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THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

CHAPTER I.

Not Paris, the bright and beautiful city in which Eugénie, as its fair and gracious empress, held her court, but Paris—bequeathed Paris, forsaken by all but the brave, who would not fly, and the poor, who could not. A besieged city, that could only hold intercourse with the outer world by stratagem, whose noblest edifices were turned into hospitals for the wounded, or stores for ammunition, and whose citizens hurried through her streets with fear and trembling, lest their career should be cut short by one of those terrible missiles that ever and anon hurtled in the air—bombs and shells projected from the cannons of the enemy encamped without their walls; an enemy so untrusting, so vigilant and so powerful, that the most sanguine were beginning to look grave, and secretly confess that the struggle was a doubtful, if not altogether a hopeless one.

It was after midnight, and the porter of one of the finest hotels in the vicinity of the Place Vendôme, an hotel much frequented in happier times by the English, was dozing in his lodge, when the well-known signal made him rouse himself and shuffle out to open the gate of the courtyard, that a tall, graceful figure in the quaint garb of a Sister of Charity might pass out.

It was not the first time François had seen her during the last two or three days; he had found her homely, and inclined to be communicative, like himself, and, therefore, he did not hesitate to address her.

"It is late for you to return to your convent alone, madame," he observed, with respectful familiarity.

Her answer was inarticulate, but he took it for an assent, and went on to say:

"So late that I am sorry the duties of my office will not permit me to attend you."

"I am not afraid," she said, hastily, holding her handkerchief to her mouth, as if to guard herself against the night air.

"No—no!" he answered. "You good ladies are always brave, almost to rashness. It is we, to whom you are so valuable, who should charge ourselves with your safety. Will it not be prudent for you to remain here until the morning?"

"Are the dangers of the streets so very great?" she demanded, turning towards him the face she had hitherto kept carefully veiled. Had he not been busy with his little oil-lamp, which the wind threatened to extinguish, he would have discovered that the features hidden beneath the cap and hood of the Sister of Charity were far more youthful than those he was accustomed to see; he would also have perceived that valuable rings were flashing on the slender fingers that drew the gray cloak of the nun more closely about her.

But on this occasion François was not as keen-sighted as usual, and with a shrug of his shoulders he slowly raised himself to reply.

"Who should know better than yourself, madame, that the siege has given the turbulent classes an excuse for committing many excesses? I do not say that they would be likely to meddle with one who devotes herself to good works; but you are a woman, and therefore, easily alarmed by their riotous doings. It would not be agreeable for you to meet a mob of these noisy men."

"I am not afraid," she said again; and, though her voice was somewhat unsteady, François did not detect it, and answered cheerfully: "That is well. You have the courage astonishing! You will return to us? They said that you were going to remain with the grande dame Anglaise until she recovers."

"I shall return before daybreak," the sister abruptly interrupted. "You will admit me."

"At any hour," she was assured, "a touch of the bell and I am awake and on the alert instantly. Ah! then, you do but go to the convent or the physician for something you require? I was afraid that the bad humors and caprices of madame had driven you away. Her maid, pauvre fille, stops now and then en passant to confide in how much she suffers from her lady's migraines."

"Fanchon is a senseless chatterer. She is well paid for her services, and should have the grace to be silent," exclaimed the sister, so sharply that the disconcerted porter hemmed, and

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tried to excuse the maid, and himself, too. "Ah! there is no harm in her confidences. We are compatriots, bonne soeur-Alsations, both of us; and it is natural that we should chat of our little troubles when we encounter each other. You will not mention that I have been so indiscreet as to complain to me of her mistress? After all, she has said no more than others; there is not a servant in the hotel who does not protest against the exactions of madame. It is a fact that she is not easy to please. It is much to be regretted that she did not return to her own country before the siege commenced; we could have supported her absence."

"You are detaining me, and I am in haste!" the sister impatiently exclaimed.

"Pardon; it is for the want of oil that this bolt works so badly. Did you say that madame is better?"

"Yes—no; she is not really ill, only—" and then the sister checked herself, and signed to him to stand aside and let her pass through the portal, which he was now slowly opening. "Ah, no; not suffering from any bodily illness. I have heard as much," he answered, significantly. "She is terrified; she is angry; she scolds the beautiful miss, her daughter; she reproaches her as the cause why their departure was delayed till the exorable Germans docked the roads, and it became impossible. And the miss is sullen and mutinous, and remains silent till madame suffocates with wrath, and makes a scene, screams and faints, and has to be carried to her bed, where she shrieks anew every time she hears the boom of the cannonading. Oh! but these English are eccentric; it is not so?"

