

It Is Essential to Your Health

That your daily beverages should be of the purest quality.



Ceylon Green tea is absolutely pure and is delicious. It is as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas. Sold only in lead packets, 25c and 40c per pound.

Doubly Blest

With this suspicion once conceived, she could not rest until she had sifted the matter, therefore she had that afternoon informed Mrs. Hemmington that she was going upon a little shopping expedition, and instead had directed her steps to No. 10 — Court, where Mr. Archibald had told Max that he could be found any day after four o'clock.

The heart of the luxurious Laura had failed her, however, when she was ushered into the eccentric old bachelor's gloomy apartments, which were as quaint and ancient in their appearance as the appearance of the man himself; for she could not believe that anyone, however peculiar, would voluntarily live in such a comfortable manner if he had plenty of money at his command.

For a moment she had half inclined to go away as quietly as she had come, and never let him know of her presence in the city; but, upon second thoughts, she concluded to "beard the lion in his den," and ascertain for herself what he was like.

After that last remark of his, that Laura began to grow restless and uncomfortable, and to think that he was a disagreeable enigma which she neither could nor cared to solve.

She was just on the point of rising to take her leave, when he lifted his head and fixed his keen gaze again upon her. "One would never suppose that you were the daughter of a poor woman," he abruptly remarked, pointing to her rich dress.

"Where did you get all those fine furbelows?"

The girl colored angrily at what she deemed impertinent curiosity, and she wisely forbore to betray her feelings, by giving expression to the impulsive remark that arose in her lips, and replied, with an insinuating smile:

"Mamma always thought it wise to purchase good material, and if one has taste and skill, it requires no more time or labor to get up a handsome toilet than a dowdy one. We always made all our own clothes, Uncle Joseph."

This was a downright falsehood, for Mrs. Pomeroy's wardrobe was a costly work of art, and she could not avoid it, but a few lines now and then did not count with her, if thereby she could serve her own ends.

Mr. Archibald's expression softened a trifle at this statement. It was a praise-worthy trait if the girl was industrious, he thought, and there might be something in her spite of her questionable antecedents.

"It is all nonsense for poor people to array themselves as if they were worth a million," he ungraciously snapped.

"Yes, I know that I am poor," Laura said, with a heavy sigh, then, with a swift, shy glance at him: "Are you poor, Uncle Joseph? I thought you were rich."

"Oh? rich! This doesn't look much as if it was a Rothschilde or an Underhill, does it?" he sharply retorted, and he glanced about the shabby apartment.

Laura Pomeroy's cheeks flushed, and she said: "One might as well be buried alive as to be obliged to live in such a vile hole, she thought."

"But you were always so generous to mamma," the girl said, with an infection that pleased him, and she turned her head more kindly than he had yet done, "and I thought—well, both thought—that you must be plenty rich."

"Hush! well, people will sometimes do certain things from a sense of duty that they wouldn't do from any other motive," he replied, growing brusque again.

It was evident that he did not wish her to think that he had been actuated by any old-time sentiment in providing for the needs of the woman who had wronged him.

"I am afraid you have denied yourself many comforts for my sake. I am sure it was very kind and noble of you, and the girl softly, she was determined to learn all that was possible from him, if a little flattery would serve to thaw him out."

If she could but get him to commit himself in a way to show that he had property in spite of the evidence against such a fact, it would be worth while to curry favor with him, she thought, and she would drop him at once and forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I will make a proposition to you, Laura," Mr. Archibald remarked, after another season of meditation and observing her with a searching glance. The girl turned her head and smiling face toward him, thinking perhaps he might be going to continue to her the family which he had given her mother, and that she would be very well satisfied with it for the rest of her life.

"I've lived alone all my life," the old man went on, with a plaintive note in his tone. "I've never known what it was to have a home since your grandmother died, and I really like to see how it would seem once more. I can tell you, I know how. What do you say to the plan?"

"And live—here?" gasped Miss Pomeroy, growing pale with horror and anger at the bare suggestion.

probably meant with ingrain carpets, cheap shades and stiff horsehair furniture; no art, no pictures or statuary, since everything must be simple, useful, and sensible. A slip-shod, red-faced girl in the kitchen as cook, and to do general housework; no second girl, no laundress, no seamstress, and a paltry hundred and fifty dollars, hardly the price of a single costume—to clothe herself for a whole year! That would, of course, mean print dresses for everyday, with a single second-rate suit for church and visiting; consequently, she could neither give nor attend any parties, balls, etc.—she would have to give up the theater, opera, and all the gay pleasures which her selfish heart craved.

