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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

TANGLED THREADS

"It was a fine show, wasn't it?" she went on airily, and regardless apparently of her coldness, "the finest we've ever had yet, and I've seen every one since they were first started."

"Ah!" absently observed her listener.

"Yes; there were more truly artistic designs than ever before. The Wallace trap, for instance, was lovely, and I was told that you had a hand in that; and it really was like your dainty taste."

The lie was uttered glibly enough, for she had been told nothing of the kind, she had simply assumed it, for the sake of learning the truth.

"Yes?" was the non-committal response that made the spinster's eyes flash angrily, and she immediately bridled to shoot an arrow that should tell.

"The girls looked lovely," she began, with a sweetly patronizing air; "their beautiful costumes and dead-black hats, against the background of green, were exceedingly effective. But, really, Mrs. Seymour—in a tone of grave surprise—"I wonder that you could have allowed Helen to appear so conspicuously in the parade, after—"

"After what, Miss Lampton?" demanded Mrs. Seymour, with an air, in a tone that made the malicious woman wince, in spite of her effrontery, while she arose and stood tall and straight and imposing, before her.

And just at that moment she espied Mr. Lancaster standing in the doorway, and wondered what could have caused the stern compression of his lips and the flash of fire in his eyes.

He had been obliged to pause for a moment there, for a knot of ladies barred his way, and were so absorbed in what they were saying they did not observe that he was here, overhearing that which made his blood boil and tingle with indignation at his very finger tips.

"Yes," said the spokeswoman of the group, "Miss Lampton says that Mrs. Ellsworth has known her ever since she pretends at all—that she really is a disreputable character—"

"Ah! I heard something about that myself," interposed a little woman in an eager tone, "but she is such a beautiful looking woman, and seems so refined, I could hardly credit it."

"Well, but it's true, all the same," was the response, "for Mrs. Ellsworth says her name isn't Seymour at all, and that the girl never had a father. Just to think of it! And she riding in the procession today in such a brazen way!"

Mr. Lancaster waited to hear no more, but with blazing eyes and a face almost as white as his hair, pushed his way through the group toward Mrs. Seymour, who, with a red spot on either cheek, was waiting Miss Lampton's reply to her question.

"Why—I shouldn't think you'd need to ask—after all that has been said about you and her," was the sharp and insulting retort, which also fell upon Mr. Lancaster's ears as he drew near. Miss Lampton saw him at that instant, and something in his face made her quake inwardly.

"Why?" she exclaimed, hardly conscious of what she was saying, "are you acquainted with Mrs. Seymour, Mr. Lancaster?—I saw you helping her out of the crowd, but I didn't suppose you knew each other."

The gentleman had removed his hat upon entering the room, and now stood towering and erect beside the woman he adored, his splendid figure, his fine head crowned with its abundant snow-white hair, making him one to be singled out among a thousand.

"Yes," he replied to the disconcerted woman before him, his tones clear and incisive, his words crisp and curt, and heard by everyone in the room, upon which a sudden hush had fallen. "I have known this lady for more than twenty years; she is—my wife, madam!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst the result could not have been more paralyzing.

A hush like that of death settled over the group of gossips, everyone of whom had learned something of the wealthy and distinguished Mr. Lancaster, and his enviable position in the world; and every face had grown blank and gray from mingled astonishment and consternation when that astounding and triumphant declaration

Superstitions on Skin Diseases

Of all superstitions probably the most foolish is the idea that when a rash or sore on the skin is healed and cured by means of external applications it will "strike in" and do further harm.

No reputable physician will give any countenance to such a notion.

Skin diseases of every form, and especially eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis, scald head, and all diseases which cause great suffering from itching, are promptly relieved and certainly cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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representing a groan as he thought of his sin against the fair girl.

"But how did you learn the fact today? Who told you, Hal? How did you know I was in the stand? How happened you to come to me as you did? It all seems very strange and mysterious to me," said Margaret, looking perplexed.

"Well, it all came about through that Lampton woman, and though I think she is despicable, perhaps I ought to feel grateful to her, for I might not have seen you if she had not pointed you out to me. She sat in the box next the one I occupied during the parade—I knew her years ago, during my youth—we recognized each other, and then she told me something about the people in the various traps. When the Wallace equipage passed, I recognized Helen instantly."

"Why? How could that be possible?" queried Mrs. Lancaster—as we shall hereafter call her—more astonished than ever. "You could never have met her before?"

"Yes, I saw her at a school reception after Rob's graduation; then, again, four years later, in Central Park."

"In Central Park?"

"Yes; she had a fall from her horse there, and I assisted her to remount. Did she never tell you?"

"No," said Mrs. Lancaster, paling slightly in view of the accident.

"I suppose she did not like to speak of it, and as she was not hurt at all, it did not matter; but, of course, when I saw her today, I knew her instantly as Miss Helen Seymour, though I did not know then who she really was."

Mr. Lancaster explained.

"And Miss Lampton pointed me out to you! Did she also regale you—"

[To Be Continued.]

