In the meantime the Senate has arranged in rendering more apparent the accuracy of pessimistic prophecies made by men who expect the Socialists and reactionaries to be strengthened by the ballot-box on May 6.

The Algerian affair is finished to general satisfaction. France emerges therefrom with her essential interests safe, as well as her alliances of friendship.

The Results of
Weak Blood.

In the spring the blood is lacking in the red corpuscles wherein is found the life-giving principle which put nap and energy into the system—making the body active and the mind alert.

For lack of red corpuscles in the blood the lungs are weak, the action of the heart feeble, the system is stilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves and through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.

It is interesting to note your increase in weight from week to week while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 20 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The TERRIBLE PANGS
OF DYSPEPSIA
CAN BE CURED

To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irritable, drowsy, languid and useless.

BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

3 Cents a Day
Will Cure
Your Kidneys

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

3c a day for a specialist—that will cure you of every trace of Kidney Trouble. That's all it costs—3c a day—to take

Headquarters for
IRON BEDS,
SPRINGS AND
MATTRESSES

Our new spring stock is now on our floors ready for your inspection. We have all the very newest and up-to-the-minute styles, and at the lowest possible prices.

The Ontario Furniture Co.
228-230 DUNDAS STREET.

THE REASON WHY

OTHER KINDS OF

FIBERWARE

DO NOT GIVE SATISFACTION IS BECAUSE

EDDY'S is the BEST

If you don't believe it, ask any up-to-date grocer in Canada, and he will tell you so.

TUBS AND PAILS ALL KINDS MADE BY

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, Hull, Canada

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., London.

CARLING'S
ALE, PORTER
AND LAGER

NOTED FOR

PURITY BRILLIANCY UNIFORMITY

NOT A BREAKFAST FOOD

NOR A CEREAL

U-NO The Most Delicious Bite There's Nothing Like Them To Tempt the Appetite

EAT Mrs. Rorer's Saratoga Chips 10c and 20c

Wholesale Distributors.
A. M. SMITH & CO.
LONDON, ONT.

HAMILTON, SARATOGA CHIP CO.
610 King St. East, Hamilton, Can.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses. Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. E. HUNT & SONS, 503 Richmond St. Phone 997.

City Bindery

Removed to
355 Richmond St.
H. P. BOCK.

Never attempt to tell a funny story while waiting for the dinner bell to ring.