

"Fame"

Comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny."

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Has achieved success solely on its merits. Be on the alert. Substitutes will be offered you. Steadfastly refuse them.

Lead Packets Only. Black or Mixed. All Grocers.

"Never did what?" cried Lady Lorimer, starting up.

"I mean, I never did anything really dreadful till yesterday," explained Beryl, calmly.

"Anything dreadful? Good gracious, child, what have you done?"

Mrs. Jocelyn laughed a little nervously, and then proceeded to relate the story of the events of yesterday afternoon, with some few more details than she had furnished to her husband.

"And that's all?" she said, at last.

"So I should hope! Well, Beryl, I always told you what would happen; you would not listen to me, and now you are reaping the benefit of your obstinacy."

"Do you think Tom will do anything—make me leave London and go on that hateful cruise?"

"I think, on the contrary, Tom will be only too glad of an excuse to remain in London, for—"

"Then I don't care for anything!"

"For reasons of his own," continued Lady Lorimer, calmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Beryl sharply.

"That the inevitable has, of course, come to pass. Why you girls should think that you are to have the monopoly of the game I cannot understand."

"What game?" said Mrs. Jocelyn, impatiently.

"My dear child, you didn't suppose that when you showed Tom so plainly that you didn't care two straws for him—"

"But I do!"

"That he was going to pine away and die, or quietly submit to being Mrs. Jocelyn's husband?"

"But—"

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," would have been Othello's motto if he had lived in our generation; and Tom's fish was already in his hand."

"But who—"

"Lady Alicia Villiers."

"Alicia! Why, she wrote yesterday to say she was going to be married."

"Did she?" asked Lady Lorimer, drily.

"To whom?"

"She does not say."

"Ah! well, all I can say is that if you drop in at the Arcade and Nat's Stores, somewhere between 12 and 13 on your way to the count's studio, you may see something to interest you."

"Do you mean that they meet there?" asked Beryl, with flashing eyes.

"Go and see," said Lady Lorimer, rising; "and now, good-bye. Thank you so much for the address. By the way, I don't think I'd tell anyone else about my adventure yesterday afternoon if I were you."

"But, Marion, what am I to do?"

"Go to the Stores, my dear. They've some charming new things in the jewelry department. Good-bye!"

"More quickly than she would have deemed it possible, Mrs. Jocelyn was dressed for her walk, and spinning away to Victoria street as fast as a hansom could carry her. All the way thither she persuaded herself that Lady Lorimer was an old gossip whom she had been foolish to listen to or confide in, and that this expedition was a mere wild goose chase."

It was just 12.30 as she made her way up to the center staircase, and turned to her right into the jewelry department. There was a press of people, and it was impossible to distinguish individuals as she stood on the threshold and swept the place with her glance. She advanced a little. No, of course, there was no sign of Tom. Dear, stupid old soul, he was as faithful as ever. She heaved a sigh of relief, and, immediately, with charming consistency, turned her thoughts to her visit to the studio. She would just have time to get lunch elsewhere, and—she stopped short, a peculiarly hearty laugh close beside her struck her ear. There was only one person in London who could laugh like that! Beryl turned sharply round and then gave a little gasp as she saw within a few yards of her, bending together over a tray of diamond ornaments—Tom and Lady Alicia! They were so evidently engaged in each other and in their occupation that she ran no risk of being seen. She remained a moment watching them. It was true then! She felt a momentary impulse to pounce on them then and there, and speak her mind; but the memory of last night's scene flashed before her, and she walked quietly out of the department, and, leaving the Stores, went into St. James' Park to think out the situation.

The more she turned things over in her mind the more serious did they

appear. Of course, it was all perfectly clear, and she ought to have seen it long ago! Why hadn't Tom married Alicia when her husband died? Some lover's quarrel, probably, and who knows, his marriage with her, Beryl, was very possibly due to pique. As for the letter about the engagement, that was all nonsense, a ruse to lure any suspicions she might have! Well, anyhow, now she was free to do as she pleased, for now Tom could not—her thoughts came to a sudden standstill, a most alarming possibility had just presented itself to her mind. What if her husband should wish her to compromise herself so hopelessly with Alicia Villiers, a woman whose that he should have it in his power at any time to effect his freedom? She had put the weapon into his hand with her mad freak of yesterday. She had but to give him a few more opportunities, and Tom would soon have as good a case as ever went before a short-sighted jury and a scandal-loving public! Hideous visions of "Fashionable Divorce Case" rose before her, and memories flitted through her brain of reports of cross-examinations, she heard her own maid, waiting with circumstantial exactness events which had never taken place—and then the end—herself—neither fortune nor position, living on the continent in the society of Madams de la Cruche-Cassees & Co.