Without replying the sister glided past the garrulous old man, and he still chuckling to himself at the recollection of madame's terrors. He did not see how underneath her large cap she was blushing angrily, and biting her lips, and frowning, as if his observations had annoyed her keenly.

While he went back to his lodge, telling himself that la soeur Brigitte was as chatty and pleasant as on the preceding day, he hurried on, neither looking to the right nor left, till she reached the wide entry or portico of a large house, deserted by the fair marquise to whom it pertained.

This house stood in one of the quietest nooks of the fashionable quarter of the city; the run had been traversed by a pedestrian was in sight as she plunged into the obscurity of the en-

In Woman's Interest

An English Beauty.

Lady Alice Montague, daughter of the Duchess of Manchester, will spend the coming winter in New York. Lady Alice is a slender girl with beautiful golden hair. Her features are said to be as classical as those of her grandmother, now the Duchess of Devonshire. Her face is oval, her nose straight, her eyes a faultless almond shape, and her brow low and broad. She has the gray eyes characteristic of the Manchesters. Her chief charm, however, is her amiable, lovable disposition. She made her debut last spring. Lady Alice's evening frocks are built of white tulle and muslin. The Duchess of Manchester is far from rich, and she wisely governs her charming daughter very simply. During the London season Lady Alice lives in a small house with her beautiful mother. She is an accomplished skater, and on her small feet she glides Dutch skates, with points that curl up over the toe, and at St. Moritz, where she first learned, and where many of the most accomplished skaters in Europe gather, they are easily admitted to surpass them all. Added to this, Lady Alice is a fine linguist and an excellent horsewoman.

Cashmere Linings Give This Aesthetic Effect.

A very extreme modiste of New York city turned out for a fashionable customer a skirt which she declared would be the style before the season was over.

"It is the first one made in this country," said she, "but it is after a Paris model, and will soon be all the rage." The dress referred to was a simple blue silk, with the skirt very narrow. In the back there was a small train, which "swished" as the wearer walked. But the singular part was the lining, which was of fine cashmere.

"Why do you line a silk skirt with cashmere?" asked a spectator.

"So that it will cling to the limbs when walking," replied the modiste, promptly.

The fashionable young woman, for whom the costume was designed, took a turn across the room as the modiste spoke, and sure enough the navy blue silk skirt, with its ruffles and little shirings, clung closely to the figure and gave the long, narrow effect which was so much desired by the designer.

As to Wall Papers.

Papers are frequently one thing in the shops and quite another thing upon the wall. In buying plain paper this discrepancy cannot occur.

For bedrooms, plain papers, with a roughly finished surface are the best. These should be light, and in a warm color, and can be relieved by a richer border and contrasting woodwork if desired.

In a hall richly figured paper may be used, but better results are invariably obtained by the use of a plain paper of some dark tone. A deep old red is very effective. With this the woodwork should be painted black and highly varnished. The floors can be covered with matting or with oak carpet.

This color scheme is good also for a small den or study. Red is always rich and warm and very comfortable to the eye in a room much used in winter time. A very pretty treatment of walls in a girl's room or in a cottage parlor is to make a dado of matting running about the room, a full width, above the washboard, and the wall above to be covered with some pretty shade of denim or with heavy burlaps.

Such walls are ornamental, and help materially to furnish a room. On planning a room the first consideration should be the walls, the floor-work and the covering of the floor. Any room will have some architectural features that will assert themselves if it is not swamped in unnecessary nick-nacks. The ends to be used, good color, in dress, simplicity, use, good color, and pleasing effect. The fewer materials used the better. The trouble is that our walls are usually so offensive that instinctively we seek to conceal them beneath pictures, photographs, and draperies, which only serve to hold the dust and weary the eyes.

A good wall needs very few pictures.

try, to reappear in the course of a few minutes thoroughly metamorphosed. Her cap and robe had been hastily taken off and hidden in the basket she carried in her hand, and she emerged into the street attired in the neat stuff dress, smart little apron and lace head-gear of a Parisian courtiere. At a cursory glance you would have taken her for one of the young girls employed at the magasins des modes of the French milliners; it was only when she forgot herself, and handed her shabby shawl over her shoulders with the air of a princess, or changed the light, tripping step of the grisette for slower, statelier motions, that you would have been inclined to suspect that this was but another form of disguise like the garments she had just flung off.

