

Confidence.

The consumers' confidence in

SALADA
CEYLON TEA

Is the keynote of our success.

Lead packets only.

All Grocers.

THE TRIUMPH
OF TRUE LOVE

Of her success we know, but weak words could never paint the horror of her surprise when she heard that he was married to Beatrice Leigh. Beatrice, the woman who had hated and persecuted her, who had driven her to her death, reigned in her place. She wondered in after years that she had not died in that moment of sorrow and pain. Her thoughts since then had been one tumult of wonder and passionate pain, and now, as she sat, on this fair summer's morning, amidst the dewy loveliness of flowers, a doubt came to her as to whether she had done right—a doubt for the first time as to the right of the sacrifice she had made. She had believed it to be magnificent heroism; now she asked herself was it not rather refined selfishness? She had found the burden of her life intolerable, and after her own fashion she had laid it down. Deep from her heart rose this question—Had she laid it down to secure the happiness of her husband and her son, or to save herself from that which she could no longer bear?

She raised her sweet, patient face to the morning skies. No answer was to her her question. She felt upon her knees amongst the lilies, and cried:

"Father, if I have done wrong, oh, pardon me! Thou knowest why it was done!"

Hark! the school-bell ringing nine. She has been there for three long hours, and Lady Beatrice Selwyn is coming today. There is no time for further thought—no time to decide what was best; her duties must be fulfilled. She went to her own room before she entered the school, and took a keen, critical survey of her pale face. She was woman enough to feel pleasure in that such fair, tranquil beauty still lingered there. On her own golden hair had strayed from underneath the black front and the widow's cap; she hastily cut them off. No; it was impossible, she thought, that any one could recognize her. All that remained of the fair and lovely Lady Beatrice was the pathetic beauty of the large violet eyes; even those were disguised by the darkened brows.

"If Doctor Hearne did not know me, I need not fear Beatrice," she thought; "he liked and she hated me—liking is quicker than hating!"

She went into the school-room then. Great patches of golden sunshine lay athwart the white floor; the long windows were open, and the perfumed air came in sweet and odorous gusts. The children were all assembled—fair-faced girls, with quick eyes and nimble fingers. A certain nameless restlessness went through them all; it was known that Lady Selwyn was coming to the school that day.

A content, something like peace, came to her. With so strong a will, with such desperate force, had she overcome the desire to see those, her loved ones, once again, that the struggle grew less at last.

Then the day came when the good doctor, Dr. Rawston, in speaking to her, asked her if she would like to see a newspaper. He had one containing a most touching story of a shipwreck—it was that day's paper—if she cared to see it. She thanked him with graceful words, and he sent the journal to her. She read the story, and then saw the advertisements for a school mistress at Thornleigh. All answers were to be sent to Dr. Hearne. How well she remembered him; as she read his name a vision of his kindly face rose before her.

Then came the strongest temptation she had ever tried. Why should she not apply for this situation? Then the hungry longing to see her husband and son would be gratified. They would never know her, never recognize her, under that disguise. Her heart beat high; she might do more than see her son, she might speak to him, and he to her. She must go. She told the doctor of her desire to change, and though sorry to lose her, he did not raise any objection.

"Thy people shall be my people; thy God shall be my God; thy whithersoever thou goest, I too will go."

A sigh that was almost a sob burst from her. That was the love she had dreamed of long years ago, in her father's house. That had been her dream—what was the reality? His people—her people—oh! Then there was a stir amongst the children, a murmur of excitement; and one girl older than the

rest came up to her, dropping a courtesy. "If you please, ma'am, here is my Lady Selwyn," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

"Here is my Lady Selwyn!" The words stabbed her with a pain that made her sick and faint; the girl looked at her in wonder, for she had grown white even to her lips. She rose hastily, and stood as one who had received a mortal blow. A thousand thoughts rushed through her mind. Where had she last seen Beatrice?—on that fatal evening, when in all her imperial beauty she had been queen of the fête at Villa Pisani. As though by magic, she saw again the scornful beauty of the face that had smiled on others, but had ever frowned on her. In that one moment, all the pain, the humiliation, the despair that had mastered her while she lay beaten down by sorrow under the orange trees, came over her again. She would have given her very life to have been saved that interview; but it was before her, and she must go through it.

There went a wild prayer from her heart to heaven for help. The hour of her most bitter need was upon her. Then she turned herself and went down the room.

