

## 16 Full Ounces

Of tea to the pound in all packets of

SALADA  
CEYLON TEA

And then it's the most delicious tea in the world. Lead packets only.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c.  
All Grocers.

## JESSAMINE.

"My family!" he said, in forced gaiety, on the morning of his departure. "I assure you, my consequence in my own eyes is mightily augmented by the acquisition of my new honors."

Eunice called up one of her slow, bright smiles of acknowledgment. Jessie appeared to heed the compliment as little as she did the parting, that drew tears from her sister's eyes and choked Roy's farewell directions as to the care she must take of herself while he was away.

"I shall write to you every day, my sweet wife," he promised. "And it will not harm you—it may help you to while away the time, if you can scribble a few lines to me in return, now and then."

"If I can I will. If you wish it I will write certainly. But don't expect to hear every day from me. There's very little here to write about, you know," answered Jessie.

Eunice wondered, to reverent admiration, at the love and forbearance with which he thanked her for the concession.

They attended him to the porch. The morning was foggy, and Roy put Jessie back in the shelter of the hall door.

"It is too damp for you out here! Don't stand there to see me off!"

Eunice—maybe he would have been better satisfied had she disregarded the loving command. As it was, when he waved his hand from the carriage door, Eunice stood alone in the doorway. Yet she was sure Jessie did not mean to be ungracious; that she was not really insensible to the devotion of the husband of her choice; but that for the stay of his presence, she must have gone mad or been in her overwhelming grief. What she mistook for unwillful reserve was an incessant effort to control herself, to play the woman and not the child. It was her not to interfere even so far as to hint that Roy's kindest schemes for her comfort or pleasure as often as not were unnoticed by verbal thanks or grateful looks from her whom he aimed to benefit. As Jessie's interest in the outer world and passing events revived, this blenheim would vanish. Older people, who had known more of the discipline of life, had fallen into the mistake of idolizing their sorrows while they were new.

The sisters were at tea on the third day of Mr. Fordham's absence, when a letter was brought to Jessie.

"From Roy," she said, quietly, and laid it down by her plate. She must have been fining herself, for she hurried through hers in the belief that the wife wished to be alone when she read it.

Instead of this Jessie broke the seal, and read the four closely written pages by the lamp upon the supper table, while her sister washed the silver and china in the same little cedar-wood pail, with shining, happy hoops her mother had used for this purpose a quarter of a century before.

Eunice was inclined to be scrupulous in the matters of extreme cleanliness and system in housekeeping, and neatness and fitness of apparel; and had other and quaint, but never unpleasant, peculiarities that leaned towards what the vulgar and unappreciative style "old-maidism." But she was a bonny picture to behold tonight, her black dress setting off her fairness to exquisite advantage; her features chastened into purer outline and a softer serenity by sorrow; her eyes more beautiful for the shadows that had darkened them.

She was younger in appearance and feeling than her companion, who scanned, without change of expression and complexion, the love-words that had streamed, a strong, living tide, from the writer's heart. She read it all, from address to signature; then handed it to her sister, who had just summoned Patsy to remove the hot water and towels.

"There are several messages to you in it," she said languidly. "You can read them for yourself."

Eunice drew back.

"I don't think he meant it for any eye but yours, dear. Tell me what he says to me."

"I should have to go all over it again in order to do that," returned Jessie. "They are scattered sentences—business items, and the like. You may look for them at your leisure. I shall leave the letter upon the table here."

She put it down under the lamp, and turned her chair to the fire.

This was their sitting-room now that the two, with Patsy, composed the household. By tacit consent they avoided the parlor, as recalling too

vividly the gatherings and the happiness of other days. Jessie had leaned back in her cushioned seat, staring in a blank, purposeless way at the fire for five minutes or more, when Eunice took her place with her work-box on the other side of the hearth.

"You insist, then, that I shall read your love-letter?" she asked pleasantly.

Faithful to her promise to Roy to do all in her power for the restoration of Jessie's native cheerfulness, she compelled herself to wear a tranquil countenance in her sight, to speak hopelessly and when she could, brightly, in addressing her.

Jessie neither smiled nor frowned. She looked simply and wearily indifferent.

"If you please," she said, without withdrawing her gaze from the blazing logs.

