

## JUST THINK OF THIS

There isn't a pound of Japan Tea entering this country but what is artificially colored and doctored.

# "SALADA"

## CEYLON TEA

Is sold to the public in its native purity and is delicious.

Sold in Lead Packets Only. Never in Bulk. All Grocers.

## 'Twixt Love and Duty.

"Much obliged, captain, vera much obliged; but it tak's an auld, wise-headed, wise-hearted man like myself to walk safely between two bonnie lasses." Then turning to his son, he added: "Neil, my lad, put your beaver on, and go and find Bram. You can tell him, as he didn't come to look after his sisters afore this hour, he needna come at a'."

"Do you know, father, where Bram is likely to be found?"

"Hum-m-m! As if you didna know yourself! He will doubtless be among that crowd of young wisecracks who are certain he didna come to look after his sisters afore this hour, he needna come at a'."

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fathers, like all the rest; and, as for what comes after it, everything is in the love and council of the Almighty One."

This was Joris Van Heemskirk's last thought ere he fell asleep that night, after Elder Semple's cautioning discourse and proposition. In his calm, methodical, domestic life it had been an "eventful day." He had the pausing to consider that such days are the results which months, years, perchance centuries, have made possible. Thus, a long course of reckless living and reckless gambling, and the consequent urgent need of ready money, had first made Captain Hyde turn his thoughts to the pretty daughter of the rich Dutch merchant.

Madame Semple, in her desire to enhance the importance of the Van Heemskirk, had mentioned more than once the handsome sum of ready money given to each of Katherine's sisters on their wedding day; and both Colonel Carroll and his wife had thought of this sum so often as a relief to their nephew's embarrassments that it seemed almost as much Hyde's property as if he had been born to inherit it. At first, Katherine, as its encumbrance, had been discussed very heartlessly—she could be left in New York when his regiment received marching orders, if it were thought desirable; or she could be taken to England and settled as mistress of Hyde's magnificent manor on the Norfolk fens, which was so rarely tenanted by the family that Hyde had never been there since his boyhood.

"She is a homespun little thing," laughed the colonel's fashionable wife, "and quite unfit to go among people of our position; she is a vulgar, vulgar thing, and she will be a nuisance with a house to manage and a visit from you when you can spare the time."

"Oh, your servant, aunt! Then I am a very indifferent judge, for, indeed, she has much spirit below her gentle manner; and, upon my word, I think her as fine a creature as you can find in the best London society. The task, I assure you, is not easy. When Katherine is won, then, in faith, her father may be in no hurry to disapprove. And the child is a fair, innocent child; I am very uneasy to do her wrong. The ninety-nine plagues of an empty purse are to blame for all my ill deeds."

"Upon my word, Dick, nothing can be more commendable than your temper. You make vastly proper reflections, sir, but you are in troubled waters—admit it; and this little Dutch craft may bring you respectably into harbor."

It was in this mood that Katherine and her probable fortune had been discussed, and thus she was but one of the events springing from lives anterior to her own, and very different from it. And causes nearly as remote had prepared the way for her ready reception of Hyde's homage and the relaxation of domestic discipline which had trusted her so often and so readily in his society—causes which had been forgotten, but which had left behind them a positive and ever-growing result. When a babe, she was remarkably frail and delicate, and this circumstance, united to the fact of her being the youngest child, had made the whole household very tender to her, and she had been permitted a much larger portion of her own way than was usually given to any daughter in a Dutch family.

Also, in her father's case, the motives influencing his decision stretched backward through many generations. None the less was their influence potent to move him. In fact, he forgot entirely to reflect how a marriage between his child and Captain Hyde would be regarded at that day; his first thoughts had been precisely such thoughts as would have occurred to a Can Heemskirk living two hundred years before. And thus, though we hardly remember the fact, it is this awful solidarity of the human family which makes the third and fourth generations heirs of their forefathers, and brings into every life those critical hours we call "eventful days."

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## Another Epoch Arden

Locates His Family After Long Separation.

Wife Believes Him a Victim of Railroad Wreck and Remarries.

He Greets His Long Lost Children, but May Not Meet Their Mother—Their Neighbor for Years.

Chicago, Sept. 8.—Sixteen years ago Mrs. Carroll, Carroll, of Hamilton, Ont., buried, as she supposed, her husband, and then with her three little ones came to the United States. She now believes the sequel to the story, in which it appears the husband was not the dead man, and Carroll has been rewarded for his years of search by being again brought into the presence of the children, all of whom have now reached their majority. Carroll found, however, that his wife had for more than a decade been married to another man and that several children have resulted from the second marriage.

When Carroll became separated from his family he left three children—May, aged 5 years, Teresa, aged 3, and Baby Tom, aged 1. May is now the wife of Edward Marchese, 1,065 Sherman avenue, who is an engineer in the Evanston fire department; Teresa, the wife of John Morrell, superintendent of the Chicago Electric Illuminating Company, and Tom is working at Batavia, Ill. Who the wife is that she has refused to state, except that she is a widow.

Carroll has spent much of his time and all the money he could get in looking for his lost family.

THEY WERE NEIGHBORS.

The strangest part of the story is that for three years he lived in Evanston, earning money with which to continue the search, seeing his children many times and never suspecting where they were.