She was speechless from anger and mortification and disappointment, and an almost uncontrollable impulse seized her to rush forward and smite the contemptuous girl who dared to treat her as a beggar.

She had given her mother a thousand dollars a year; he might as well have given her half that sum for her own use.

Perhaps she might wheedle him out of it even yet, though she looked at the thought of living such a life as he had suggested.

"I am afraid I have not had experience enough to manage a house for you," she said, curbing her passion by a great effort.

"How have you lived all your life?" he demanded, with a frown.

"I have lived in the face of my miserly mother, who has more than twice the money I have, and she has never been able to manage a house for me."

Laura shrugged her shapely shoulders, a scornful smile wreathing her red lips. "Oh, no; you know people live what they want to live, and I have no objection to living as you wish, if you can afford it."

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It was evident that he did not wish her to think that he had been actuated by any old-time sentiment in providing for the needs of the woman who had wronged him.

"I am afraid you have denied yourself many comforts for my sake. I am sure it was very kind and noble of you, and the girl softly, she was determined to learn all that was possible from him, if a little flattery would serve to thaw him out."

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THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

TUE.

AT LITTLE ROCK.

Little Rock, Ark., March 25.—The tenth annual Arkansas Derby was run over a slow track, rain had fallen on the race. The winner turned up in Prowl, a seasoned horse from New Orleans. He was an outsider in the betting. Summary:

First race, selling, 5½ furlongs—Brawl (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Second race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Third race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Fourth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Fifth race, purse, 7 furlongs—Nearest (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Sixth race, selling, 1 mile and 70 yards—El Caney, 112 (Coburn), 4 to 1; Algie M., 104 (Helgeson), 3 to 1; Chickadee, 101 (Lynne), 6 to 5; 3. Time, 1:59.

CRICKET.

THE CANADIAN ASSOCIATION. Toronto, March 25.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association was held here last night, following the adjournment of the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Professional Athletes.

Woodwards (London), J. W. Allan (Ottawa), C. W. Hodgson (Montreal), D. W. Saunders (Toronto), J. H. McMurtry (J. E. Hall (Toronto); assistant secretary, A. J. McMurtry. The past season was a successful one, and a balance of 124 was carried over. Seven centuries were made during the year, as follows: J. Lalng, 200 (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Seventh race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Eighth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Ninth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Tenth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Eleventh race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twelfth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Thirteenth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Fourteenth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Fifteenth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Sixteenth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Seventeenth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Eighteenth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Nineteenth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twentieth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Twenty-first race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twenty-second race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Twenty-third race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twenty-fourth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Twenty-fifth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twenty-sixth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Twenty-seventh race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Twenty-eighth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

Twenty-ninth race, 2-year-olds, 4 furlongs—Mallory, 108 (Coburn), 2 to 1; Lady Galantry, 105 (I. Smith), 4 to 1; 2. Time, 1:08.

Thirtieth race, selling, 6 furlongs—Schwalbe (Sington), 6 to 5; Harry Wilson (J. Woods), 12 to 1; The Bronze Demon (Lynne), 20 to 1; 3. Time, 1:11.

MOST LIKELY WAS MURDERED

James Quirk, of Brantford, Killed in His Barn.

Lived Only a Few Minutes After He Was Attacked—The Assassin Escaped.

Brantford, March 24.—The Brantford Courier printed an extra this morning, giving the following particulars of last night's murder.

Mr. Quirk was around the hotel as usual Sunday evening. After 10 o'clock he went out with a friend, David Thomas, and had a dish of oysters at Fleming's restaurant. Returning to the hotel he was seen by his partner, Mr. Toole, who left him down stairs.

Mr. Toole, the cook of the hotel, was also sitting in the public reading room of the hotel at the time.

About midnight, a bell boy named Eddie Kenny, whose room is back of the hotel and near the barn, heard a noise, and he rushed out to the barn and found the electric lights turned on, and in the little harness room at the foot of the loft steps was horrified to see the body of Quirk, head down, in a big pool of blood.

