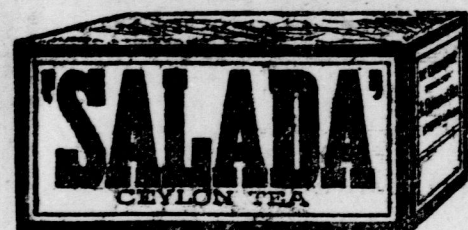


When Asking
For TeaInsist on getting the PUREST
in the wide, wide world—STANDS UNRIVALLED AND ALONE.
Sealed lead packets only. 25c, 50c, 100c, 200c, 400c, 800c, 1600c.

In the Net.

This retired spot, like a room with a roof taken off, and an orange-red for a door, had a somber and mysterious air. Poor Vittorio had called it the Chapel, and had banished from it every flower but the purple and white chrysanthemums and passion-vine, in a rough niche in the wall he had set a small bust of some young unknown person that the countess had said resembled him. This face looked out through the leaves. Two sides of the wall were draped with the vine; the third was bare, and had been meant to hold white jasmine. Under this bare wall the earth was newly turned. The setting sun shot across the top of the wall without entering, only a dull red glow falling in the shade; and the pointed leaves of the aloes set along the top of the wall seemed dripping in that light.

"The very largest one, by far the finest, is just an inch out of my reach, Adele," her friend said. "I am quite longing for that. As you like to gather flowers, cannot you break it for me? You are taller than I. I am sure there is no bee here."

The Countess Belvedere smiled strangely. The other was looking up at the flower and did not observe her face. She stepped forward, set her foot where her knee had touched the ground before Marco that morning, and stretched her arm for the flower. It grew at the end of a wandering vine that came out on the bare wall.

But her movement was too hasty. She snatched violently upward, and, feeling her foot sink in the soft earth, shrieked out, and in trying to extricate herself, fell full length on Vittorio's grave.

The servants ran, her maid foremost among them. She was lifted, and helped, half fainting into the house, where she sat shivering, and trying to drink the wine they brought her. Her eyes were staring as if she had seen a ghost.

"My dear, what is the matter?" her friend cried. "I cannot imagine why you look so terrified. Are you hurt in any way?"

"It is nothing. I am a fool." The countess rose. "Is my dress all dust? The truth is, staying in Rome has made me nervous. Roman air always does make me nervous, especially in the summer. Do see if I am all covered with dust."

She went to a long mirror and stood turning herself about before it, and her maid shook out her dress, a lace-trimmed black grenadine made over red satin, and assured her that there was not a speck on it.

"But my shoe and stocking?" she said, and, seating herself, put her foot out, without looking at it, her face turned away.

The girl removed the small black satin slipper, and passed her hands over the black silk stockings wrought with red silk.

"There is nothing, countess, not a speck anywhere," she said. "I have half a mind to go away with you tonight, Gabriella," the countess said abruptly. "I have only waited for you to come, and I meant to leave immediately."

"It would be delightful, my dear, to have your company as far as Florence," she said. "There are yet almost three hours. In three hours one can prepare to go anywhere."

The gentlemen came shortly after, and there was a very bright little dinner, during which the politeness of the east were thoroughly discussed by the two gentlemen, and the fashions of the east by the two ladies.

Three hours after the Countess Belvedere was on her way to Florence.

CHAPTER XXV.

Valeria took quite as much pains to conceal her experiences of the night as the Countess Belvedere did. As the stroke of 6 rang from a neighboring bell, she slipped, shivering, into bed. When coffee was brought to her, she gave her orders for the day as usual.

"Look the door well after you when you go out," she said; and was about to add that she would rest a little longer, when the woman asked her if she had slept well.

"I haven't waked once," she answered, taking the alarm. "I am going to get up directly. Is the bath ready?"

When the house door shut, she rose and went to the window to make sure that her servant had really gone out, then to the door to see if it was securely locked. She had locked her study door before ringing the bell.

Table
Jellies

Fresh Stock of
Lazenby's
Solidified
Table Jellies
Just received.
Complete assortment
Of flavors.
Two packages—25c.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co
169 Dundas Street.