Her wild imagination carried her on relentlessly, and she had just seen herself, rouged and haggard, and at the feet of the tables of Monte Carlo, when she reached her own door.

"What was she to do?" she asked herself, as she sank forlornly into a chair in her boudoir; it was useless to tell Tom she saw through his plan, equally useless to beg his pardon and promise amendment, with exaggerated distinctness she saw the capital he could make out of last night's confession. There was nothing she could do to bring him back to her feet! She raised her eyes and caught sight of herself in the mirror; surely no man could hesitate between the woman reflected there and Lady Alicia!

She rose and surveyed herself critically; her contemplation of her own pretty face seemed to soothe her nerves, her brow cleared, her lips smiled again, and when in the late afternoon her husband entered the room a sweeter, daintier, more sunny little person than Beryl Jocelyn it would have been difficult to find as she reclined in the "crispnet of tea gowns in her basket chair."

"Tom!" she called softly as he seated himself at a little distance from her with a paper, "Tom, I wish you'd come and talk to me."

"Oh! I thought you were asleep."

"No, I was only thinking, do put down that horrid paper and come here—"

"What do you want?" he asked, as he obeyed, reluctantly.

"I want you to be nice to me, dear," she said, coaxingly, drawing nearer him. "I—I think you were right, you know, I've knocked myself up."

"Oh! well, you'd better rest a bit; have a sleep before dinner. Where are we going tonight, by the way?"

"Nowhere—at least, I'd rather not. I'm so tired," she added, leaning her head against him as he stood beside her.

"I've been thinking," she continued, as he did not speak, "that if you don't mind, we might take in Paris on our way. I'd like to get some things before we start."

"Start? Where to?"

"Why, to join your uncle, of course."

"Oh! I've arranged all that. We can get out of it all right."

"To the Stores, my dear. They've some charming new things in the jewelry department. Good-bye!"

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Lady Lorimer and the visit to the Stores which followed it.

"By Jove! Then you saw us?" asked Tom, interested.

"Certainly I did, and I think you acted disgracefully, Tom; and as for Lady Alicia and her engagement—"

Tom reached a paper from behind him.

"You didn't look at the Morning Post before we started, dear. I believe there's something that may interest you. And he pointed to a paragraph:

"A marriage has been arranged to take place in the early autumn between Lady Alicia Villiers, of Park, Hertford, and Le Comte de la Vielle-Rocce—"

Beryl dropped the paper in amazement.

"Did you know this, Tom?"

"Not till this morning. She would not tell me her fiancée's name. When you saw us at the Stores she was choosing her wedding present."

"But," said Beryl, dubiously, "how could Lady Lorimer know it?"

"Oh, because I told her."

"Yes, dear: I saw it wouldn't be any use arguing with you, so I decided that I couldn't do better than give you something else to think about. I went to Marion Lorimer, and asked her to be good enough to help me in our little plan, and put you on the track at the Stores. Don't you see, darling, I thought if I kept you busy looking after me, you would not have much time to get into mischief on your own account?"

"Beryl had simply landed her just where her husband intended her to stand! A big for diplomacy!"

(The End.)

The Country's Verdict.

Sir Richard Cartwright Riddles Sir Charles Tupper's Contention.

That the Conservatives Polled More Votes Than the Liberals.

Sir Charles' Peculiar Figuring—The Liberals Shown to be Away Ahead.

In the course of his brilliant speech on the address on Tuesday, Sir Richard Cartwright exposed, in his own pungent style, the absurdity of Sir Charles Tupper's contention that the Conservatives had polled 19,000 more votes than the Liberals in the last election.

Sir Richard's reply is summarized thus: The hon. gentleman were good enough to declare that they had a majority of 19,000 over the vote polled for the Liberal party at the last elections. In Ontario they claimed a majority of 25,000. That majority was obtained in part by claiming for themselves all the votes recorded in favor of an eminent member of the House against whom Sir Charles Tupper had set up a candidate.