Eunice skimmed the first three pages cursorily, on the watch for any mention of her own name, beset, all the while, by the idea that her own act in opening the letter at all bordered on profanation, and affected almost as much by stray sentences she could not avoid seeing, eloquent of the young husband's tender compassion for his loved one, his longing to be with her, and fond prognostications of the peace and joy of their future life.

At the top of the fourth page a passage seemed to dart up at her from the sheet, and, leaping into view, to be changed into characters of red-hot flame.

"What a discreet little woman you are, never to hint to me your knowledge of Orrin's engagement! The communication took me completely by surprise. He could scarcely believe that you had not told me, said that he was determined to Dundee on purpose to impart to you the agreeable and important secret. The marriage is fixed for December. I always prophesied that he would marry in haste when he had selected the lady, whom I am extremely curious to meet. He has floated from flower to flower so long that his selection ought to be worth seeing. You know her, he tells me. I shall expect a full-length description of her done in your finest style, when I return. I own I should be better satisfied that he is to be made as happy as I would have him, if Miss Sanford were not an heiress. While you and I—and others who know him well, will never suspect him of selling himself for money, the above fact may give occasion for scandal-mongers to rave and exalt. The father of the bride-elect is in town. I met him in the street today with Orrin. Rumor has it that his business here is to purchase the new house opposite Judge Provost's, as a residence for the happy pair. It will be a handsome home, but I hope and believe that we shall be as content in our love-nest of a cottage."

Jessie did not look around as her sister refolded the letter, tucked it into the envelope, and laid it upon the table. But while each believed herself to be separated from the other by a fathomless gulf of memories, every one of which was an anguish, both were pondering the same section of the epistle, that lay between them.

The announcement of Wyllys' approaching marriage was, in itself, nothing to the wife. The thought of it had lost the power to wound when she parted with her faith in him. The wrong pain had done her could never be forgiven; he had misled her purposefully; deceived her cruelly; had robbed her life of love and hope, and given her self-contempt and remorse instead. But she did not regret him—she now knew him to be—or linger fondly upon recollections of their bygone intimacy. Hester Sanford was welcome to the suitor her gold had bought.

The phrases that had found a sentient spot in her breast were these: "Whom I am extremely curious to meet." "I shall expect a full-length description of her." The apathetic misery which had looked upon her with fateful eyes since her father's death had not rendered her totally unmindful of her husband's long-suffering and gentleness, his unselfish love and care of herself. She was persuaded that the girl's passion that had made of him a demon was gone forever. Her flesh faded and her spirit died within her, at the caresses to which she had turned herself in the days of her idolatry, as innocently and as naturally. She could never love again—the fire had seared too deeply for that; but she had begun to believe that she might find comfort in esteeming and liking her only protector, might seek, and not in vain, in a calm, true friendship for this good man, forgetfulness of the storms that had wrecked her early dreams.

In his frank and noble presence suspicion stood rebuked. It was easier to discredit the evidence of one's own senses and judgment than to doubt his integrity.

(To be Continued.)

A man of letters has but little show in a breach of promise case.

No amount of culture will make a man stop snoring in his sleep.

The life of the business woman is not easy. Usually it is a monotonous routine of work, often aggravated by the ill temper or stupidity of others. And when the physical condition of the woman keeps her in constant suffering, it makes her lot a hard one.

So many women have found entire relief from the ills peculiarly feminine, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that it seems almost criminal to neglect the opportunity of a complete cure offered by the use of this medicine.

You are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., either personally or by letter free of charge. If your case is severe or others have failed to reach it, do not hesitate to write to or go and see Dr. Pierce. Your letter will be read in private, its contents treated as a sacred confidence, and an answer promptly returned in a plain envelope bearing no printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness for about two years," writes Mrs. Emma Richardson, of Goss, Wayne Co., N. Y. "I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and felt as well as I ever did. I have also used Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for ulceration of the throat with good results and half of one bottle cured my throat when I could scarcely swallow."

The permanent benefit to health from the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets is testified to by thousands of women. They regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by all medicine dealers.

AN OLD SAND CLOCK.

It is very easy for us who have watches and clocks to tell the time of day or to note the passage of the minutes, but in the olden time, before the invention of clocks and watches, there were others just as important to their owners, if not quite as accurate as ours. At first the ancients had sun-dials, by which it was easy to tell the hour of the day by the shadow that they cast. In the night time this was impossible, and so water clocks and sand clocks were invented. The water clock was nothing more than a vessel of water with a small hole in the bottom through which the water leaked away. An upright rod in the vessel was marked by the hours registered on the sun-dial in such a way that as the water flowed out the figures remaining above water showed how many hours had passed since it was filled. But this was rather inconvenient, for the vessel had to be refilled every day, and it was rather a damp clock at best, not well adapted to stand on the mantelpiece. Working on the principle of using sand, the most fluid of solids, was reached. This was not allowed to run away, but merely passed through a minute hole from one glass to the other. In the National Museum of Germany is one of the oldest of these sand clocks, dating from the year 1600. It was intended to mark each quarter of the hour, for on the first hour glass the figure one-quarter showed that when all

of its sand had passed downward 15 minutes were past. The second was marked two-four; it was a half-hour glass. The third was marked three-four, making the last a real hour glass. All the difference between the four glasses lies in the amount of sand being increased by the amount in the first one in each succeeding glass.

AN OLD SAND CLOCK.

A new insulating material known as Iron felt, and made in Germany, is being extensively used in Europe for a number of purposes. For the prevention of vibration it is said to be quite successful, and it is placed between engines and their foundations and also between rails and sleepers. It consists of the larger and stouter woolen fibres treated with a by-product of petroleum and then coated with gelatine and India rubber and vulcanized. After pressure it is used in the form of plates somewhat over two square feet in area, and from one-half to two inches in thickness. The plates are said to be extremely elastic and impermeable, and have a surface so hard as not to be cut by the sharp edges of bolt-heads or iron girders.—Public Opinion.

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## A Song for Canada.

O! gather, sons and daughters of the beauty of the North!  
O! gather, men and women, for the nation bids you forth!  
Your Canada demands it; you, her children, are you true,  
Are you faithful to the Empire and the old Red, White and Blue?

Some are boasting of true Britain ever wears the Maple Leaf;  
Some would set the hardy Beaver on to fight his Lion Chief.  
Let them hear our proud defiance—they may dry Niagara's flood  
Ere our land forgets the Name for which our fathers shed their blood!

Let them say there's not a Briton in our dear Canadian home,  
But the bond of blood is stronger than the banner of foam.  
A thousand leagues may separate—a thousand seas may blind  
Till the brotherhood of Britain is the glory of mankind.

We cannot and we will not have our Canada discolored  
Her portion in the Empire, in the Flag, the Roll of Fame;  
Britain leads among the nations, she will set the people free,  
She will march to man's redemption, but she needs the Maple Tree.

They would plier his allegiance from the strong Canadian heart,  
And bargain for his heritage with diplomatic art;  
They would hew our stately Maple into splinters in their spite  
Till they left no branch in Canada to bear their emblem bright.

But her forests are not wider than the race of patriot sons  
That will bless her, every acre, where grass grows or water runs.  
That will love her, live and work for her, and die for her at last,  
And sleep beneath her maples with the heroes of the past.

Let folly fill the shallow heart that lays his birthright down;  
Confusion take the hollow heart disloyal to the Crown!  
There's no excuse of vicious king or monarch let us be true  
To justify the traitor to the world's best hope to-day.

For England, mother England, still fights hard for right to be,  
Her glittering Crown the symbol yet of valient men and free.  
Look, fellow Britons, look and judge what alien banners are,  
For a brighter flag than England's you must seek another star!

Then rise and reign, Dominion fair, between the world-wide seas;  
White Peace her mighty pinion spreads to cherish your decrees;  
Strong as the North your sons go forth with Freedom for their dower,  
To guard from blame your name and fame, to build you like a tower.

No destiny will daunt them, no adversity dismay,  
The King of kings will grant them wisdom with the power they sway;  
And while their pride to Britain turns—the Empire of the Free—  
For Canada their loyal love, their heart's desire shall be!

—Albert E. S. Smythe,  
Toronto, Dominion Day, 1899.

## AN OLD SAND CLOCK

It used to Mark Time in Olden Times Before Clocks and Watches Had Been Invented.