But sleep refused to come. There was that confusion of utter weariness and utter sleeplessness which is a torment. She had but two clear ideas—one, that she must conceal the events of the night from everybody with as much secrecy as if she had herself been an actor in them; the other, that she must leave the house she was in as soon as possible.

It being Saturday, her servant, a woman sent to her by Miss Pendleton, had gone to the Campo di Fiori to buy fruit and vegetables for the week, and she would be away two hours; but repose in her absence was out of the question. Every moment Valeria fancied that someone was at the street door, or climbing in at the study window. She was ready to imagine anything. She had a right to expect anything. But what she could never have imagined was how far more powerful than violence, how perfectly able to dispense with violence, are malice, subtlety and cowardice combined. Such people as she had to deal with are the pet children of Satan, and he teaches them his finest diplomacy. They are smiling; they are fond of the society of respectable people; they are eminently prudent; they can talk, at need, with such delicacy that their conscience might be a speckless lily; and their heart a thornless rose, both fresh with the dew of innocence. Above all, they are pliant.

Valeria had felt herself growing cramped with terror, afraid to move or resolve upon anything. She threw the fear away.

"It is best to be silent," she thought; "but my silence shall not be a nightmare. Opening her study door, she put back the curtains, and leaned for a moment into the garden, just as she might have done if nothing had ever met her glance there but flowers and foliage."

Then, seating herself, she wrote a full account of all that she had known in the past few months. The initials only of the names were given; but the circumstances rendered them unmistakable.

This paper was securely sealed and enclosed with directions to a friend in England. The person to whom it was sent was to preserve it carefully sealed, and in case Valeria should die without having recalled it, was to open and print it. She knew that no scruples nor influence on the part of the person to whom she confided her message would interfere with her directions being followed out to the letter.

She promised to send later certain written testimonies to the truth of the fragmentary parts of her letter, and would be easy to persuade the persons concerned to write and sign these testimonies for her, as they would seem to be trifles; and she could make some laughing pretense of mystery which would convince them that there was no mystery whatever. And this, in fact, as these documents would seem to be, they would be as important as the little fragment that finishes a broken statue, or the broken letter which completes an inscription, neither letter nor fragment having any sense except so applied.

This done, she dressed herself and went out to mail her letter, without waiting for her servant.

There was a head peeping out around the corner of her house as she went down the street from the direction opposite the door; and when she turned to the stair, she saw a man standing at the head of it, the door being shut.

He was one of those men called brigands, to distinguish their dress—perhaps, also, to distinguish their characters. He wore leather leggings, a peaked cap and a faded red vest. His face was thin and dark, and might have been called beautiful for the expression of sullen cruelty. His black hair fell on his shoulders; the large black eyes, which devoured his face, were wide open, and fixed upon Valeria in an unblinking stare. Not a feature of his face moved.

"What do you want there?" she called out, standing in the street and looking up at him.

"Come down!" he said. "It is my house, and I wish to go in. Come down."

He slowly descended the stairs without removing his eyes from her face, coming step by step, as though he counted in advance, though he was counting in his impatience, and in those large black eyes, that seemed to be all black.

"What do you want?" she asked, looking steadily at him, as she would have looked at a wild beast, whom she could not try to frighten.

He growled out some inarticulate reply, and passed her by, turning his eyes sideways as he passed. He wore a handkerchief wrapped loosely around his left hand.

It was hard not to turn, not to run up the stairs, not to betray any sign of fear; but she was a woman in command, her muscles till they touched the bell. Then she rang a peal that brought her woman instantly to the door.

(To be Continued.)



DEATH AT HIS ANVIL.

The blacksmith is usually looked upon as the ideal of robust health. This is frequently the case; but nevertheless, he is subject to the same ills that afflict other men, and owing to the arduous nature of his daily toil, the results of bilious attacks or indigestion are likely to be even more serious and speedy than in the case of men who lead sedentary lives. The harder a man works, whether at the anvil, or bench or plow handle, the more important is the necessity for a careful watchfulness over health.

