THE "Seal Brand" Trademark guarantees three things—full weight, extra strength and delicious flavor.

And the largest distributors of high-class coffee in the world are behind the "Seal Brand" Trademark.

Ask your grocer for

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Always in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never sold in bulk.

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CHASE & SANBORN, - MONTREAL.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

You don't have to mix "Black Knight" Stove Polish.

There is no black watery liquid to stain your hands or dirty the floor.

There is no "hard brick" to scrape—no trouble—no waste—no hard rubbing.

"Black Knight" is a firm paste—ready to use—quickly applied—and shines quick as a wink.

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In all sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE." 1873

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MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLY.

"Yes; I am going to meet her now."

"Then give me a lift, will you? I have to go back to the surgery, and have a call to make besides. There is plenty of time. The London train doesn't get in until 4:30, and there goes 4."

I told him to jump in, only too glad to have him with me, and then whipped up the ponies. Not until the High street was behind us did I ask him what he was doing in that direction.

"Old Wilde's off his legs again," he told me shortly.

"What, again? What is up with him this time?"

"The old thing, I've no doubt. He declares that he hasn't been out at night for months; but that's humbug. He has been at his old trick of sneaking game at Roxborough Chace as sure as my name's what it is, and now he is twisted into a knot with rheumatic gout. He must suffer a martyrdom. Well, serve him right! The game laws are a great mistake, no doubt; but the Roxborough preserves are on Roxborough land, and are no business of his. But he'd sooner act like that than work, any day."

"He'll get caught one of these days," I said.

"Of course, he will; I tell him so. But the old fellow is about the biggest natural rogue in Whittlesford."

"Always was, so far as I can remember," I agreed.

"And always will be—you may rely upon that. He might behave himself, if only for his daughter's sake, the old reprobate!"

"Poor Lotty! It's a pity she doesn't marry that sweetheart of hers, I think."

"What, Flood, the blacksmith?" cried Yorke, turning upon me those bright frank eyes of his. "That would be a sort of leap from the frying-pan into the fire, or I'm mistaken. Phil Flood and old Wilde are about in the same boat, I fancy. He knows the taste of hare well enough; and he's a rough clod for a little bit of a thing like Lotty, too."

"Well, yes; but he's awfully fond of her."

"Oh, yes—I dare say! I'll get down here, Ned—and thanks."

I pulled up the ponies, and he jumped down. We were just at the end of the village where two roads met—one leading to the station, the other, which hardly deserved to be called a road, branching off round by the river. The junction made a sort of three-cornered space, and close to a high red wall stood old Wilde's cottage, with a patch of common before it, and its small garden bright with a prolific crop of scarlet and purple poppies. It was a ramshackle old shanty, that cottage, and it seemed to get more dilapidated day by day.

I watched Yorke knock at the little low door, bend his head to get in as it was opened, and caught a glimpse of Lotty Wilde's rosy childish face and long dark curls, which were always all over her head, as people say. She was a pretty little kittenish creature, a mere baby in looks and ways, and too refined and delicate altogether to be the daughter of that tough old reprobate, her father, who was every whit as bad as Roger Yorke had said.

Some of the discreet dames of Whittlesford had whispered that Miss Lotty was a flirt, and that the way in which she carried on with Phil Flood, the young blacksmith, was quite disgraceful, while meek Mrs. Deeping had on one occasion stigmatized her conduct as "really shocking." But I did not think that Lotty was any worse than Mrs. Deeping's daughter, who flirted in the coolest, most matter-of-course fashion with every man who came in her way. I rather liked pretty Lotty, and I often wished that she had a better place to live in than that crazy-looking erection, with her drunken old poaching father.

"Good-day, Mr. Chavasse, sir. Doctor's there again, I see. He don't spare his trouble, he don't—not there, at any rate!"

I gave such a start that I dropped my whip. Sitting quite still, with the reins slack upon the ponies' backs, I had not heard an approaching step, and turned, to find the speaker, who gave his cap a sulky touch, close at my side. It was Phil Flood, the blacksmith, a black-browed, swarthy, broad-shouldered fellow, handsome, too, in a certain dark, rough style. He stared at the closed door of old Wilde's cottage, and frowned as he repeated, not looking at me:

"Doctor's there again, then, Mr. Ned."

"Yes. Wilde is down again, I hear."

"He ain't so bad that he needs the doctor every day, sir," he returned, in the same stolidly sullen way. "There's work enough in Whittlesford for Doctor Yorke without his being always there."

"Doctor Yorke doesn't spare himself," I observed, wondering what was wrong with the fellow, brusque and sulky as I knew him to be by nature. "He has pulled old Wilde through more than once, you know."