They claimed all the five thousand votes recorded for Mr. Wallace in West York. He thought Sir Chas. Tupper would admit that a large proportion of those votes were Liberal, and who most decidedly preferred him to the candidate of the leader of the Opposition. But this was not all. In Toronto West all 10,300 votes were polled by both parties. Yet the Conservatives claimed of this 10,300 votes polled in Toronto West 10,317.

He ridiculed the suggestion that the Liberals might give one voter two votes, but he did not think the power of the Legislature was able to turn one man who had two votes into two individuals. It remained for those who were the compilers of election figures to do that. Sir Charles had said that the Liberal party stood as the representative of the minority. The gentleman had arrived at that by eliminating about 66,000 votes, all of which were cast at any rate against the late Government, because, as he right well knew, the votes recorded for the Patron candidates and the candidates of Mr. McCarthy were most decidedly cast in opposition to the late Conservative Government.

There were 73 cases in Ontario in which Conservatives and Liberals were opposed to each other. What was the result? In 37 cases the Conservatives polled 149,350, and the Liberal vote 161,000, giving the Liberals a majority of 12,000 votes. Then there were 36 cases in which there were seven constituencies in which neither the Liberals nor Conservatives put up candidates. In 18 of these seven constituencies the Liberal party polled well-nigh 90,000 votes, and they would have polled more in 1896. If they would discount the vote of Mr. Wallace, place to the credit of the Conservative party the actual number of votes polled for the Conservative candidates in West Toronto, and give the Liberals credit for the votes actually polled on the occasion of the last election, it would be seen that the majority of 25,000 was much more likely to be a minority of 15,000. If they would put together the votes polled against the Government they would have something like 227,000 against the 191,000 which they claimed, but did not poll. That result in Ontario was obtained in the teeth of the gerrymander act, which had cost the Liberals at least eight or ten seats, and in spite of the franchise act, by which thousands of men who were entitled to vote in this election were not allowed to cast their ballots. Continuing, Sir Richard pointed out that while there were 42 or 43 members from Ontario who would support the Opposition, 48 or 49 would support the policy of the leader of the Government.

But of the 50 seats on the Liberal side not even malice had been able to insinuate that one single one of us holds his seat by virtue of corrupt practices—laughter and applause—while of those members from Ontario sitting opposite one in three stands impeached for having obtained their places by corrupt means. When I ask, in the annals of Parliament, what it ever known that fifty men had succeeded in gaining their seats on this side of the House, and not a soul could be found to lay a charge against them?

A Million Gold Dollars Would not bring happiness to the person suffering from Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease. It tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, and puts all the machinery of the system in good working order. It creates a good appetite and gives health, strength and happiness.

HOOD'S PILLS act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Western Ontario.

A Petrolia Contractor Charged With Stealing \$900.

Died From an Overdose of Laudanum—Barns Destroyed by Lightning.

The death took place at Woodstock on Tuesday, August 26, of the well-known Dundas street pork merchant. He was 52 years old.

The Ayler drilled has been sold to W. Rockey for \$100. The building cost \$200 of which the Government contributed \$75 and the county \$250.

During a thunder storm Tuesday afternoon a barn belonging to Hugh McIntyre, three miles from Mitchell, and containing this year's crop, was fired by lightning and burned to the ground. There was some insurance on the barn, but none on the contents.

Steve Basker, who lives near Renaud's boat house, Sandwich, says that his wife, a middle-aged woman, has eloped and gone to Toledo, leaving him with six small children on his hands. He claims that she has taken all his money and that he is completely destitute.

Judge McHugh, Windsor, will be called upon to decide whether the \$200 deposit made by a candidate at a Dominion election is liable to seizure for debt. D. B. Odette received plenty of votes to save his deposit, and returning Officer Templeton was about to return it when a garnishee was put in.

Two boys named Cedar and Raymond were charged at the Wallaceburg police court with cruelty to animals and fines of \$5 and costs, \$5 in all. The offense consisted of securing two small kittens which they used as balls, tossing the felines one to another, and one of the kittens had its back broken.