Mr. Toole arrived on the scene shortly afterward, and raising the body, found that his partner had been terribly injured. Quirk opened his eyes once, but that was the only movement of life that he ever again made. The poor man was dead. A foul murder had been committed during the Sunday midnight hour.

At the top of the loft steps and all about the heavy blades of the mill, while at the bottom of the steps is a large congealed pool of blood.

Robbery was not the intention evidently as Mr. Quirk's pockets were untouched.

The murdered man was 43 years of age, and leaves a wife and two bright girls. His father is Conductor Quirk, of Wingham. There is no clue whatever to the murderer or the motive of the foul crime. It looks as though the blows showered upon the dead man had been made with an axe. The axe kept in the yard for chopping was found by the police, but there are no blood stains on it.

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A MESSAGE TO YOU



Are you discontented with yourself? Do you realize you are not what you ought to be? Do you dread unknown danger and start at sudden sounds? Are your hands and feet and other parts of your body cold? Do you have those pains in the head—shooting pains across your back? When you stoop it is hard to straighten up again; you cannot sleep at night; more tired when you arise than when you go to bed; those spots passing before your eyes. Are you losing in flesh? Is your memory defective? If so, there is relief for you, and any man or woman who will secure me can have my Belt and

PAY WHEN CURED

Can you ask anything fairer? Any case I accept I will guarantee to cure or it will not cost you one cent. I am the only man in the world who has confidence enough in his remedy to wait for his pay until you are cured. You ask how I can do this. I know what my Belt is doing. Every day brings in letters from grateful people. Write to any of those testimonials I have published. Ask them what the Belt has done and is doing for them—

MY ELECTRIC BELT

The product of years of study, the realization of the fondest dreams of the weak and worn invalid. It is not a toy belt, but a powerful life-giving Electric appliance, which is now recognized by the highest and best in the medical profession as the only certain means of restoring power to weak and vital organs. The strength is quickly restored and losses corrected. Rheumatic pains are quickly dispelled and all functions of the body developed and made strong. It sends the blood with a gladness bound through the veins, carrying health to the body and happiness to the heart of the despondent sufferer.

CAUTION! If you value your health, do not accept an imitation of my Belt. There are many on the market. Old style, blistering scorches, whose only merit is their ability to burn and scar the flesh, are being offered with a cheap imitation of my Cushion Electrode. But it is a sham. Don't accept it. The best is none too good when you want your health, your vigor; so avoid imitations. The cushion electrode is my special invention. Without it all electric belts blister and burn holes in the flesh and can do no good. I take the other belts in trade.

FREE BOOK Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request if you will send this ad. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

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lection. The weight of the children is five pounds each for two of them, but Cornelius is about half a pound heavier.

Where Medical Science Fails to cure rheumatism, and all the time you suffer dreadfully, why don't you get a bottle of Polio's Servant, and try that? Rub it into your stiff joints, sore arms, back, bent shoulders—wherever the pain is. Nervine has cured plenty of people in this way, and that is the only medicine that it will cure you too. It is an unusually strong liniment that cures rheumatism in unusual quick time. Best household liniment known. 25 cents.

Before After. **Wood's Phospholine**, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six bottles secured for \$1.00. One bottle secured for 50 cents. One bottle secured for 25 cents. One bottle secured for 12 cents. One bottle secured for 6 cents. One bottle secured for 3 cents. One bottle secured for 1 cent. One bottle secured for 1/2 cent. One bottle secured for 1/4 cent. One bottle secured for 1/8 cent. One bottle secured for 1/16 cent. One bottle secured for 1/32 cent. One bottle secured for 1/64 cent. One bottle secured for 1/128 cent. One bottle secured for 1/256 cent. One bottle secured for 1/512 cent. One bottle secured for 1/1024 cent. One bottle secured for 1/2048 cent. One bottle secured for 1/4096 cent. One bottle secured for 1/8192 cent. One bottle secured for 1/16384 cent. One bottle secured for 1/32768 cent. One bottle secured for 1/65536 cent. One bottle secured for 1/131072 cent. One bottle secured for 1/262144 cent. One bottle secured for 1/524288 cent. One bottle secured for 1/1048576 cent. One bottle secured for 1/2097152 cent. One bottle secured for 1/4