"I know that, sir."

"You ought to be glad, for Lotty's sake,' I went on, jokingly.

He gave me an ugly glance from under his black brows.

"Lotty's no business of his, Mr. Ned."

"Everybody is a doctor's business. And, talking of business, how is it you are not at it, Flood? Nothing to do?"

"No; there's plenty to do, sir."

"Then, if I were you, I'd do it. Idling isn't the way to get the Wayside Cottage, you know."

The Wayside Cottage, a pretty little place at the other end of Whittlesford, belonged to Chavasse, and Flood wanted it to take Lotty Wilde to if he could get her, it was supposed. Madame had said that he should have it when he gave up going to the Cap and Bells, and stuck to his forge more—not before; and Flood knew it. He looked sulkier than ever when I said that.

"There isn't a man in Whittlesford that can do more than I can, Mr. Chavasse, or do it better, though I say it," he said, still sullenly.

"Of course, when you like — we all know that. Take my advice and do it. The Wayside Cottage is worth having, and so is Lotty. I must be off now. Good-day, Flood; and I won't tell Madame that you were doing nothing at this time of day."

I touched the ponies with the whip, turning them into the road which led to the station, and was off at a brisk pace. But I glanced back, as the phaeton swept round a curve, at Phil Flood, still standing at the edge of the patch of common, with his eyes fixed upon the door of Wilde's cottage. I could see his face, and there was a look of sullen fierceness and anger upon it which somehow gave me an odd shock for the instant, and for the second time I wondered vaguely what was the matter with him. But just then I heard the sound of the coming train, and I whipped up the ponies smartly, knowing that I should be late after all; and the memory of the young blacksmith and his lowering sulky face went out of my head. But in a time not far distant I was to remember it, and to wish that my eyes had been keener upon that day.

Despite my haste I was late—the train was moving away when I pulled up the ponies and jumped down. I hurried into the station, coming into violent collision with Darley, the station-master, in my haste. I saw nobody waiting, and turned to him, longing to get over my first meeting with Natalie Orme.

"Isn't there a lady for the Mount, Darley?" I said, breathlessly. "I am late."

"There is, sir—in the waiting-room—that is, there's two of 'em."

Two! This was even more pleasant than I had anticipated. I wished to goodness that I had taken Alice Deeping's joking offer, and let her come with me. I hurried into the waiting-room, to find myself face to face with what? The Queen of the Cannibal Islands? In the name of all that was awful, could this tall, broad, brown-skinned woman with the black eyes and gleaming white teeth, the huge turban and red and yellow robes, be Natalie Orme? The fates forbid! For a moment I was too taken aback to speak, and stared helplessly at this barbaric princess, with the heavy chains and bracelets upon her bare brown neck and arms. Then she was pulled aside by someone behind her, and I found myself looking down into a little, dark, delicate face, with a pair of the most wonderful eyes that I had ever beheld, and knew, with a feeling of intense relief, that this must be the real Natalie Orme.

CHAPTER V.

As well as I can I will give a portrait of Natalie Orme as she looked on that hot July afternoon in the dingy waiting-room at Whittlesford Station. Her skin was really brown—not sunburned, but brown, clear, transparent, with every movement of the blood showing plainly beneath it; she was a veritable nut-brown maid. Alice Deeping's pink cheeks were quick to color, but not in the curious emotional way in which this girl's flushed and paled. She was slight in figure, so slight that she looked almost tall, and yet her head, covered with little ripples and curls of jet-black silky hair, did not reach my shoulder by a good two inches. Her face was small and delicate, with straight dark brows; but I do not know that I should have thought it beautiful but for her eyes. Those eyes were wonderful; I have never seen any like them, and do not expect to do so. It was not that they were large and black and soft and brilliant, though that was enough to make them lovely. It was a singular trick of dilation which the pupils had, and which gave them a golden tinge. When I came to know her better, I found that this peculiarity was strongest whenever she was pleased or excited. She was excited and nervous now, and so, as her glance met mine, it was the very first thing that struck me.

I was quick enough to see that Madame had been right—she was shy, and no mistake about it! For a moment I hardly knew what to say as I met those great dilating anxious eyes; but the fact that she was obviously more nervous than I was gave me confidence to say pretty coolly, as I raised my hat:

"I'm awfully sorry to be late, Miss Orme; you must forgive me for keeping you waiting, which will be more than my mother will do if you tell her. She meant to come and meet you herself; but unluckily she has a headache; so you must take me as her substitute until we get to Chavasse, and let me bid you welcome to Whittlesford in her place."

To Be Continued.