Sam Wellman, contractor on the new Baptist Church at Petrolia, was arrested by Chief Jackson on a telegram from High Constable Coogan, of Kent county, charging him with stealing \$900 in money from Martin Martin, a resident of Wallaceburg. He was taken to Wallaceburg, where he will be tried before Police Magistrate McDougall.

It is understood that Major Coogan, high chief constable of Kent, is an aspirant for the position made vacant by the resignation of Detective McKee, of Windsor. Among other officers who have put in applications for the position are Chief of Police Skirving of Ingersoll, Principal Constable Heffernan, Detective Hampden, of Windsor, and Detective McKener, of Chatham.

Simon Wildfang, the petitioner against the return of A. P. MacLaren as member of Parliament for North Perth, has laid an information against Wm. Renwick, who, the plaintiff claims, threatened to kill him for the part he has taken in connection with the protest. A warrant has been issued for Renwick's arrest. Wildfang says that another man whom he did not know threatened to handle him roughly the first time they met on a back street.

Mrs. Sarah Dennis, of Oil Springs, was found unconscious in her bedroom at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Cassidy, on Fayette street, Brockport, Monday morning. By her side was found a two-ounce bottle, which she had drained of its contents, laudanum, in her efforts to secure relief from pain and obtain sleep. As soon as she was discovered medical assistance was summoned, and she revived, but shortly after noon she relapsed, and died in the evening. Mrs. Dennis went to Brockport about five weeks ago to take care of her invalid mother.

Thomas Brown, a well-known and respected resident of Stratford, died at his home on Huron street Monday, aged 80 years. Deceased was an uncle of ex-Mayor John Brown. He was born at Dundas, Scotland, in August, 1806. In 1843 he emigrated to Stratford along with his parents, John and Jean Brown, and his youngest sister Nellie. The deceased retired from farming in 1874. His surviving relatives in America are his brother John's daughter, Mrs. Anderson, of Avonlea, and his brother Richard's four children.

Robert Seeley, a young farmer living near Putnam, was in Woodstock the other day on a still hunt for his wife, whom he alleges has run off with a young man named White, having from Bay City. Seeley's story is that White fell in love with his wife's cousin, a dressmaker, living at Putnam, and afterwards dropped her for his wife, whom they visited. White and Mrs. Seeley went off together to see the circus in London, and the husband has never seen them since. He traced them to Woodstock, where White registered at the Arlington and Mrs. Seeley at the Hotel Oxford.

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

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FROM 12 TO 2 O'CLOCK, AT THE
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the new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Recreation Days Are Over

THE SCHOOL BELL.....
WILL SOON RING AGAIN.

PARENTS will require to buy new clothes for the boys. The long days of enjoyment to the children have worn out what respectable suits they had. You will be looking for bargains. We have made a special cut on a number of suits. It will be easy for your pocket.

SEE WHAT WE HAVE FOR—

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th:

Boys' Washing Blouse Waists, 40c and 50c each.

Children's 2-Piece Suits at \$1 25.

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YOU CAN come to this store and make your own selections. What you buy will be what we tell you it is. If it's only part wool we'll say so. If we say it's all wool it will prove to be all wool.

All-Wool Gold-Trimmed Middle Suits

Regular Price \$8.00,
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They Are All Reliable

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BEAUTY, STRENGTH, LIGHTNESS AND DURABILITY.

The new 1896 MODELS are elegant in appearance, remarkable for simplicity of construction, have the greatest structural strength combined with lightness of material. We guarantee ease, speed and durability, under prolonged and incessant use. FINEST WHEEL IN THE WORLD. Write for Remington Art Catalogue.

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HOBBS HARDWARE COMPANY.

GEO. T. SLATER & SONS.

Forget Your Feet!

You can do it by wearing the Slater shoe. It will fit you so that you will lose your corns instead of your feet. Made after Nature's form of feet, by the famous Goodyear welt process, which gives elasticity to the sole—durability to the shoe. Made from the best imported calf-skin. Twelve shapes, many widths, three grades. Stamped on the sole \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 per pair.

The Slater Shoe (for Men.)

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POCOCK BROS. SOLE AGENTS FOR LONDON. ywt

Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy Caller Herrin',
They're bonny fish and halsome fairin';
Wha'll buy Herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows
Dream'd ye ought o' our poor fellows
Darkling as they faced the billows
A' to fill the woven willows?

10c PER TIN, OR

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