One glance showed her the carriage at the door. She recognized that Beatrice Selwyn's—there, she saw, as one in a dream, the pair of grays; the footman; the coachman, who had been in the family many years and whose face she remembered well. She had rarely herself with a desperate effort, until the face reached her fast-benumbing senses.

"My lady is here," she heard the children say—and then—

Then, tall, stately lady, clad in sweeping robes of silk and velvet, stood before her—a lady whose proud, regal beauty dazzled those who gazed upon her. The lady's eyes were a deep, calm, satisfied expression. She advanced to the carriage of a queen, through the garden into the bright, sunshiny room. Just one moment, and it seemed to her, the pale, nervous woman that life must end, then she saw that Lady Beatrice Selwyn stood before her, and the two women looked silently into each other's face. The heart of the pale, nervous woman nearly failed. She gazed steadily, and she saw a magnificent face before her, she saw no shadow of recognition. So they met, the two who surely stood in stranger relation to each other than women had ever before.

"I hope I have not interrupted you," said Lady Beatrice to Mrs. Rivers. "I have been driving to the railway station, and have called on my return."

There was no reply. Mrs. Rivers made a low bow and Lady Beatrice continued:

"I will just look round among the children, Mrs. Rivers, and then, if you please, I will see you in the cottage." Nay, not one word to have saved her whole life could she have uttered. She tried, but her parched lips seemed to be glued together. My lady was pleased; she could not help seeing that Mrs. Rivers was overcome, and she most devoutly believed that it was the effect of her own august presence—a conviction that made her unusually gracious and affable. She praised the children's copy-books, she patted little Mary Clarke on the head, she admitted Lady Smith's sewing; and the children, stricken into so many statues by her appearance, began to breathe more freely; and all this time Mrs. Rivers followed her in silence, and with folded arms.

"I hope," said her ladyship, turning her beautiful face, bright with smiles, to the drooping curly heads, "I hope you will all be good children, and not give the lady who is kind enough to teach you, any trouble. Now, Mrs. Rivers, if you please, one of the elder girls can take charge of the others, while you are with me."

My lady swept down the room, the costly silk and velvet trailing after her. Mrs. Rivers followed, still with silent lips and tightly clenched hands. Through the garden, where the crimson rose-leaves lay on the broad path, to the little cottage, where the wood-bines hung in full flower. She entered first, and the white-faced woman behind her gathered all her strength together.

My lady seated herself on the little couch, the gray silk and rich velvet billowing about her.

[To be Continued.]

Light and Shade.

"I suppose you have quite forgotten, Mr. Jones, that you owe me a favor?"

"No, I haven't yet. Give me time and I will."

Politics—The question is, what shall we do with our new possessions? Younghub—I'll tell you what I do with mine; I walk the floor nights with it.

Aunt Maria—What a good little boy,

Grand Old Men

Some men seem to defy old age. They walk erect. Their eyes are bright. Their laugh is hearty. They are men of to-day. They are also men who have kept themselves in good physical condition in the past. As we grow older waste matter accumulates in the system. The body cannot throw it off without assistance. So, little by little the machinery of the body is clogged, vitality is lowered, and enjoyment of life ceases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cannot make old men young, but it does make them strong and healthy. By removing the waste accumulations, by increasing the blood supply, by strengthening the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, and thus increasing the assimilative and nutritive powers, "Golden Medical Discovery" makes grand old men.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. G. Popplewell, of Eureka Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me, could not retain food on my stomach, had vertigo and would fall helpless to the floor. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little by little I am now in good health for one of my age—60 years. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pills greatly benefit old men by keeping the bowels in activity.

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to leave your little friends to come with a poor old Auntie like me. Master Douglas—O, mother always makes us do nasty things and things we don't like!

The Young Man—What objection have you to my calling at your house? The Father—None at all. But I thought you might ultimately become tired of not being admitted.

A RAIN SONG.
Don't you love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain,
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter, clatter,
And its silvery spatter, spatter,
On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain,
I can see them running races,
Nip and tinkle down and lucky,
Trip and thimble down and lucky,
On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain,
I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and games,
On the roof and on the pane!

—Clinton Scollard, in April St. Nicholas.

AGAINST FRAUD

Provisions of the Amended Ontario Election Law.

Mines Bill Gets a Second Reading—Opposition to the "Scrap Iron" Basis of Assessment.

Toronto, April 17.—In the Legislature this afternoon the government bill to amend the Mines Act was read a second time.

The attorney-general, in moving the second reading of his bill to amend the Ontario Election Act, said that he could not but be gratified to find that the Queen's printer should provide the ballot, because there would not be time for printing and distribution between nomination day and election day. He proposed, however, that the Queen's printer should provide the ballot, because there would not be time for printing and distribution between nomination day and election day.

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THE "SCRAP IRON" BASIS.

The municipal committee of the house this morning voted overwhelmingly in favor of abolishing the assessment of companies operating on the public streets. This is the principal feature of the "scrap iron" assessment. The government bill, Thursday will be read a second time, and the assessment of plant and the scrap iron matter. At present the material of street railway and similar concerns is assessed at its value as scrap and not as part of a going concern.

During the discussion Mr. Helmut, representing the London Street Railway Company, told the committee that such a change in the assessment as that proposed would put the London street railway out of existence. He was no different in the valuation in the different wards.

NOTES.

It is understood that the government bill for the improvement of highways will not be pressed this session. The reason given for delay is that a scheme for the abolition of toll roads can best be considered in conjunction with the proposed to spend a million dollars for the improvement of highways. There are over forty toll roads in the province, and it is believed that in the appropriation of money for good roads a scheme might be evolved of all toll roads in the province. The matter is of such large importance that the government has decided to take fuller time for consideration of all the interested parties.

The prospects are that the legislature will spend a busy time this week, with the object of concluding by the middle of next week. There will be night sessions on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, probably a session several hours on Saturday.

Mr. Farewell's voting machine was reported favorably. The bill gives the municipal committee of the legislature to municipal councils power to use properly constructed voting machines after their approval by a government commissioner. The bill now goes to the house for a third reading.

The department of agriculture of the Ontario legislature has issued a bulletin on the subject of spruce beetles, prepared by Prof. E. E. Shuttleworth. He states that for cattle feed these beetles can probably be grown anywhere in Ontario, but for grown in the greatest perfection where the temperature during May, June and July has a mean of 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The required condition exists in the counties of Essex, Kent, Elgin, E. Kent, Welles, Lincoln, and the southern portions of Lambton, Middlesex, Norfolk

and Haldimand. Prof. Shuttleworth, however, adds that in many portions of the province in the vicinity of the lakes, where planting can be done in May, and where favorable beet harvesting weather can be depended on in October and the early part of November, they may be produced as successfully as in the above named sections. Almost any soil, according to Prof. Shuttleworth, will grow the spruce beetle, but it does best in a warm, moist, soil, having an open sub-soil. This is also the soil best adapted to potatoes.

THE PISTOL

The Woman Who Threatened to Whip Her Alleged Traitor Shot.

Canadian Woman Involved in the Rufus Wright Tragedy.

Charleston, W. Va., April 17.—At Hendley, Kanawha county, Miss Maud King was fatally shot by Mrs. John Johnston. Miss King stated that the two small sons of Mrs. Johnston had talked about her and she held their mother responsible. She entered Mrs. Johnston's home for the avowed purpose of whipping the mother. Mrs. Johnston who was very ill, secured a revolver when Miss King threatened her. Miss King then left, and soon returned with several other women. As the party approached, Mrs. Johnston opened her door and warned them to come no nearer. Miss King rushed at her. Mrs. Johnston fired three shots in the air, but Miss King would not stop. The fourth shot hit Miss King in the head.

THE RUFUS WRIGHT TRAGEDY.
Chicago, April 17.—Rufus Wright, of Morgan & Wright, the millionaire manufacturer of rubber tires, who was fatally shot during a scuffle for possession of a revolver in the apartments of Mrs. Louise Lottridge, the Lealand Hotel, died with words of exultation on his lips for the woman, whose revolver was responsible for his death. He had led up to the production of the revolver. I was talking to Wright, when he asked me to show him a revolver, of which he had spoken previously. I refused to do so, and we talked on the subject of the production of the revolver. I was talking to Wright, when he asked me to show him a revolver, of which he had spoken previously. I refused to do so, and we talked on the subject of the production of the revolver.

Mr. Lottridge, in a statement to the police, said: "I cannot remember where I was when the production of the revolver. I was talking to Wright, when he asked me to show him a revolver, of which he had spoken previously. I refused to do so, and we talked on the subject of the production of the revolver. I was talking to Wright, when he asked me to show him a revolver, of which he had spoken previously. I refused to do so, and we talked on the subject of the production of the revolver."