MADAME STEINHEIL TRIES TO BLUFF JUDGE

But Latter Couldn't be Bluffed and the Prisoner Subsides.

Paris, Nov. 11.—The state rested its case against Mme. Steinheil, accused of the murder of her husband, Adolphe Steinheil, and her stepmother, Madame Japy, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The defense at once began the examination of its witnesses, of whom there will be fewer than were called by the state.

The close of the prosecution was enlivened by another display of anger on the part of the prisoner. Mme. Steinheil had already insinuated that she could tell of things that would be interesting to the public, but not pleasing to persons in high official circles. She is supposed to have referred to her intrigues involving personages whose associations with her would be regarded as a national scandal. This threat she has held over the court from the date of her arrest. Today, in a flash of passion, she cried out, "My past contains interesting chapters."

Judge DeValles appeared unmoved by the interruption and promptly and sternly replied: "You are at perfect liberty to say anything that you please."

Mme. Steinheil, however, went no further.

The first witness introduced by the defense was a chauffeur, who testified that Mme. Steinheil gave him four dollars for trying to locate the "Blue Automobile" which was reported to have been seen in front of Mme. Steinheil's home in the Impasse Ronsin at 8 o'clock on the evening that the crime was committed. This testimony was introduced to show that Mme. Steinheil was anxious to discover the identity of the assassins.

BE GUE'S WIFE ELOPES AND STARTS TONG WAR

Jim Konk Fook Gets His From the Yee Yuns and Revenge Follows.

San Francisco, Nov. 11.—The fifth victim of the On Yicks-Yee Tong war was fatally wounded early today in Oakland by a Yee man. Jin Konk Fook was just going to work at a Chinese gambling house on Harrison street which is kept by Gee On, president of the On Yicks, when he was shot. The Tong war growing out of the elopement several days ago of Be Gue, wife of an On Yick Tong man with a member of the Yee family claimed its third victim last night when Ow Yang Gun of the On Yick Tong, and a cousin of the acting Chinese consul, was shot as he was leaving the headquarters of his Tong. Yee Yum, said by the police to be one of the gunmen of the Yees, was arrested.

Five men, said to be of the Yee family, lay in wait for Ow Yang Gun.

When he was within ten feet of them, although a policeman was standing in the narrow street but a few yards away, one of the men fired point blank, killing the On Yick Tong man instantly.

The murder of a Chinese at Mountain View last night also is believed to be connected with present Tong war. Two members of the Yee family were killed recently by the On Yicks, and it is asserted by the police that at a meeting of the Yees early in the week, it was voted to take triple toll for their dead. The police fear that the war will spread throughout the coast cities.

CONDUCTOR HARRIS DIES

Makes Fifteenth Death in the Vancouver Trolley Disaster.

Vancouver, Nov. 11.—The ghastly toll of death in the electric railway accident of yesterday was increased today by the death of Conductor Harris. This makes the fifteenth death as a result of the street car disaster.

BURNED TO DEATH

Young Woman Meets Terrible End at Spragueville, Ont.

Ottawa, Nov. 11.—Mrs. John Dorsey, aged 35, a bride of six months, and thought to hail from Ottawa, was burned to death at Spragueville, near Ogdensburg. Her husband was in a barn milking. Her clothes caught fire and she ran out of the house screaming. She tried to join her husband, but got caught in a barb wire fence. Her husband extricated her, but was not in time to save her from terrible burns. She died at Spragueville about midnight.

IMPOSING CEREMONY

Twelve Canons Installed By Anglican Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Toronto, Nov. 11.—An imposing ceremony took place in the St. Alban's Cathedral tonight, when two newly-appointed archdeacons and 12 canons were installed by the lord bishop of the diocese of Toronto. Rev. Canon J. H. Cody, Toronto, was installed venerable archdeacon of York, and Rev. Canon C. L. Ingles was installed venerable archdeacon of Simcoe.

The following were installed canons: Revs. G. B. Morley, Bradford; Bernard Bryan, Toronto; C. H. Marsh, Lindsay; W. C. Allen, Cavan, rural dean of Durham; Edwin Daniel, Port Hope; Alexander Williams, Toronto; T. W. Powell, Eglington; Dr. W. H. Pearson, Toronto; S. Jones, pastor Emeritus, Toronto; Wm. Walsh, Brampton; rural dean of Peel; Oswald Rigby, headmaster Trinity College School, Port Hope.

SHOOTING AFFRAY

Row Near Ottawa That May End Fatally For One.