THE BIGGEST OYSTER

Minneapolis Had It—Weighed Almost One Hundred Pounds.

Minneapolis, July 11.—Lying upon the floor of a little shop at 34 Fifth street, is the greatest oyster of the King of Oysters.

His majesty in his original state ruled over the vast beds in the tidal waters of the Columbia River, where he was by right weight and of majesty.

In all the world oysters have been known, from the wonderful oysters of Britain, enjoyed by the Romans, down to the little oyster that grew in a modest way around Fair Haven, but none has ever been known that can compare with this one great oyster of the Columbia.

How the upper and nether shells chanced to come to Minneapolis is very simple, as a story. A friend of Harriet B. Whitted, now leaving for the coast, promised to send her something in the way of novelty.

Upon his arrival there, he chanced to go fishing, and while after large fish in the hidden river, hooked up to a mammoth oyster. It was a bivalve that would easily weigh two pounds, and it contained a fine pearl. Nothing would do but for him to further investigate the same bed.

While probing with an oyster rake the next day, the king of all the oysters was brought from his home.

The bivalve was shipped to Minneapolis, and when weighed it tipped the scales at 98½ pounds. The mammoth was roasted in an oven that, though large, would just hold it, and the meat had to be cut with a carving knife. "Oyster steaks" was the bill-of-fare.

The two huge shells are each about as much as one can lift from the floor, and a toy boat floats about in water in one of them. So it can safely be said that Minneapolis has, owned by one of its citizens, the shell of the king of all the oyster family.

A NEW SPORT

How They Get Rid of Tramps Down in North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C., July 11.—The town of Wilson, this state, has introduced a new form of "sport"—tramp racing.

When a hobo, "this town" he is arrested and incarcerated in the lockup. When several have been accumulated the whole lot is marched out into the public square.

Across this line is drawn and the tramps are told to line up. Hardly has the ragged lot been formed when the town marshal confronts them, rawhide whip in hand, and informs them that one mile down the road is a ditch that marks the corporate limits of the town.

At a given signal they are to start for the ditch, and it is to be distinctly understood that the hobo whose tattered coat-tail last flutters across the ditch is to be treated to such a flogging as he will have cause to remember all the days of his life.

The proclamation was announced with an impressive tone, and leaves no doubt in the minds of its hearers and the "ragged hobos" immediately begin to inspect one another in an effort to size up each other's sprinting ability, the short hobo eyeing the long legs of his neighbor with envy.

"Line up an' toe the mark square," shouts the marshal.

"Git set!"

"Go!"

The line surges, then breaks and the go the hobos. The marshal and his assistants leap upon their pattering horses and are off after the flying tramps, catching up with them and spurring the ambition of the laggards with sharp warning flicks from their whips.

Straying down the road goes the flying company, their heels pattering upon the ground with spurts of dust. From tattered bulks they quickly divide into ragged specks and are soon lost to view in a cloud of dust, while the assembled spectators shout with glee.

As a matter of fact, no man has yet been flogged, but belief in the flogging of the last man across the ditch is firm, and no tramp that has once run the race has ever been known to return to the town of Wilson.

WHERE CAN I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy, and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

HOMICIDE TO HAVE A MEDAL

Man Who Shot Creffield, the Fanatic, To Be Notably Honored.

Seattle, Wash., July 11.—George Mitchell, the slayer of Franz Edmund Creffield, the self-styled "Joshua," leader of the band of fanatics calling themselves the "Holy Rollers," is to be presented with a handsomely engraved gold medal as a reward for killing Creffield in First avenue a few days ago. When the medal is presented Mitchell probably will be the only man in the country who has been so honored for a homicide.

The donors are to be a committee of respectable citizens of Corvallis, Ore., where Creffield and his band created so much excitement and indignation three years ago. The man who brought the word to Seattle that the gold medal was forthcoming is O. V. Hurt, a Corvallis resident and the father of Maude Hurt Creffield, the dead "prophet's" widow.

Hurt arrived in Seattle this morning and he announced that he had come here for the purpose of taking the medal to his daughter, but mainly to make arrangements for the defense of George Mitchell, who has been removed to the county jail to await trial on the charge of first degree murder.

O. V. Hurt declares that as soon as the news reached Corvallis that Creffield had been killed by Mitchell a committee of citizens at once started a subscription for the purpose of raising money to present Mitchell with a medal and to hire a good criminal lawyer to defend him.

Commended for Deed.

"Mitchell's friends, or more especially the good citizens who were opposed to Creffield's immoral teachings, will go to the limit of their resources to defend the young man," said Hurt. "We do not suppose, if it is in our power to prevent, to have Mitchell punished for an act which deserves commendation. It would have been better had that fraud's life been ended long ago. There would have been fewer unhappy families in Corvallis."

Hurt says that the minute the news of Creffield's death reached the Oregon town it spread like wildfire and that there was universal joy. For weeks persons in Corvallis who had been disgraced through the influence that Creffield had on members of their families had been searching for the Holy Roller leader. He had been driven from one town to another and for a month lynchings were threatened. It was generally believed that it was only a question of time until some citizen, feeling the outrage that had been perpetrated upon him, would take the law into his own hands.