Sixteen years ago Carroll left Hamilton and went to Toronto in search of work, his wife and children remaining at home. A few days after he left there was a railroad wreck, and a man answering Carroll's description was killed. Mrs. Carroll was ill and unable to go, so her aunt, Mrs. Trenorth, went, and supposed she had identified the remains. They were taken back to Hamilton and interred, and two weeks later Mrs. Carroll told her children and started for Denver, Col.

About the time his family left Carroll wrote home, and after waiting for two weeks for a reply returned to Hamilton, where he was received by his neighbors and friends as one returned from the dead, and immediately started to Denver in search of her, Mrs. Carroll, however, reaching Chicago, had her husband, who had left behind them a positive and ever-growing result. When a babe, she was remarkably frail and delicate, and this circumstance, united to the fact of her being the youngest child, had made the whole household very tender to her, and she had been permitted a much larger portion of her own way than was usually given to any daughter in a Dutch family.

Also, in her father's case, the motives influencing his decision stretched backward through many generations. None the less was their influence potent to move him. In fact, he forgot entirely to reflect how a marriage between his child and Captain Hyde would be regarded at that day; his first thoughts had been precisely such thoughts as would have occurred to a Can Heemskirk living two hundred years before. And thus, though we hardly remember the fact, it is this awful solidarity of the human family which makes the third and fourth generations heirs of their forefathers, and brings into every life those critical hours we call "eventful days."

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Semple's communication regarding Captain Hyde and his daughter had aroused in him certain feelings, and led him to certain decisions. He went to sleep satisfied with their propriety and justice. He awoke in precisely the same mood. Then he dressed and went into the garden. It was customary for Katherine to join him there, and he frequently turned as he went down the path to see if she were coming. He watched eagerly for the small figure in its short quilted petticoat and buckled shoes, and the fair, pink face, shaded by the large Zealand hat, with its long blue ribbons crossed over the back. But this morning she did not come. He walked alone to his lily bed and stooped a little forlornly to admire the tulips, and crocus cups and little purple pansies; but his face brightened when he heard her calling him to see if she was ready. He turned to see her leaning over the half-door, shading her eyes with both her hands, the better to watch his approach. This was Lyset, who was already in her place; so was Joanna, and also Bram; and a slim black girl called Dinorah was handing around fricasseed chicken and venison steaks, hot fritters and Johnny cake, while the rich Java berry filled the room with an aroma of tropical life and suggestions of the spice-breathing coasts of Sunda. Joris and Bram discussed the business of the day; Katherine was full of her visit to Semple House the preceding evening. Dinorah was no restraint. The slaves Joris owned, like those of Abraham, were born or brought up in his own household; they held to the family feelings with a faithful, often an unreasonable tenacity.

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yet seen the woman who was formerly his wife, and it is probable he will not. His daughters say they are going to Hamilton this fall to visit their newly-found father.

WELCOME NEWS.

Safety of a Son Who Was Mourned as Dead—Strange Story of Adventure.

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction received another evidence last week in the experience of N. Simpson, of North Dresden, who received in his mail a letter from a son whom he had mourned as dead for years. The young man, Orrin Simpson, went off to seek his fortune some five years ago, and was last heard of in 1892, when he wrote home that he had shipped on board a whaling ship bound for the Arctic seas. Nothing had been heard from him, but from another source came news that the whaling vessel had been wrecked; that only one boat load of the crew had been saved, and that young Simpson was not among the survivors. By the letter now received, it appears that the whaling ship was wrecked as stated, in the Arctic Ocean, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Another whaling ship of the fleet sent a boat to the wreck, and took some of the crew off, but the rescuing vessel was short of provisions, she could not take all the shipwrecked crew, and young Simpson and five others remained on the wreck till their provisions were exhausted, and as no other vessel appeared to succor them they were at Edward Marchese, 1,065 Sherman avenue, who is an engineer in the Evanston fire department; Teresa, the wife of John Morrell, superintendent of the Chicago Electric Illuminating Company, and Tom is working at Batavia, Ill. Who the wife is that she has refused to state, except that she is a widow.

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## Western Ontario.

Two Men Suffocated While Cleaning Out a Well.

\$3,000 Damages Claimed by W. H. Gough, from H. Long, of Port Stanley.

Only four marriages were registered in the office of the St. Thomas city clerk during August.

Mr. L. Pierce, formerly pastor of the A. M. E. Church, Colchester, has been appointed by Bishop Lee to the pastorate of the African M. E. Church, Toronto.

The Lieutenant-Governor in Council has appointed Judge Bell, of Chatham, as the third arbitrator in the matter of the corporation of Ottawa and Carleton county council.

D. J. Donahue, acting for Wm. H. Gough, of Port Stanley, has issued a writ in an action against H. Long, of Port Stanley, claiming \$3,000 damages for the seduction of the plaintiff's daughter.

A Thames Valley correspondent writes: Mr. Ravenscroft, while passing over the Wardsville bridge, suddenly fell out of the buggy, dead. It is supposed he died from the bursting of a blood vessel.

The horses of John Thompson, farmer, Walpole township, Haldimand, together with the contents, were destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock yesterday morning. The cause of the fire is a mystery.

Corey & Wessler, Petrols, are trying to get a horse called Joseph, which they gave to Robert Young, of Caledon, to keep for them. Incidentally they have begun suit for \$2