When a hardworking man finds that his liver is torpid or his digestion bad, he can save himself much discomfort, and possibly a serious sickness, by resorting at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The man who does this will always go on his work and come from it, whistling. A wife or mother can be of great aid in this respect. Hard working men are prone to disregard little disorders and let them run on. The good wife should see to it that there is always a bottle of "Golden Medical Discovery" in the house, and that it is used when needed. An honest dealer would not advise a substitute.

"About four years ago I was greatly afflicted with torpid liver," writes Miss Nellie Doyle, Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. "A half dozen bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made me a new woman. I truly believe you have saved my life. I am having good health, and can do all my own housework."

For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

Miss Rachel A. Jones, of Thomaston, Rankin Co., Miss., writes: "Your wonderful Medical Adviser is worth more than its weight in gold. I do not see how you can give such a volume away. I have been offered \$20 for it, but I would not part with it for five dollars."

DO DIVINING RODS DIVINE?

Sometimes Water Is Located by Their Use and Sometimes Not.

The pros and cons of the theory of the divining rod are again being discussed in the English newspapers.

The superintendent of a fire brigade testifies to a case within his experience in which a water finder was commissioned to operate on an estate of the existence of which he was previously ignorant. He got to work, soon found the presence of water, and, fixing upon the nearest and most conveniently placed spring, gave the probable depth at which water would be discovered in sufficient quantities at 75 feet, and at 70 feet the water came in, and at 77 feet operations had to be stopped, as the flow became too heavy. Some of the tools had to be left in the well, as there was not time to remove them all. The well supplied the cattle, horses and pigs of the farm on which it was bored through the dry summer of 1896, never failing in its flow. Twelve months after a second well was sunk barely a stone's throw from the first. In the same place was asked if one stream would affect the other, as they were so near. He replied, "No, they are two distinctly different streams, running in different directions." The second well was sunk at the same place. This correspondent regards the power to find water as the result of a force, magnetic or otherwise, over which the finder has no control and which he is unable to explain. He has no sign of it when 150 feet of water produces a marked degree of nervous fatigue in the operator.

On the other hand, the discomfiture is announced of a professional water finder who has returned from the island of Jamaica, where in the dry season water is a precious boon. He traveled through the island, rod in hand, but met with little success.

At one village in the Santa Cruz mountains he pegged out part of the course of a subterranean stream and then retired to lunch at a neighboring hotel. In his absence some boys removed his pegs and lined out a totally different course. On his return the finder took up the new direction and continued it for 100 yards, not discovering his mistake until it was pointed out to him. At one point where he predicted water at a depth of 40 feet there was no sign of it when 150 feet had been bored, and after going down 300 feet the borer could not be extracted. The same result occurred in many other places, and finally the diviner left the island abruptly.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"FRONT" IN WASHINGTON.

Hotel Hallboys Who Expect the Guests to Do Part of Their Work.

The colored "front" of the Washington hotel is like no other hotel hallway, white or black, in the United States. He doesn't hesitate to ask the guests to do part of his work. Old staggers at these hotels do not appear to think it strange, but folks accustomed to hotels in other parts of the country are at first rather surprised at the requests made of them by the colored "front" of the Washington hotels. This is the style of it:

"Clear the room, sir," asks a "front" with card and tray as a guest is about to step into the elevator.

"Yes," and then "front," handing the card, says:

"I will be up at Mr. Honeycomb's door and tell him this gentleman is downstairs and wants to see him?"

Your room is 61, and "front" knows it, and he also knows that Mr. Honeycomb's room is 60, and to save himself a trip up stairs he'll bother you to tap at a stranger's room and deliver the message.

Or it is: "D'ye know, sir, if Mr. Bulington is in his room? You've just come from his room, haven't you? He wants to see him." So it goes.

The northerner at first is a bit taken aback, but in a moment he becomes accustomed to the situation and enters at the solicitation of the requests. Others tell the colored "front" to go to the devil, and so on. The colored "front" doesn't mean any disrespect, but he is only his way of trying to shuffle his work on to others.—New York Sun.

Her Ancestor.

An Australian woman of great charm and tact tells many amusing stories of the strange questions put to her by people with a thirst for information about her native land.

"It is a very common thing for me to be asked if the bushes are still thick where I live or whether our house is in a 'clearing,' she says plaintively, 'and I know they often regard my veracity as a doubtful quantity when I tell them it is. "Will you please, sir, drop this letter into Mr. Finnigan's room?" And so it goes.