It is very easy for us who have watches and clocks to tell the time of day or to note the passage of the minutes, but in the olden time, before the invention of clocks and watches, there were others just as important to their owners, if not quite as accurate as ours. At first the ancients had sun-dials, by which it was easy to tell the hour of the day by the shadow that they cast. In the night time this was impossible, and so water clocks and sand clocks were invented. The water clock was nothing more than a vessel of water with a small hole in the bottom through which the water leaked away. An upright rod in the vessel was marked by the hours registered on the sun-dial in such a way that as the water flowed out the figures remaining above water showed how many hours had passed since it was filled. But this was rather inconvenient, for the vessel had to be refilled every day, and it was rather a damp clock at best, not well adapted to stand on the mantelpiece. Working on the principle of using sand, the most fluid of solids, was reached. This was not allowed to run away, but merely passed through a minute hole from one glass to the other. In the National Museum of Germany is one of the oldest of these sand clocks, dating from the year 1600. It was intended to mark each quarter of the hour, for on the first hour glass the figure one-quarter showed that when all

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## HOARD'S IDEAL CREAMERY

How the Statesman and Editor Has Put His Ideas Into Practical Working Shape.

Former Governor W. D. Hoard of Wisconsin may properly be termed the practical idealist of the dairy world. He is editor of Hoard's Dairyman, published at Fort Atkinson, and some of his ideas have been brought out in a new creamery, which is described by Superintendent C. L. Fitch as follows:

There are six buildings in the plant. The office, with a force of six persons. The barn, electric lighted, with space for the teamsters' wagons, light wagon and for three teams, besides the driver. The storehouse and box factory, where the whitewood butter boxes are made daily.

The engine house and electric light and power plant. The skimmilk tanks and weighers are also here in the rear and so entirely away from the creamery. The light and power plant furnishes light for all the buildings and for the homes of the four Hoard families, for The Dairyman office and for the leading hotel, and power for the creamery and The Dairyman's presses.

The icehouse and cold storage plant, using the Dexter system, and storing each season for sale on the winter market from 2,000 to 3,000 tubs of butter, the excess during May and June over the

demand of the creamery's private trade, which receives only butter made the week (in many cases the day) of shipment. Here also are stored each summer as high as 200,000 dozen of eggs from the creameries' patrons besides the large quantities shipped fresh daily to Chicago.

The creamery building, with packing and shipping rooms above.

As to the interior of the creamery, you know it is finished in porcelain tile, paneled walls, marble bases and steps, with electric lights and electric power, wide, plated brass piping and metal work; white enameled and natural paneled wood vats and churn, porcelain cream tanks, copper milk vats, enameled and nickel-plated Alpha separators; ice water for cooling, artesian water flowing 1,500 gallons an hour for washing butter and for use about the park and buildings; three men, well trained for their work, clad in white, with a daily change of raiment; a large run of milk, making an average of about five pounds of butter to the hundredweight; a highly developed dairy community; a name and a plan, a community and an opportunity for the making and delivering of unsurpassed butter. Three butter makers are employed in the home factory. Clarence McPherson, a man of much experience, with Mr. Hoard almost from the beginning, is in charge. Thomas Kyle, Jr., and Clarence Dibble are the other butter makers, and both are skilled in handling large quantities of fine print butter.

We use methods of butter making work which are new and designed particularly for our purposes here—methods for obtaining butter of absolutely uniform color, the natural June shade, throughout the year and from the different creameries of the line and ways of keeping the fall and winter flavor as near as may be like that of the grass season. The metric system is in use within the creameries except in the matter of weights, which must be in pounds for customers' convenience. All glassware and graduates are metric and per cents instead of ounces to pounds methods are used throughout, which is thought very accurate and gives better results.

Foamy Cream.

Many times in winter and spring and from various causes cream, when churned, foams up light and increases two or three times its original quantity. Instead of the butter breaking and coming together, it will scarcely break at all, and when it does it resembles fish eggs and will not gather. The following remedy has been tested on the most obstinate cases and has never failed to bring good results: After pouring the cream in the churn add hot water till the cream is at a temperature of 70 degrees; then add one half teaspoonful of salt to every three gallons of sour cream; then churn as usual. The butter will break in about 15 minutes and will gather perfectly.—Live Stock.

Dairy Constitution.

The good dairy cow must have the constitution and capacity for the consumption and assimilation of a large amount of food that she converts into milk, and it is a safe rule to discard any cow in the dairy that does not show a good appetite when liberally fed with a good variety of food.—Dairy World.