Buffalo, April 17.—Mrs. Lottridge is well known in Buffalo. She was born in Fort Erie, Ont., just over the Niagara River from this place. Her maiden name was Bachus. She spent her early life in this little Canadian village, and returns there every summer. She married about 20 years ago, and for a time lived at Black Rock. Her husband was a railroad man, but nothing is known of the divorce said to have been granted. During the Christmas holidays she was at Fort Erie to attend the funeral of her mother. One sister, Mrs. Wm. Dunn, resides at Port Erie, and another at Montreal. The family has always borne an excellent reputation.

Sandalwood, which sometimes feeds a bushman's fire, is exported to China for idol incense.

WHY DO YOU
HAWK AND SPIT?

All the Distressing Symptoms of Catarrh Are Eradicated From the System by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Hawking and spitting become a habit whenever catarrh prevails. People from warmer climates are shocked at what they consider our rudeness. But we can't help that. The droppings get into our throats and to get relief we must hawk up the thick matter and spit.

There is an even more disgusting symptom of catarrh than hawking and spitting, for when the decay reaches the bone the breath becomes foul and offensive.

Until the discovery of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure by the famous author of Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, there seemed to be no permanent cure for catarrh. The marvelous success of this remedy has added to the fame of the great physician in whom the people of America have always had such great confidence.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure gives almost instant relief, and by its healing influence permanently cures catarrh. It heals the ulcers, stops the droppings into the throat, counteracts foul breath and restores hearing to those who have been made deaf by catarrh.

Like Dr. Chase's other remedies, his Catarrh Cure is at the same time simple and effective. The price is placed at the lowest amount for which it can be manufactured, and with each box is given free the improved blower, with which it is sent directly to the diseased parts. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or by mail, from Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and asthma no remedy is so prompt and effective as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 341 Queen W., Toronto.

HOUSECLEANING
SUPPLIES.

Step Ladders, Window Cleaners, Furniture Polish, Furniture Beaters, Furniture Polish, Whitewash Brushes, Scrubbing Brushes, Floor Paint, Ready Mixed Paint, Paint Brushes, Carpet Stretchers, Hammer and Tacks.

A. WESTMAN,
111 Dundas Street.

Branch Store—654 Dundas Street

MADAME BONVINI,

The well-known Prima Donna Soprano.

Speaks of her Cure of Nervousness by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Madame Bonvini, whose residence is 401 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., is well known as an operatic singer and teacher of vocal music and voice culture. Before coming to Canada she was a most successful teacher in Liverpool, Eng., for fourteen years. Here are a couple of clippings from the press of that city.

"In the 'Miserere Scene' Madame Bonvini was particularly successful."

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such troubles, and determined to give them a trial—with what success you can read in the following account she gives of her case:

"I take much pleasure in recommending Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as a cure for neuralgia and nervousness. For a considerable time I could not attend to the duties of my profession properly in consequence of these troubles. After using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for a short time I experienced a great change for the better. I felt that my nerves were being toned and strengthened. I was able to sleep soundly and get refreshment from sleep. Now I am in excellent health and spirits, and every trace of the neuralgia and nervousness has completely left me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills not only cure the troubles that afflicted Madame Bonvini, but are also a most effective remedy for palpitation of the heart, choking and smothering feelings, cold hands and feet, dizzy and faint spells, sleeplessness, nervousness, anxiety, pale and yellow complexion, weakness, run-down condition, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and general debility.

They are also invaluable for young girls, strengthening their system, enriching their blood, and correcting all irregularities.

Nursing mothers will find them of great benefit in keeping their blood rich, and maintaining their strength. Women who are at the "turn of life" need something to help them over this trying time, and there is nothing better for this purpose than Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They strengthen the nerves and relieve those feelings of distress, hot flushes, pins and needles in the hands and feet, which are often the forerunners of nervousness.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

The National Cycle & Automobile Co. Limited

Strength, Finish.

The National Locally-guaranteed Scotsman bicycle has goodness in all parts. Everything is meant to give the greatest possible value for the price.

The important portions are electrically-welded.

The cost is only \$40, with the local guarantee.

Scotsman agents are everywhere.

The National Cycle & Automobile Company, Limited,
34 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Leaves London at 6:30 p.m., arrives at Toronto at 8:45 p.m., and Montreal at 1:30 a.m. Through coaches to Toronto, Pullman well ventilated buffet sleeping car London to Montreal. Dining car as far as Hamilton. Tickets and sleeping car accommodation can be secured at "Clock," corner Richmond and Dundas streets, E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

M. C. DICKSON, district passenger agent, Union Station, Toronto. ziv

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