The northerner at first is a bit taken aback, but in a moment he becomes accustomed to the situation and enters at the solicitation of the requests. Others tell the colored "front" to go to the devil, and so on. The colored "front" doesn't mean any disrespect, but he is only his way of trying to shuffle his work on to others.—New York Sun.

"But my father was not a convict, madam," I said, with natural surprise.

"Ah," she said meditatively, "then I suppose it was your grandfather who was sent there. Of course much can be done in the third generation."

"I should have been angry if it had been worth while," the Australian adds, with a shrug of her shoulders, "but she surveyed me so impersonally that I didn't venture to say there was actually a part of the population of my country which did not come from convict stock."—Youth's Companion.

The Middle Initial.

It is a common habit with English novelists to distinguish their transatlantic characters by giving them names with a middle initial. Mr. Moore, I note, calls his American millionaire Isaac P. Newton.

The name has certainly a distinctive American flavor about it, but we are apt to overlook the circumstance that, although it is associated so often with Americans, yet the middle initial is quite as frequently used over here as in the United States, as, to witness, such famous names as Jerome K. Jerome, Silas K. Hocking, Clement K. Shorter, Arthur J. Balfour, Margaret L. Woods, Charlotte M. Yonge, Louis N. Parker, and many others that spring to the memory.—London Mail.

No Option.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation)—"Will you give me a close shave, sir?" Victim (with a gasp)—"If I get out of this chair alive, I shall certainly consider it a very close shave."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Earnest Effort.

Hax—What's the matter with that man—St. Vitus' dance? Jax—No; he has the ague, and he's trying to shake it off.—Philadelphia Record

Now the season is opened, don't lose sight of the Fly.



Muslin Underwear.

Low prices and high quality are twin business producers in this department. GOWNS.

Best Cotton, Hubbard yoke, flannel cambric ruffles, three cluster tucks each; regular price, 60c; sale price, 45c.

Skirts.

Fine White Cotton Skirts, deep hem, two cluster tucks; regular price, 60c; sale price, 45c.

Skirts made of White Lonsdale cambric, full with ten rows cording cluster tucks; regular price, \$1; sale price, 75c.

White Skirts, full sizes, trimmed with embroidery and two rows tucks; price only 75c.

White Cambric Skirt, full width, double full, muslin embroidery trim; actual value \$1.25, for \$1.

White Skirt, with dust frill, muslin top frill; best value at \$1.25.

Special Sale.

Linens for Saturday and Monday. TRAY CLOTHS. White Linen Tray Cloths, ordinary price 15c, reduced price 12c. Irish Damask Tray Cloths, with satin finish; regular price \$1.50, sale price 95c.

Laundry Bags.

Linens Laundry Bags all reduced. 75c ones for 50c. 50c ones for 35c. Stamped Corn and Brush Bags, 15c.

Children's Dresses.

See our new line of Dainty White Dresses for the little children. Complete line of Children's Bonnets.

Fringe.

Colored Demiline-knotter Fringe, Saturday and Monday our price only 6c yard.

Saturday and Monday

BARGAIN DAYS

—Days we've made famous by such values as these:

Commenced Centers.

Embroidery Linen Centers, with a corner worked; only a sample one of each; Saturday and Monday, to be sold at great reductions.

Patriotic Cushions.

Canadian, British, Scotch and Irish flags. The new fad for cushions. Combination flags.

Corsets.

Completeness—Not a make or size of Corset that's missing. Prices the lowest.

SUMMER CORSETS.

No person should be without a pair of our Summer Corsets, only 50c pair.

Camp Chairs.

Light Folding Camp Chairs, fancy striped seat, high back; worth 50c and 40c; choice, 25c.

Hosiery.

We cut Hosiery prices deep. Ladies' Fast Black Hose, regular made, heels and toes; all sizes, and usually sold at 15c, for 10c.

Ladies' Mac-footed and all black Seamless Hose, Hermandorf dye; actual value 35c, our price 25c pair.

Men's Cotton Hosiery, all sizes; regularly sold for 10c and 20c; our price, two for 25c.