Belleville, Nov. 11.—A shooting affray occurred at Glen Miller, on the banks of the Trent Valley Canal, this morning. It is said that some Italians were in a row, and one of them had a gun which others tried to take from him. In the scuffle the gun was discharged, and the party who had it was shot in the leg below the knee. He was brought to the hospital here, and doctors took his leg off at the knee, the bone being badly shattered.

Magistrate Masson, County Attorney Anderson and an interpreter went to the hospital to try and get the injured man's deposition, but did not succeed in getting it.

He is said to be very low, and a crown official is responsible for the statement that two arrests, presumably the men with whom he was fighting, will be made before long.

TO CENSOR MUSIC HALLS

Joint Committee of Commons and Lords in Its Favor.

London, Nov. 11.—The joint committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, which was appointed in July to inquire into the censorship of the drama, today reported in favor of continuing the censorship, and of extending the authority of the censor, so as to include a supervision over the music halls.

The joint committee's report favors the retention of the present censorship administration, but recommends that it should be legal to perform an unlicensed play, leaving it to the public prosecutor to indict the producers and authors of indecent plays. It suggests that a mixed committee of privy council should decide in cases where there were objectionable features other than indecency.

The report proposes to place the licensing of theatres and music halls under identical regulations, and the licensing of theatres under the jurisdiction of the London common council, instead of the lord chamberlain.

The proposed changes, which are not intended to apply to Ireland, are so complicated that they are unlikely to meet with approval in any quarters.

BACKACHE SIMPLY VANISHES AND YOUR OUT-OF-ORDER KIDNEYS WILL ACT FINE

A Few Doses Will Regulate the Kidneys and Cure the Most Severe Bladder Misery.

No man or woman here whose kidneys are out of order, or who suffers from backache or bladder misery, can afford to leave Pape's Diuretic untried.

After taking several doses, all pains in the back, sides or loins, rheumatic twinges, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, inflamed or swollen eyelids, dizziness, tired or worn-out feeling and other symptoms of clogged, sluggish kidneys simply vanish.

The moment you suspect the slightest kidney or bladder disorder or feel rheumatic pains, don't continue to be miserable or worried, but get a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic from your druggist and start taking as directed, with the knowledge that there is no other medicine, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which is so harmless or will effect so thorough and prompt a cure.

This unusual preparation goes direct to the cause of trouble, distributing its cleansing, healing and vitalizing influence directly upon the organs and glands affected and completes the cure before you realize it.

A few days' treatment of Pape's Diuretic means clean, healthy, active kidneys, bladder and urinary organs—and you feel fine.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape, of Cincinnati, is a large and responsible medicine concern, theroughly worthy of your confidence.

Accept only Pape's Diuretic—fifty-cent treatment—from any drug store—anywhere in the world.

The Great Sale Ends Saturday Night

After two weeks of vigorous selling we bring our Great Annual Sale of Mill Ends and Factory Seconds to a close. Success has crowned our efforts and we have surpassed all previous records in bargain-giving, store-crowding and the magnitude of business we have done.

Saturday is the last day and we're going to make it the greatest day of the Great Sale. What we have left of Mill Ends and Factory Seconds will be sacrificed at prices more ridiculous, if possible, than have prevailed during the sale.

A GREAT CLEARANCE OF FANCY AND PLAIN SILKS AT 33c AND 59c YARD. COME.

300 YARDS of SILK GREATLY REDUCED

We've taken our entire stock of odds and ends of Silk and divided it into two lots at 33c and 59c. Here are the details:

Colored Chiffon Taffeta, 20 inches wide. A number of good plain shades and shot effects, to clear at, per yard, **33¢**

Black and White Taffetas, in checks and stripes. **Taffeta and Pailette** Figured Stripes, in navy and brown, and a great number of fancies in other wanted shades. Value to $1.25. Clearing, Saturday, at ..... **59¢**

THREE COAT SPECIALS

We are specialists on the coat question. Here are three, and three leaders that hold the value record for London:

Ladies' Coats, Navy and Black Cheviot, loose and semi-fitted styles; good, full length, at **$5.00**

Ladies' Coats, in Black, Navy, Grey, Wine and Green Kersey Cloth; double-breasted; military collar; long length, at **$10.00**

Ladies' Coats—A variety of styles in Kerseys, Broadcloths and Serges, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inch lengths. Colors are taupe, wine, rose, navy and black, at **$15.00**

MILL ENDS

Cottons, Sheetings, Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Table Linens, Towellings, Specials in Dress Goods, Corsets, Hosiery, Collars, Belts, etc.