Partly retracing the route by which she had gained this spot, she now walked towards one of the many bridges that cross the Seine. Once she paused and shut her eyes, and ejaculating a prayer for divine protection, for a red glow in the sky, an explosion that shook the earth beneath her feet, and wild cries of terror, told her that one of the enemy's missiles had fallen at no great distance; and once, when she had taken courage to resume her way, a drunken soldier, staggering home from the wine shop, accosted her and, with a heavy hand, involuntarily brushed her cheek with his palm, and then, flushed with the wine, and she gasped for breath; but prudence mastered her indignation, and she passed swiftly on, not pausing again till she stood in the shadow of a statue that graced the center of the bridge; and, folding her arms on the parapet, rested awhile, gazing thoughtfully at the waters gliding darkly below.

"Am I doing much wrong in coming here?" she mentally queried, when nearly ten minutes had elapsed, and frequent glances on either side showed her that no one was approaching her resting-place. "It is a rash enterprise, I am sure, perhaps—but it has been forced on me. The world—by which, of course, I mean my amiable step-mother's world—would say that nothing could excuse a young lady of good family for quitting her home at night, and, under the guidance of a woman she has seen but twice. What if I never return? What if this woman's pretended information is but a snare to beguile me into a robbery den, where I am to be robbed of the gold I carry and then murdered?"

(To be Continued.)

A plain wall will set off the few engravings to which one may cling to escape monotony. But if one has the courage to do without pictures altogether in a bedroom one will save one's eyes from detecting that this or that frame is hanging out of plumb, and will keep them for the parlor, where they belong. It may require some heroism to simplify the bedroom in this way, but the result will more than compensate.

There is a space, a freshness, a sense of cleanliness obtained in this way that cannot be achieved by all the decoration that would be crowded on the walls. Simple muslin curtains at the windows, clean matting on the floor, a plain wall with a pretty order, a white bed with white trimmings, and linen sheets—these things together make a bedroom that must be acknowledged faultless by the most fastidious taste.

Yet these things could be purchased for half the price of the usual decorations with which we constantly disfigure our homes.

Avoid Salt.

A medical journal advises against the excessive use of salt. It is first of all a perversion of taste, the condiment destroying the flavor of delicate dishes if too pronounced. Furthermore, it is asserted that an excessive use of salt seriously overtaxes the kidneys to remove it, and that many cases of derangement and disease are due to this excessive use. The salt habit, it is added, is easily acquired, and persons indulging themselves soon reach a point where nothing is palatable that is not strongly impregnated with salt.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Rev. Prof. Burgess, of London, on the Fashoda Incident—France's Unhappy Condition.

Galt, Oct. 26.—Rev. Professor Burgess, M.A., of the Western University, London, is slated in the English Church here on Sunday, and preached two interesting sermons. In the morning, speaking of the paralyzing effects of national unbelief, he spoke as follows regarding the Anglo-French dispute. Denying eternal truth, rejecting divine authority, France, under the sole guidance of national impulse and self-gratification, pursues her infatuated course, blind to the inevitable goal, unheeding the ominous warning of the world. He then remembered how, some 30 years ago, in passion and fury, she madly rushed upon her fate, with every sign and circumstance pointing with unvarying finger to the awful day of Sedan. Five years thereafter, intervention of England, she was saved from virtual destruction at the hands of an implacable foe. What return has she made, what gratitude has she shown her benefactor? He declared? Mischievous interference, persistent opposition, wanton provocation, reckless aggression! And now, forsooth, she would plunge into war with the power to whose disinterested friendship she is indebted. It is hardly too much to say, for her very existence as a nation! The internal condition of this unhappy country is known of all men, and unless experience is vanity, unless the teaching of history is forgotten, unless the misguided people, in the bitterness of humiliation, will, at no distant day, learn to appreciate the admonition of the Psalmist, "Upon the ungodly he shall reign fire and brimstone, storm and tempest." Verily, there is a God that ruleth the earth.

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JAMAICA'S TROUBLES

Said To Be Largely Caused by "Landlordism."

Sorry Picture of the Industrial Condition of the Island.

Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 25.—For the last two or three weeks the attention of the outside world has been especially directed to this island by the incipient condition of rebellion said to have been reached by the alleged Maroon tribesmen who inhabit the mountain fastnesses of the eastern and western ends of the island. The "formidable mountain tribesmen" of Jamaica are nothing but a mythical survival of the historic people that practically ceased to exist a generation ago.

The recent trouble is no more nor less than the old land question, raised to an acute crisis by the deplorable industrial condition of the island. Owing to the success of American bounty-fed beet sugar in killing the West Indian cane sugar industry, nearly all the sugar estates have been abandoned.

Fruit cultivation has been substituted to a large extent, but this cannot support a teeming population of 700,000, as the sugar industry did and could. The result is that the island is today overrun by thousands of unemployed, and, for the most part, starving, laborers—negroes, of course.

It is quite true that no one need starve in this tropical paradise, where the land answers profusely to the mere tickling. But that presupposes possession of the land, and just here the trouble comes in. The land—at least the available land—is held by landlords, and cannot be got by the peasants.

Many landlords will neither sell nor rent their lands. Those who agree to do so, impose the condition that bananas are not to be grown, as their cultivation might cut the business of the banana planters now enjoy a monopoly. And as nothing else that has a quick growth finds a market in these days, the people decline to take up land on such terms.

It is inevitable that such a condition of affairs should create widespread popular dissatisfaction.

Most of the dissatisfied negroes are only too glad to encourage dissatisfied natives in the belief that possibly some material benefit might result to themselves, or at least that an opportunity may arise to pillage the property of the landlords and others.

This is what nearly happened at Annetta Bay, a fortnight ago, when the "Maroons" raided Fyfe's pen and actually resisted the police for a time successfully. Any prolonged success would inevitably have precipitated a general negro rising, but the appearance of a strong reinforcement, backed up by white troops, settled the matter. The conditions, however, remain unchanged, and there is no doubt that the price of peace and order in the island for some time to come will be the quietude of industrial conditions have quieted down—will be constant vigilance and prompt action on the part of the government.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY

Engine and Train of Cars Go Through an Open Draw—All Hands Jumped—No One Hurt!

Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 26.—An engine and five loaded freight cars of the Central Railroad, New Jersey, are at the bottom of Newark Bay, and traffic through the waterway is interrupted. The engine and cars ran clean off the tracks, through the open drawbridge, and plunged while going at a considerable rate of speed, into the water. The drawbridge is about 25 feet above the water.

All the hands jumped to the trestle. No one was hurt.

IS IT A TRIFLE?

That Common Trouble, Acid Dyspepsia or Sour Stomach.

Now Recognized as a Cause of Serious Disease.

Acid dyspepsia, commonly called heartburn or sour stomach, is a form of indigestion resulting from fermentation of the food. The stomach being weak, the food remains until fermentation begins, filling the stomach with gas and a bitter, sour, burning taste in the mouth is often present. This condition soon becomes chronic, and being an everyday occurrence is given but little attention. Because dyspepsia is not immediately fatal, many people do nothing for the trouble.

Within a recent period a remedy has been discovered prepared solely to cure dyspepsia and stomach troubles. It is known as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and is now becoming rapidly used and prescribed as a radical cure for every form of dyspepsia.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been placed before the public and are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. It is prepared by the Stuart Chemical Company, Marshall, Mich., and while it promptly and effectively restores vigorous digestion, at the same time it is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate stomach, but, on the contrary, by giving perfect digestion, strengthens the stomach, improves the appetite and makes life worth living.

Send for free book on stomach diseases. 71c xzv

SENT LUMBER TO CHINA

Will Be Used on New Russian Railway in Manchuria.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 25.—The steamer Ragnar sailed last night for Taku, China, with over a million feet of lumber for Russian railway work in Manchuria.

Many vessels to carry lumber have already been chartered, and before long a fleet will be en route to and from the Orient, carrying supplies for Russia.

It is reported the Canadian Pacific has decided to keep the big steamships Tartar and Athenian constantly in the Russian trade.

Big sale now on at Cole's Cut Rate Store. Be on hand for snags. 551c

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*LAURENTIAN, Nov. 12, 9 a.m. Nov. 12, 8 p.m.
*CALIFORNIA, Nov. 19, 9 a.m. Nov. 19, 8 p.m.

*Do not call at Rimouski or Moville. RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, Derry and Liverpool, \$52.50 and upwards; return, \$100 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, \$36; return, \$65.50. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, \$22.50.

Glasgow-New York service—State of Nebraska sails from New York, Oct. 28; cabin, \$7.25 and upwards; return, \$13.75 and upwards; second cabin, \$22.50; return, \$41.75; steerage, \$23.50.

AGENTS—E. De La Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, Thomas R. Parker, corner of Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

Navigation and Railways

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A. H. HARRIS, General Traffic Manager, Board of Trade Building, Montreal. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897.

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Tickets will be issued Wednesday, Oct. 26, to Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1898 (inclusive), at Normal Single First-Class Fare (not temporarily reduced rates), except on business passing through Toronto.

Tickets will be good to return, leaving destination not later than Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1898, or close of navigation if earlier to points reached by Muskoka Navigation Company. Stop over only allowed at points Severn and North.

Full information from G. T. R. agents or from M. C. DICKSON, D. P. A., Toronto.