

Landlords, This Concerns You!

Have us do the papering and painting of those houses of yours and see how much we can save you. Perfect satisfaction is the result, and, round, with a possible increase in rent.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

GWYN.

"When, Marian?" interrogated Lil, with a sudden erection of her head.

"Since Lady Mary left, if any man was ever as good as dead, I felt most shamefully neglected."

"If you were, Marian, you must confess you have only yourself to thank for it," retorted Lil, recollecting how her friend had played with Jack's affections.

"There, don't be angry," laughed the other. "If things do go at cross-purposes, it is not our fault. Let us be friends."

"I know you could not," responded Lil, instantly softening. "Marian, your secret was not to be hidden from a woman's eyes. I feel for you, dear, even as I do for Jack."

Her companion's face went crimson. "Pardon me," she remarked, with hauteur; "your sympathy is misplaced."

"Nay, what I said I meant kindly," rejoined the other. "Are we not too old friends to quarrel?"

With an apparent uncontrollable burst of confidence, Marian flung herself on her friend's neck.

"Forgive me, Lil; you are right, and I am miserable!" she exclaimed. "I feel my secret is safe with you. Yes, I love Rowland; I have always loved him; and mark me, she added, raising her head, "I will win him yet."

"If you so love, dear, I pray you may."

"I will," responded Marian, resolutely. "Now, leave me, please; I will soon join you downstairs."

As Lil darted retired, Marian, leaning on the table, followed her with her eyes. On the door closing, she murmured:

"Yes, I'll win him yet, and Capt. Jack shall be the instrument. Lil has confessed he loves Lady Mary. I am certain Lady Mary cares for him. I will have my plan as my uncle has his. It shall be a game of chess between us, Sir Merton. Time shall prove which shall be the checkmate."

The next morning Capt. Darnley and Lil quitted Steinfeld.

As Mr. Rylands and Marian, from the broad gravel terrace, watched their carriage roll out of sight, the former, leaving a sigh, said:

"Steinfeld left to you and me, my love. Not a guest beneath the roof. There has ever been people coming and going, and now they are going and not coming. You'll feel it terribly dull, Marian."

Turning to him with a smile, she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"And so will you, papa," she answered. "You are quite as gregarious as I. I have therefore a proposal to make. Suppose we, like the rest, take flight. It will only precede our usual time by a month; while Sir Merton, who, you say, is doing all he can to get Rowland into parliament, will certainly be pleased to see us."

"By George, Marian, an excellent idea!" cried Mr. Rylands, delighted. "I couldn't stand Steinfeld at this season with no guests. Go, make arrangements with the housekeeper; get your portmanteaus packed, and we'll be off directly all is prepared."

Elated at her success, Marian needed no second bidding. She ran into the house, summoned the housekeeper, and the lady's maid before two days elapsed, the father and daughter were traveling to town, preceded by a telegram, announcing their advent to Sir Merton Gower.

CHAPTER XI.

What Marian had said respecting her uncle and Rowland was perfectly true. Almost from his youth a diplomatist, who had played no small part in the political arena, Sir Merton's ambition had ever been to see his son follow in his steps, and achieve for himself a brilliant career.

For some time, however, though interested in politics, Rowland had shown no great desire to enter the field himself.

This reluctance the baronet now attributed to the attraction and influence of Gwyn; consequently he hoped, by surrounding his son with men of weight and renown in the government, he might arouse the latent fire of emulation, and ambition in him.

He was more successful than his most sanguine hopes had expected. Rowland, struck down, prostrated, by Gwyn's infidelity, yet ashamed to show how deeply he was affected, bided, in the feverish excitement of a public life, the surest means to drown thought and sorrow.

Some natures, when disappointed in their fondest desire, take to dissipation; the stronger, the truer, to work. Rowland was of the latter class.

While life remained he must love Gwyn; when he was idle, she was ever in his thoughts, driving him into the agony of despair. He was wise enough to be aware of what this must lead to, and he was wise enough to lead a declining power both physically and mentally. Consequently he aroused himself, and, as a safeguard, to Sir Merton's intense joy, cast himself heart and soul into politics.

It was a week after the Rylands had come to town that the father and son sat at a late breakfast.

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.

Rodel French Peas, 15c.

Rodel Mushrooms, 25c.

Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.

Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans

French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce c.

California Prunes, 8c. per lb.

California Silver Prunes, 12½c. per lb.