UNDERWEAR BARGAINS

Ladies' Grey Union Vests. Regular 35c, for ..... **15¢**

Ladies' Grey Union Drawers, open and closed styles. Regular 25c, for ..... **17¢**

Ladies' Vests and Drawers, white and grey. Regular 50c, for ..... **39¢**

Ladies' Vests and Drawers, grey and cream. Regular 75c, for ..... **59¢**

Ladies' Vests and Drawers, grey and cream; all-wool. Regular $1.25, for ..... **79¢**

Ladies' Red Vests and Drawers. Regular $1.00 value, for ..... **79¢**

Ladies' Black Wool Tights. Regular $1.00 value, for **79¢**

White Knit Corset Covers, white, with long sleeves. Specials at ..... **25¢** and **35¢**

Ladies' O. S. Vests and Drawers, white only. Regular 75c, for ..... **59¢**

Children's Overalls, all-wool, without feet. Value to 65c, for ..... **25¢**

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THINKS GIRL DEAD DISMEMBERS HER

Lawyer's Explanation of Crime of "Prof." Hill, Who Has Pleaded Guilty.

Taunton, Mass., Nov. 11. — "Professor" Frank L. Hill, the nerve doctor, indicted for manslaughter in causing the death of Amelia St. Jean, of Woonsocket, today retracted his previous plea of not guilty in the district court here, and pleaded guilty.

The dismembered portions of the body of the St. Jean girl, with the exception of the head, which has not been recovered, were found scattered along the Bulger marsh road in Tiverton, R. I. After the identity of the victim of the crime had been established, suspicion was directed at Hill, and he was arrested and subsequently indicted for manslaughter. It was alleged by the police that the young woman had visited Hill for the purpose of submitting to an illegal operation, which it was supposed resulted in her death.

Thomas S. Higgins, Hill's attorney, told the court that the St. Jean girl died in Hill's office. She had visited Hill by appointment, and while there had performed an operation upon herself. Shortly afterward she fell to the floor. Hill believed the woman had fainted and applied restoratives, but after an hour of unavailing work he came to the conclusion that she was dead. Terrified, the lawyer said, Hill dismembered the body and disposed of it. The torso and limbs he scattered along the Bulger marsh road in Tiverton, while the head was wrapped in a black skirt and thrown into the bushes near St. Patrick's Cemetery, in Fall River.

While the attorney for "Professor" Hill was making the statement reporters in Fall River found in the spot indicated in the confession the head of the victim, which completed the dismembered body of Miss St. Jean. Pending the examination of the head and in view of the statement of four doctors that they could not accept Hill's alleged confession as true, Judge Stevens postponed sentence in the case and Hill was remanded to jail.

The maximum sentence for manslaughter in this state is 20 years' imprisonment.

FIFTY DOMESTICS COME TO CANADA

Liverpool, Nov. 11.—Bonny, blyth and gay was the general description of over fifty British domestic servants who left Liverpool on Wednesday last for Canada by the Canadian Pacific liner Lake Champlain. They were going out under the auspices of the British Women's Emigration Association—an institution that has done much good work in supplying the Dominion with a much-felt want. They were drawn from practically every quarter of the kingdom, and one and all were in high glee at the prospect of the good things that awaited them in the land of "My Lady of the Snows."

Miss Chapman, an elderly personage, who accompanied them, is a businesslike little woman, and explained to the writer, with a verry twinkle, that a large majority of the girls that the association sent out no sooner arrived at their new homes than they fell in love and straightway set up houses on their own account. This is really too bad, after all the association's brother! But, then, the girls are not to be blamed. If the association send out the very class of girls that are much sought after by bachelor farmers there is little cause for wonder in the constant cry of "send out more." Wittingly, or unwittingly, the association is doing a good work in the matrimonial line, and there are many young farmers in Canada who bless the association's existence.

Big Party in Spring.

Mrs. Sanford of the Girls' Home of Welcome at Winnipeg, arrived here this week. She told the writer that she hopes to take out quite a big party of girls in the spring. En passant it is rumored that Mrs. Sanford will early next year sever her connection with the Girls' Home of Welcome, and will act directly under the Government in securing domestics. Her field of labor will not be confined to Canada, but will embrace Australia and New Zealand.

HOW FOOLISH WE WERE----

to put up with that miserable old stove all these years when we might have had a

ROYAL JEWEL

It bakes well, looks well and works well, is economical with fuel and very moderate in price; in fact, THE ROYAL JEWEL is one of the best featured ranges ever made anywhere.

SEVERAL STYLES AND SIZES TO SUIT PURCHASERS

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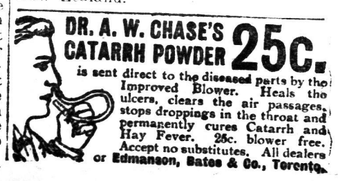

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