Afghanistan has a regular army of about 60,000 men.



FORMER GOVERNOR HOARD OF HOARD'S CREAMERIES.



## Housefurnishings

TABLE OILCLOTH. Thirty different patterns, pure white, black, marble and stripes, checks, plaids and figured, in all best colors, guaranteed not to crack, 45 inches wide; regular price, 19c a yard. Saturday and Monday.

PAINT. Ready-mixed, for inside or outside use, on any surface, best quality, any color or shade, excepting red and green; regular price, 30c quart can. Saturday and Monday.

WINDOW SHADES. Odd lines of this season's Window Shades, regular size, different shades, with lace trimmings; regular price, 35c and 50c. While they last.

WINDOW SHADES. Fitted with brackets, pulls, nails, etc., mounted on spring roller, plain colors; this lot contains about one dozen, one or two of each kind; regular price, 25c, at.

SHADE ROLLERS. Best Hartshorn Spring Roller, about 50, to be cleared out at.

WINDOW SCREENS. Adjustable Window Screens, fitted with best wire, 20c and 25c. Special Saturday and Monday.

25-inch ..... 15c  
30-inch ..... 19c

## Hammocks

Clearing sale of sample Hammocks, about 30 left, only one of each kind.

\$5 25 Hammocks now.....\$3 50  
\$4 50 Hammocks now.....\$3 25  
\$3 50 Hammocks now.....\$2 50  
\$3 00 Hammocks now.....\$1 95  
\$2 65 Hammocks now.....\$1 75  
\$2 50 Hammocks now.....\$1 65  
\$2 00 Hammocks now.....\$1 50  
\$1 00 Hammocks now..... 69

## Wall Paper Clearance

Any person having any papering to do yet, will find it to their advantage to visit the Big Store Saturday and Monday.

LOT NO. 1—Pretty Bedroom Glimmer Wallpapers, in light and dark colors, with borders; regular 7c a roll, 6c; border, 4-inch, per yard, 2c.

LOT NO. 2—Gilt and Glimmer Wallpapers, suitable for halls, parlors, dining and bedrooms, in light and dark colors; regular 10c per roll, at 7c.

LOT NO. 3—Fine American Papers, in different shades and designs, for halls, parlors, libraries, dining, sitting and drawing rooms, to be sold at price; 20c papers, 10c; 25c papers, 15c.

## Fruit Jars

The demand for Fruit Jars is so great that the manufacturers cannot supply the great quantities needed; this scarcity will naturally raise the price in fruit jars. However, we intend to clear our stock out, because we want the room at very low prices: One pint Crown Jars, per dozen, 50c; one quart Crown Jars, per dozen, 60c; half-gallon Crown Jars, per dozen, 75c.

Underwear and Hosiery

Mid-summer clearing sale of Ladies' and Children's Summer Underwear and Hosiery starts tomorrow.

Ladies' Summer Vests, in white and black, extra shaped and tape neck, half sleeves; a good 25c vest at. 15c  
Ladies' Richellee Ribbed Cotton Vests, cream, square low neck, half sleeve; regular price 15c. Saturday and Monday.

Ladies' Long Sleeve Cotton Vests, extra fine, cream color; special, 15c, 2 for ..... 25c  
Children's Half Sleeve Cotton Vests, at ..... 5c

Ladies' Cotton Hosiery, in fawn and black, high-spliced heel and toe, Hermsdorf dye; regular price, 15c a pair, at. 10c  
Ladies' Cotton Hose, prime Hermsdorf black, does not turn green, read Maco yarn, double sole; regular price, 35c a pair, at. 25c  
Children's Black Stockings, fast black, Hermsdorf dye, all children's sizes; regular 25c stockings, at ..... 15c

All sensible people ride

Hobbs' Winchester Bicycles

Highest Quality. - Lowest Price.

CALL AND SEE THEM

McLean's Hardware, Dundas St

A Tip or Two.

When you want to get a nice, neat piece of printing you will find it to your advantage to come to The Advertiser Job Printing Department. Your order will be promptly executed—and the price will be as reasonable as you can secure elsewhere. If you are too busy to call, phone 175 and our canvasser will wait on you.

Mail orders receive careful attention.

Advertiser Job Printing Department, LONDON.

## Appetizing

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

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

Rodel French Peas, 15c.