California Dried Peaches, 10c. per lb.

Fitzgerald, Seandrett & Co

169 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE
in TRADING
in STAMPS

"You were at the debate last night, Rowland, eh?" inquired the baronet, throwing aside the Times, and dipping a slip of dry toast into his coffee.

"Yes, sir, and was disappointed. I think G— might have made more of the subject than he did. Some of the most telling points he passed entirely over."

"Just what Elbertson remarked—almost the very words, and he is one of our shrewdest observers and speakers. A feather in your cap, my boy. We must certainly get you into parliament, and now is your time."

Rowland Gower glanced quickly up from his plate.

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked.

"That the government desires to carry this bill by a large majority, therefore, are eager to get members upon whom they may rely. You are with them."

"Heart and soul, sir. The bill is one of the good of the nation, and I shall always vote on the side of the people," responded the young man, with a flash of enthusiasm.

Sir Merton made an imperceptible shoulder shrug, and he flipped a crumb from his dressing-gown with his serviette. However, he said, approvingly:

"Exactly. So I told Lord Wentford. And, I think, Rowley, the thing is as good as settled."

"What thing, sir?"

"Your return to parliament."

"My return?" ejaculated the young man, his face flushing at the thought.

"There is no seat vacant."

"Yes, there is, or soon will be," responded Sir Merton Gower, composedly, playing with the rings on the white fingers. "Wentford informed me, in secret, that Harrington Harrington resigns from the Commons in a week's time. Now, Wentford can return in his place for the place; that is, his and the electors' opinions are as one. No need of bribery, so don't knit your brow, Rowley. Therefore, he proposes that you should stand in his place; it would delight me, but that I would consult you."

"I shall be delighted, too, sir, if I am assured I am not to be forced on the electors," answered the son.

"Wentford, I know, can set at rest all your scruples upon that head, my dear boy. The electors put implicit trust, owing to experience, in his selection. You will only have to walk over the course."

"And when, sir, shall this be decided?" asked Rowland, his heart beating a little faster at this possible realization of his ambition.

"This morning, if you like. I made an appointment with Wentford for twelve, and I suspect here is Davidson with his card," he added, as a footman entered.

It proved as he surmised. Lord Wentford was in the library, where the father and son immediately repaired, when a conference of over an hour's duration took place.

At the termination, everything had been arranged for Rowley's return for Colindale.

When his lordship left, Sir Merton Gower, leaning affectionately on his son's arm, proceeded to the drawing-room, where Lady Mary was seated at her embroidery-frame.

"Lady Mary, I have a secret," laughed the baronet gaily. "It is possible for you, being a woman, to keep it."

"I am a woman; yet I trust it is so, Sir Merton," she replied, good-temperedly.

"Then only whisper it not (at present) in Gath. Let me introduce you to the future M.P. for Colindale," said the baronet, presenting his son.

A bright, joyous flush mounted Lady Mary's cheek; her eyes sparkled with sympathy, which was most flattering.

"Is it really true? Are you, indeed, Mr. Gower, soon to be a member?" she asked.

"I believe so, Lady Mary. I shall be returned in less than a month for Colindale."

Her ladyship rose, and, frankly, impulsively, exclaiming, "pretty, my hands, exclaimed heartily:

"I sincerely congratulate you, Mr. Gower. I am so—so glad. I congratulate you, yet I envy you."

"Envy me?"

"Yes, politics have ever had a singular fascination for me. Strange, I believe, for a woman. I have often deplored my sex, which has prevented my taking part in them."

"Your womanhood should not debar you," smiled the baronet. "Many a minister finds inspiration, and not infrequently help and advice, in the privacy of his own fireside."

Lady Mary's color heightened. Rowland, however, less acute, failed to notice the hidden meaning conveyed.

"When in need, you, Lady Mary, shall be the first to whom I will fly for aid," he smiled, as, raising her hand to his lips, he released it.

"Idiot," muttered the baronet, "to surrender it when once in his possession. In this case, at all events, love seems of less rapid growth than politics. Still, it may be more sure."

(To be Continued.)

Among all the mocking horrors of chronic indigestion and liver trouble, the most common complaint, none is more unbearable than that dreadful sensation of giddiness in which the whole world, indoors or out, seems to swim around before the sight in the most sickening and nauseating manner until one's entire being becomes faint and wretched with indescribable misery.

"I was suffering with what the doctors called chronic indigestion, torpid liver, and vertigo," writes Mrs. Martha E. Barham, of Newville, Prince George Co., Va. "The doctor did me no good. My symptoms were dizziness in the head, pains in the chest and an uneasy feeling all over. I also suffered with female weakness."

"I was all run-down and could not do any work at all without suffering from nervous attacks," wrote Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for advice. He advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' I did so, and used a few bottles of each, and I cannot express the benefit I have received from these medicines. I gained in health and strength. When I commenced to use the medicines I weighed only 115 pounds, now I weigh 140 pounds. I thank God and Dr. Pierce for my recovery. My husband and friends all thought I would die but to-day I am a well woman."

The wonderful effects of this great "Discovery" are genuine and permanent; they are not due to any false or alcoholic stimulus for it contains no alcohol. Real substantial healthy muscular strength is built up; the stomach and liver are toned; the blood is purified and vitalized; the nerves are steadied; the entire constitution is rejuvenated and renewed.

In case of constipation, there is nothing quite so effective as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They act comfortably and surely; they do not gripe; you do not become a slave to their use. Their effect is lasting. There are countless substitutes; but nothing else is like them.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' for many years, and I can say that they are the best medicines I have ever used. They have cured me of many ailments, and I can recommend them to all who are suffering from any of the diseases they are adapted to treat."

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SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

General Otis Says It Is Very Encouraging.

Frenchman Massacred Under a Flag of Truce—Insurgents Looting Natives' Property Ad Libitum.

Washington, D. C., May 11.—General Otis has cabled the war department, concerning the situation in the Philippines. He says that it is very encouraging.

The tone of the dispatch leads the officials here to believe that the end of the Filipino insurrection is near at hand.

New York, May 11.—A dispatch from Manila says the insurgents have assassinated L. Dumaris, a Frenchman, who had crossed their lines under a flag of truce. A dispatch to the Herald says the insurgents have succeeded in landing nine machine guns at Capiz on the island of Panay.

Manila, May 11.—6:45 p.m.—Mr. Higgins, manager of the Manila-Dagupan Railway, and two of his assistants, who had remained inside the insurgent lines to protect the property of the railway company, arrived at San Fernando yesterday. They had been informed by the insurgents that they would no longer be responsible for their safety. If they remained longer within their lines.

Mr. Higgins corroborates the stories that have been told of the demoralization of the Filipinos, and says that the rebels are looting all the natives' property. Mr. Higgins adds that now is the time for the Americans to strike hard.

GEN. LUNA MASSING HIS ARMY. Manila, May 11.—Gen. Luna is massing his army east of the railway, bringing up troops by trainloads in sight of the American lines.

The country between San Fernando and Calumpit is filling up with natives, who profess great friendship towards the Americans, but who are suspected by many of sympathy with the insurrection.

A Filipino connected with the American hospital corps was killed, it is supposed, by Amigos.

Reports received from the insurgent line, which, however, have not been confirmed, say that a meeting of the Filipino congress has been held at San Isidoro. There was no quorum present, but in spite of this fact some business was transacted. The reports add that although those who attended were mostly partisans of Aguinaldo, a strong desire for peace was expressed.

Maj.-Gen. MacArthur will probably remain at San Fernando until fresh troops can be forwarded to him from this city to replace some of the volunteers, who have become exhausted from the long campaign.

Filipino riflemen to the number of 8,000 are entrenched on three sides of Bacolor. The Americans, however, are fully able to hold the city, if Monday's attack of the place assembled on the banks of the river, cheering the expedition lustily. Capt. Grant was given an ovation when he went ashore. Many of the Macabebes expressed themselves as being anxious to enter the American service for the campaign against the Tagals.

GRANT SCATTERED THE REBELS. The army "Unclad" gunboats Laguna de Bay and Cavendish, under command of Capt. Grant, steamed up the Rio Grande to Calumpit yesterday, clearing the entire country of rebels from the bay upward. When the vessels reached Macabebes about 1,000 of the inhabitants of the place assembled on the banks of the river, cheering the expedition lustily. Capt. Grant was given an ovation when he went ashore. Many of the Macabebes expressed themselves as being anxious to enter the American service for the campaign against the Tagals.

Free-Church Communicants Talk of Joining United Presbyterians. Edinburgh, May 11.—Special interest attaches to the meeting of the synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which convened in Edinburgh yesterday, inasmuch as the body will take up the question of negotiations with the Free Church of Scotland, looking to a union of the two sects.

The Free Church has about 1,200 ministers and 350,000 communicants, and the United Presbyterian Church about 600 ministers and 200,000 adherents, so that a union of the two bodies would make the resultant organization nearly as strong numerically as the Established Church of Scotland, with its 1,700 ministers and 630,000 communicants.

Do not put off the duty that ought to be done today. If your blood is out of order, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. Fancy a man's health never made a man wealthy.

The American schooner Nourmahal has been wrecked at Magdalen Islands. The vessel ran ashore in a gale and snowstorm. The crew was taken off by the Mayflower and brought to Souris, P. E. I.

Mr. JAMES KELEHER, THE WELL-KNOWN MERCHANT TAILOR, GUELPH, ONT., Endorses Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as the Best Remedy for Nervous Disorders.

Nervous prostration is one of the common ailments of the day among business men in every town and city of the continent.

FIVE PEOPLE BURNED TO DEATH. Dalton, Ga., May 11.—The residence of Dr. L. C. Bagwell, ten miles east of here, was burned yesterday. Dr. Bagwell, his three children and their negro housekeepers, were burned to death. It was supposed a lamp, which Dr. Bagwell had on a table near his bed, exploded.

TRUST SEIZES STAFF OF LIFE Combination of Flouring Mills—Capital Said To Be \$40,000,000.

Chicago, May 11.—The Post says: A gigantic combination, gathering in all the flour-milling corporations at the head of the lakes, New York city, Buffalo and Syracuse, has been effected, and the score or more of mills embraced in the deal will be turned over to the new management. The consolidation is capitalized at \$40,000,000.

Olden and a board of directors have been elected, and the leading spirits in the organization propose immediately to revolutionize the flour-milling business of the country.

The new corporation will be known as the United States Flour Milling Company, and the headquarters will be in New York. George Urban, of Buffalo, has been elected president and Charles McIntyre, of New York, treasurer. The combined output of the mills controlled by this combination will exceed that of any of the three great independent concerns of Minneapolis, and nearly equal their combined output.

At West Superior, Wis., the United States Flour Milling Company have taken in two additional mills.

ARBITRATION. Washington, D. C., May 11.—The United States and Great Britain will stand together in the advocacy of the adoption of a scheme for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, which will be presented to the conference of the three great powers on the 16th of the present month.

When Women Get Together

What do they talk about? Their ill-health! They tell about their aches and pains, describe their symptoms in detail, endeavoring to prove their special trouble the most trying and dangerous. Why do they do this? Because they crave sympathy and need help.

Many a woman has never known a really healthy hour, yet has kept on her feet and accomplished her daily duties, thinking sacrificially meritorious. Nine-tenths times out of a hundred these women become chronic dyspeptics. You can tell that by their lack-lustre eyes, spiritless movements and sallow complexions.

Dyspepsia is the forerunner of many fatal disorders; it always precedes consumption. If you are wise, you will take some invigorating herbal preparation such as Karl's Clover Root Tea, which has been in use for nearly fifty years, and has never been known to fail in curing all bowel and liver troubles. It gently stimulates the whole digestive system so that your food is perfectly assimilated and converted into pure, rich blood, which keeps the nervous system of the body healthy and the muscles firm and strong. Your back-aches, headaches and sleeplessness will all vanish under the influence of this grand remedy, Karl's Clover Root Tea.

Ask your druggist for it, or write to S. C. Wells & Co., 52 Colburn street, Toronto, Ont., and they will send a sample package free of charge. Sold throughout the United States and Canada at 25c. and 50c., and in England at 6d., 2s. 3d.

MET HIM AT THE JAIL DOOR Burford Woman Elopes With Her Husband's Friend.

Brantford, Ont., May 11.—Burford has another sensation, this time an elopement. Peter Cameron, who worked at the trade of harness-maker in the village, has disappeared, and with him the wife of a companion of his named William Ferguson, who worked in the same shop.

The woman seems to have been infatuated with Cameron for some time. During the early spring he was sentenced to two months in Brantford jail for carrying a revolver. While he was a prisoner, Mrs. Ferguson wrote her lover several letters. The last appointed a time and place where they should meet after he was released. The governor of the jail detained the man inside a few hours so that he should not keep his appointment, but as soon as he was free he joined the woman and they left for parts unknown together.

Mrs. Ferguson has deserted a husband and two children. Cameron was a widower and had one child.

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