"Mitchell's well-aimed shot spared others the trouble of sending Creffield to an eternity that he deserved," said Hurt in substance.

Hurt's entire family at one time was under the spell of this religious fanatic. It was at Hurt's home in Corvallis that some of the disgraceful scenes of the Holy Rollers were enacted. Hurt himself was once under the influence, but took him long to throw it off, and since then he has been one of Creffield's most pronounced enemies.

At one time during the orgies of the Holy Rollers all the furniture in the Hurt house was piled in a heap in the front yard and set on fire by Creffield. He threatened to burn him, offering to God; that religious people had no right to have furniture, for furniture was a luxury. At another time live cats and dogs were offered up in the fires while Creffield worked through his incantations and worked himself and his followers into a frenzy of emotion.

A short time prior to the date that the Corvallis people captured Creffield and tarred and feathered him he succeeded in inducing Maude Hurt, O. V. Hurt's daughter, to marry him. Creffield hid in the woods after he was tarred and under cover of the night returned to the Hurt house, where he crawled under the floor and remained a week, where he was fed by Mrs. Creffield.

Later Creffield sought refuge in the house of B. E. Starr, at Portland. During his stay there the husband of Mrs. Starr filed a charge against him that led to his sentence of two years in the penitentiary. Mrs. Creffield, in the meantime, had become insane, and was sent to an asylum about the same time that Creffield went to the Salem prison. Mrs. Starr is a sister of George Mitchell, the slayer. Mitchell also claims that Creffield enticed his younger sister Esther into the ranks of the Holy Rollers and disgraced her for life. For these two acts Mitchell swore revenge.

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A SUDDEN DEATH.

St. Thomas, Ont., July 11.—Miss Hattie Hannan died suddenly Monday night at the residence of her brother-in-law, J. Leith, 35 Jackson street. She had been complaining for some time and talked of going out to the park, but was taken ill and died in a few minutes. The deceased was born in Talbotville, and was a daughter of the late William Hannan.

FOUR SEASHORE 15-DAY EXCURSIONS.

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DIES AGED 105 BODY OF YOUTH

Lived Forty Years on Bread and Milk—Doctors Find Her Like Woman of Thirty.

New York, July 12.—Whether or not a diet of bread and milk taken exclusively for 40 years is responsible for the remarkable preservation from the effects of old age shown in the body of Mrs. Mary Fay, who died at the age of 105 years a few days ago, is causing intense interest among physicians.

Despite the extreme age of Mrs. Fay her body is in as perfect physical condition and as well nourished as that of a woman of 30 or 35 years of age, according to Coroner's Physician Dr. Philip O'Hanlon. Dr. O'Hanlon, since he became connected with the coroner's office has made 4,500 autopsies, and he was so surprised at the physical perfection of Mrs. Fay's body yesterday that he called in all the other physicians and surgeons of the coroner's office to observe the unusual conditions.

May Bear Out This Theory.

The only explanation that the physicians can offer for the condition of Mrs. Fay's body is her mode of living. Dr. O'Hanlon and others who saw the body are wondering whether or not they have a corroboration of the theory of Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of Paris, who has asserted that span of life is caused by the cellular activities in the digestive tract which produce old age. He believes that by a diet of sour or curdled milk the germs of putrefaction, which, according to his theory, produce old age, may be successfully combated.

In support of his theory, Professor Metchnikoff says that the Bulgarian mountaineers who live on curds and whey are remarkable for their longevity. The scientist declares that the ferment germs in sour milk are deadly enemies of the putrefaction germ of the stomach and intestines.

Investigation at the instance of Dr. O'Hanlon revealed the fact that the old woman has lived for 40 or 50 years on bread and milk. She refused to eat meat or vegetables, and generally carried with her on her excursions about the city a few crusts of bread. For 30 years her home has been a small room at No. 406 Sixth avenue. She was known to all the children for blocks around as "Granny" Fay.

"Granny" Fay, according to her neighbors, was the "sprightliest old woman in Greater New York." Although her sight had been dimmed by age, her step was as firm and elastic as that of a young woman and she made excursions about the city which would have tired out many a person much younger.

Lost Two Days in the Park.

Less than a month ago she attempted to walk from her lodgings to visit an old friend in Harlem and was lost in Central Park for two days she wandered about, unable to get out, because of her failing eyesight. During that time she had nothing but a crust of bread and water. She slept at night in the shrubbery until found by a policeman. She was sent to the West Side court.

"Are you not hungry?" she was asked.

"No," she said, "but I might eat a little bread and milk if I had it."

She showed no ill-effects of her wanderings and exposure in the park, and was sent back to her lodgings. She had the left courtroom with a firm step.

Mrs. Fay was born in Tipperary, in 1801, but when a small child her parents moved to London, where they died. About 40 years ago she came to America with a brother, who went west and was never heard of afterward. Her husband was secretary of the Cancer Hospital in Lexington Place until his death, 30 years ago. When he died he left his widow \$500, which she put in a savings bank and never touched.

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