All sizes in Children's Cotton Stockings.

Preserving Kettles.

Full line of best quality Granite Preserving Kettles; price away down.

Fruit Jars.

Best Flint Glass Crown Fruit Jars. Our prices are right. Jars fitted with best rubber rings.

Fruit Fillers.

Newest improved Fruit Fillers, only 5c and 7c each.

Oil Stoves.

Heavy Iron Found Oil Stoves, one, two and three burners. 30c ones for 20c. 50c ones for 35c. \$1.00 ones for 60c.

Blue Flame.

The most complete and economical stove on the market. \$3.50 for 50c. \$5.00 for 75c. \$12.75 for \$1.50.

Maslin Kettles.

The old stand-by white porcelain-lined Preserving Kettles, only a few left; corner price 75c and 90c; while they last only 50c each.

Spoons.

Best quality Granite Preserving Spoons, long handle, 7c. DISH COVERS.

Dish Covers.

Fine blue wire Dish Covers, patent top; our bargain prices only 5c, 10c and 15c.

Baseballs.

Beauties for 5c and 10c.

Ball Bats.

All prices.

Catching Gloves.

Footballs. Large size American Football, only \$1.

Saturday and Monday Specials.

PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES—Big reductions.

UMBRELLAS—Do not miss our Umbrella Sale.

BLOUSE WAISTS—Every Blouse in the store reduced away below actual cost.

HAMMOCKS—The balance of Hammocks to be closed out at greatly reduced prices.

REFRIGERATORS—Only a few left. These must be sold.

HINTON & RUMBALL

THE UNDERTAKERS.
260 Richmond Street.
Private residence, 48 Decker.
Telephone—Store 440; House, 452. 22V

John Ferguson & Sons

FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS.
FIRST CLASS IN ALL APPOINTMENTS.
174-180 King Street.
Telephone—House No. 53; Store No. 645.

Navigation and Railways

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

SPECIAL.

JULY 27.

Niagara Falls

AND RETURN \$1.75.

(Grocers' picnic). Special train leaves 7 a.m.

Further particulars at City Ticket Office, 335 Richmond Street.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent.
O. V. RUGGLES, JOHN G. LAVEN,
General Pass. and Can. Pass. Agent.
Ticket Agent.

L. E. and D. R. R.

Semi-Weekly Excursions

PORT STANLEY.

Wednesdays and Saturdays during the season. Fare 80 cents round trip. Trains leave London 10:25 a.m., 2:25, 5:25 and 8:25 p.m.

O. and P. S. Line Steamer Flora to Cleveland, Ohio.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the season. Fare one way from London, 25c. Round trip, 50c. Saturday to Monday trip, only 25c for round trip. Boat leaves on arrival train leaving London 6:50 p.m. Get tickets "Clock Corner and G. T. R. Station."

WHITE STAR LINE

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

S. S. GERMANIC, July 20
S. S. CYMBRIO, July 25
S. S. ADRIATIC, July 27
S. S. TITONIC, Aug. 3
S. S. BRITANNIC, Aug. 10
S. S. MAJESTIC, Aug. 17

Rates as low as any first-class line.

E. De La Hooke,

Sole Agent for London "Clock" Corner. 22V

Railways and Navigation

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Home-Seekers' Excursions!

From all stations in Ontario to Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Manitoba, and all points on the Great Northern, Canadian, and Pacific Railways, St. Paul, Minn., and west in Minnesota, and all points in the Northwest.

Tickets good going July 15, returning Sept. 17, 1898. Tickets are valid going and returning via Chicago and St. Paul, the popular route to the Prairie Provinces. Also via the route of N. V. T. Co., via Sarnia and G. B. L. via Sarnia, via Collingwood. Ask for tickets over this route. Full information at G. T. R. offices.

E. DE LA HOOKE,

City Agent, London.
Or write M. C. DICKSON, D. P. A., Toronto.

Navigation and Railways

Merchants' Line.

The elegant electric lighted steamers

Cuba and Melbourne,

sailing from Port Stanley and Toronto to Montreal.

F. B. CLARKE,

Richmond street, next door to Advertiser office, sole agent. 22V

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY