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E.N. HUNT
190 DUNDAS STREET.

FAITHFUL
TILL THE END

APRIL XXIII.

"Here we are again!" cries Summer, that pretty clown, springing to our midst almost without a word of warning. The hot, glad sun is glinting upon the full-leaved hedges and all the world seems "afire with roses."

Spring has passed away. Our vestal virgin that "goeth all in white," and now here is June—mad, rampant, laughing all the day, and far into the night, and waking—only to laugh again.

Gaveston's return to life had been a matter of much delight to many people, for Peter in his quiet way had been very universally liked. His wife's devotion to him in his illness had proved a nine days' wonder, and had at once lifted the volatile Cecilia to quite a high position in public opinion—perhaps higher than she even aspired to.

But what took Bigley-on-Sea by storm, what dwarfed its interest in Peter's recovery, and Cecilia's astonishing widely devotion, was the fact of Nell's strange recovery.

The big man from town had been brought down again, and had again formed an opinion in Nell's case—a highly favorable one this time, and, having pocketed his fee, he was quite as surprised at her miraculous recovery as the least scientific person in Bigley, only he did not say so, but reminded them that he had always said, and he it is time. To time, Mr. Gaveston.

Mr. Gaveston nodded, keeping his thoughts to himself. And then the big man had ordered this for Nell—and that—the other thing, but at all events, in spite of him, Nell grew stronger daily, and now in this sweet month of June is able to get about again—slowly, certainly, and with many halts, and the help of a stick, but always with the next day's performance better than the last.

Mrs. Chance, who is ever on the alert, and as wide awake as an owl at midnight on the prowl for a mouse, had written to Alec from the time giving very vague hints of Nell's improvement, until that improvement was sure. And now very urgently—seeing that Sir Stephen's visits are still as frequent at the Park "as when out of his chair," she writes on saying, "he went to see that poor crippled girl."

She had compelled herself to believe this, refusing to acknowledge, even to herself, that Wortley's visits there had a deeper significance than that of a doctor's visits. Last week she wrote again to Grant, desiring him to come at once and try his fate once more with Nell. And Grant, only too eager to tempt it, had come today, and encouraged by the recovery of Bella, has written to Gaveston Park to tell Nell lying in a long chair on the sunny side of the garden. Deep in cushions, and looking lovely, if a little fragile still, and with the fresh touch of life's colors on her lips and in her eyes.

Wortley is seated near her, Cecilia hovering round, while Gaveston and his little son, at a rustic table, are pouring out the tea. Just now Cecilia, within the circle of her own family, is popularly supposed to be able to do nothing, but enjoy herself and look lovely. The latter she does to perfection, and for the other, the gay little smile that wreathes her lips at times speaks for it. A secret—the barest and besides, it is only "the family" that knows a word of it—it is said that, later on, before the hard snows fall, Geoffrey's dainty nose will be out of joint. The idea that it may be a daughter that is to be added to the riches of the house, has taken Nell's fancy by storm, and she is now, indeed, seems contented to sit in her room, pulling her skirts aside to give him room, and devotes her whole attention to him. And the young man's heart, seeing her so well, although still so undoubtedly an invalid, swells with him.

That Sir Stephen is always beside her, troubles him at first, but when after awhile Wortley moves away, his heart grows lighter, and he tells himself that Wortley has seen how it is, and is giving him a clear field, that he knows the game is up, and so on.

Here Cecilia brings Nell her tea, and Grant, starting to his feet, hurries across to the little rustic table to bring her some cake.

"No, no," says she, shaking her

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charming head, with a smile that is as pretty as it can be. And then she lifts herself a little, so as to look over Grant's shoulder, and says to some one beyond—in a clear, distinct tone: "Stephan! Why don't you bring me my bread and butter?"

"Something?" What is it? Or was there really anything? Something there must have been, for all at once Grant knows there is no hope for him—that he has no chance with her—that he is less than nothing to her—and that Wortley is all the world!

As soon as it is possible to him he rises and bids her good-bye—if he had a last lingering doubt, the fact that she accepts his going, kindly but differently, and never so much as asks him when he is coming again, or how long his leave lasts, or where he will be tomorrow, destroys it.

Cecilia and Gaveston accompany him to the gate, where he parts with them, with a last backward glance towards the garden, that shows him Nell laughing prettily at Wortley—who is, however, looking a little grave and disturbed.

Grant's walk back to his sister's house is filled with thoughts that can scarcely be called pleasant. Those that relate to Bella are, indeed, distinctly unpleasant, and there are moments when he curses himself for his stupidity in being brought to such a pass as this. Bella had distinctly given him to understand that Nell—(dear little Nell!) for her there is not, even at this heart-breaking juncture, a thought that is not altogether loving—was still free to be wooed and won, and yet half an hour ago he had been so explicit to prove to him that her heart was irrevocably given away.

"Well!" says she hurriedly. The hope in her tone is evident as she turns to him, but it is extinguished as her eyes meet his.

"Well! Nothing is well! I don't know what you mean by telling me what you did this morning."

"What you did to see you, then?" "In the sense you mean, no!" "She is a vile coquette, then," says Mrs. Chance, with a viperous tightening of her lips.

"She is no such thing," says Grant, almost violently. "And once for all, I may as well tell you that I will hear no word said against her by you, or by anyone."

"You are very complaisant, I must say. You defend her, though she, at the last moment, has thrown you over, even though you came so many miles to see her, she was not even—as you say—kind to see you."

"You make a mistake there! She was glad to see me. Too glad. Ineffably glad! I should think," says Grant, with a touch of angry reproach, "that anyone with an eye in his head could have seen that she is in love with Wortley."

"She is not!" Bella has changed color.

"You will tell me next, perhaps, that he is not in love with her?"

"He is not!" The same phrase falls from his working lips, but now even more vehemently. "She was ill—he was kind—that is all!"

Grant looks at his shoulders. "So much for your penetration," says he. He is too much engaged over his own miseries to have heed to the terrible disappointment that is beginning to show itself in her face. "They are as engaged in my opinion, if not already."

"Your opinion! What is it worth, I wonder? Language! They are not engaged!" "I could almost swear they aren't. Maria would not hear of it, for one thing."

"Maria does not work this world," says Grant. "And look here. Your saying she is not in love with him would hold water for a moment. She is—growing—is that in love with him that she can't even eat bread and butter unless he gives it to her."

"Splendid evidence!" says Bella, scornfully. "What a fool you are!"

"I am not a fool. No, I shall not go and tell her the worst opinion of her."

"You ought to wait! To go back. Tomorrow she will think you a clever sort of girl," says Grant, slowly. "You are right, I am a fool. No, I shall not go and tell her the worst opinion of her."

"Oh, rot!" says her brother, walking out of the room and slamming the door behind him.

Even now Bella, who has great staying powers, will not acknowledge to herself that the game is at an end. Maria! Surely Maria will see a way out of the difficulty, if, indeed, difficulty there be. It seems impossible to believe that Stephen is really anxious to marry that ridiculous girl, with her frivolous and capricious nature, and her crippled, in spite of what the biggest doctors in Europe may say.

[To be Continued.]

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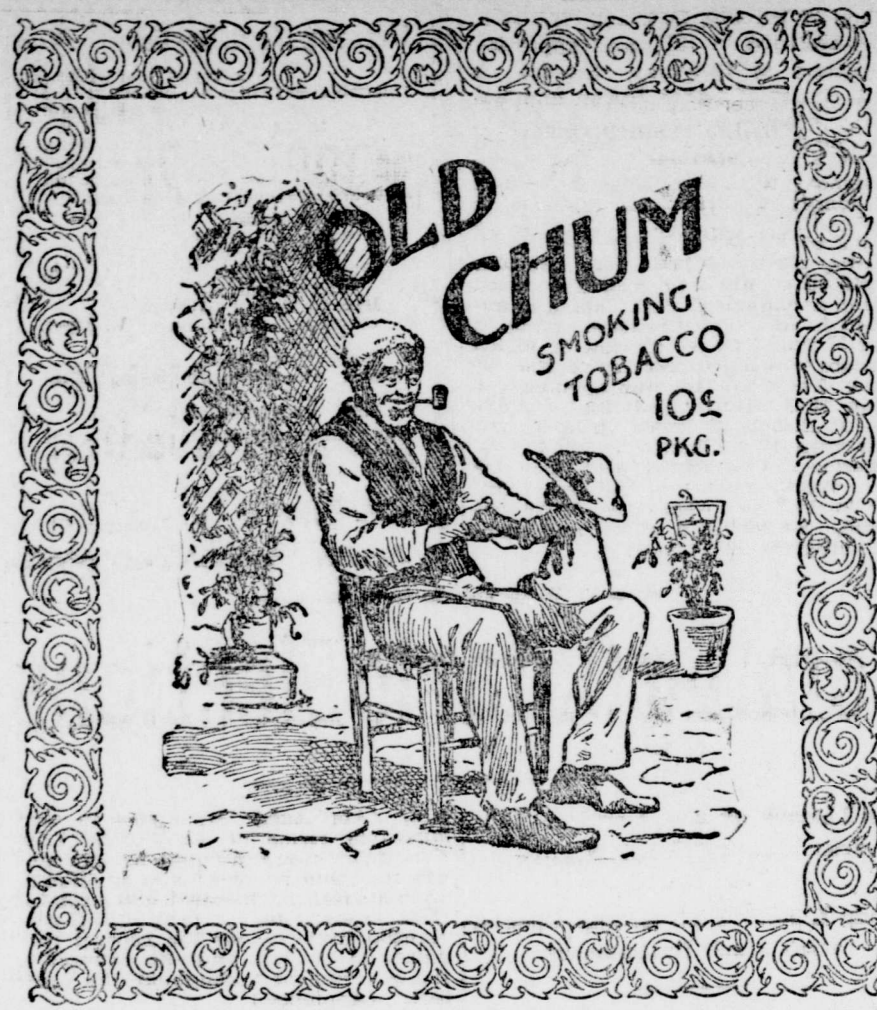
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Smokeslack Sparks.

The Canadian Roads Have Plenty of Freight to Do.

Large Shipments of Cattle Via Montreal

New Rules Recommended in

Re Shipment of Grain from

Canada Via United

States Ports.

A large amount of stock is moving

on the G. T. R. Fifteen cars of stock

were shipped to Montreal for export

on Saturday morning.

Ten new box cars have just been

added to the C. P. R.'s rolling stock

at Toronto Junction.

Mr. Frank Watson, G. T. R. district

freight agent, at Sarnia, was pres-

ented the other day with a traveling

bag and silver toilet set by the rail-

way employees. He is soon to be

married.

Some 15 or 20 men will be added

to the large staff of employees already

busily employed in the C. P. R. car

shops at Toronto, and at once

time ago a number of men were laid

off, but the pressure of work became

so great that it was soon found to be

essential to re-engage them. This has

been the busiest season in these shops

for some years.

The decline in passenger business

has been over one hundred train loads

of cattle transhipped from the west, for

export via Montreal. The one hundred

and second train now on the way

east of Fort William. Estimating

20 cars to a train and 20 head of

cattle to a car, which is a good rate

estimate, from a railway point of view,

there have been, together with the

now on the road, about 1,000 in round

numbers shipped from Montreal during

the season.

The decline in passenger business

during the past week has enabled the

Grand Trunk to make several changes

in the traffic department with a view

of economizing. On the run from Tor-

onto to Sarnia, the Toronto engines

will make the through journey in-

stead of being changed at Stratford, as

heretofore. The passenger work be-

tween Goderich and Stratford will be

performed by three engines instead of

four. These changes will make three

or four more engines available for

freight traffic.

New rules governing the shipment

of grain from Canada exported via

the M. C. R. on Thursday, a truck

and the St. Thomas Journal, when No. 5

express went from St. Thomas to

Windsor 111 minutes, in 102 minutes.

The train was late when Engineer Joseph

Worden pulled out of the yards here,

and the train left at 10:15 a.m. The

time before the train rolled into the

Windsor depot, Ridgeway, 43 miles

from St. Thomas, was 102 minutes.

The train made one stop

minutes, which delayed it seven minutes, and

four slow-ups meant about 7 or 8

minutes more. The train traveled, de-

ducting these losses, 72 miles an hour.

It was the fastest run ever made on

the west division of the M. C. R. The

train was composed of four sleepers

and a parlor car, each weighing 40

tons, or a total of 200 tons.

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Proposed Changes in the Constitution

Officers Nominated.

Ottawa, Oct. 11.—The King's Daughters

resumed their session today. The

postponed revision of the constitution

will be the first order of business. The

amendment—the first regarding

the spiritual life of the order, the sec-

ond on membership. Her remarks on

the unity of the whole order won much

applause.

On the amendment that all enrolled

members are hereby constituted mem-

bers of the Canadian branch, Mrs.

Davis said no members were wanted

who could not pay 25 cents for mem-

bership.

The secretary for Ontario said that

the province voted on a pay mem-

ber, but Mrs. Tilley did not want the

constitution amended in that respect

until all the provinces followed Ont-

ario's lead.

The nominating committee submitted

the following names of officers for

election: For Dominion secretary, Mrs.

E. M. Tilley, London; Mrs. Thompson,

Fredericton; Mrs. Patterson, Montreal.

For Dominion treasurer, Miss F. Mor-

ris, Ottawa; Mr. Tucker, Ottawa; Miss

G. Strain, Windsor.

The session of this morning was

brought to a close by the regular

Bible talk by Mrs. Dottomo. The col-

lection taken up for the relief of the

Casseiman sufferers amounted to \$34.18.

The delegates may remain here till

the 14th. The Ontario province con-

vention opens tomorrow, and all the

visitors are invited to remain. Many

will remain, being desirous of hearing

Rev. D. L. Moody. This afternoon the

reports of the finance and resolution

committees were presented, and a

number of papers read. Mr. Davis

will revise the constitution, and sub-

mit several amendments to it.

Very few, probably, are aware that

the fur, or vegetable down, of the

cat-tail is a marketable article, su-

perior to feathers or cotton for many

purposes. It is not quite so valuable

or useful as eiderdown, but it ap-

proaches it very closely, and is cheap-

er than any of the three. As a mat-

ter of fact a great many people are

today using articles covered with cat-

tail products who have no idea where

the material comes from.

It is a vast extent of country, com-