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Our stock is now complete. Finest selections of patterns and lowest prices ever offered. We can hang it cheaper now than when the rush begins.

E. N. HUNT

190 DUNDAS STREET.

A Lover's

GERALDINE: Romance.

"Mr. Lindsey Fielding," he wrote, "your unworthy cousin, about whom you have so often had to consult me, called at my office the other day, and frankly owning that the sight of another member of his family in difficulties was next to his kindness of heart, the attraction which had taken him to see his nephew. He said that he had found Mr. James Otway much depressed and ashamed of himself, and that he wished his family to forget his existence, should the law, on account of some doubt as to who struck the finishing blow at Hughes, allow him to live. In addition to this evidence, I having reason to distrust Mr. Fielding as a witness in any matter, myself visited the prisoner James Otway, who was, in truth, as his relative had for once correctly reported, deeply cast down and unable to look me in the face. I have done what I could for him, and I can undertake to say that he will be most ably defended. But I fear I must add that the most you can hope for is that the capital sentence may be commuted in his case to penal servitude. I will not press you to come to my office, knowing your reluctance to do so. You may rely upon my having the benefit of every exertion in my power. Mr. Fielding made many inquiries, which I answered with caution, about Miss Geraldine Fielding, of whom he must have heard through Mr. James Otway, your nephew. I don't know what he has in his restless, mischief-spining brain about this young lady, but I would advise you to be on the lookout."

A few weeks later the six prisoners were tried at the Municipal Assizes, and the sentence passed upon James Otway was: "Penal servitude for life."

CHAPTER V.
Five years had passed uneventfully over the stagnant household at Warrington Hall since the day when Sir Charles Otway and his sisters had learned the terrible news that their nephew James had been sentenced to a charge of participation in a murder, to penal servitude for life. He was dead to them now; his name was never mentioned; his room, which had been by order of his Aunt Elizabeth, kept constantly ready for his return up to the very day of his apprehension, was locked up, just as it was, by her own hand, and had never since been opened. It was a sepulchre of the dead, many of which the cold, proud woman would fain have forgotten—her conscience told her of her boyhood dreary and joyless through unsympathetic treatment.

The hall became gloomier than ever, Elizabeth more imperious, Eleanor more querulous, Sir Charles now close upon 60, more silent. The very vaults—the youngest middle-aged by this time—had acquired a mournful gravity which harmonized with the threadbare carpets and the faded hangings, and with the fallen fortunes of the family.

One consolation Sir Charles had which his sisters did not share. Three times a week he rode over to Copley to see his adopted daughter, who, at 22, was still with her old instructress, the younger being dead—living something like the life of a nun. Most of the people about the neighborhood had learned her story, though she herself still remained in ignorance of it; and she had a circle of acquaintances, consisting of those few lawyers and doctors whom Miss Gretton honored with intimacy, and of a chirping colony of old maids. Among these latter she would long since have been the fashion of her coming to Warrington, but for a very natural suspicion to which her likable, sunny, friendly, Sir Charles' fondness, and his sisters' well-known virulent dislike, had given rise.

The girl herself had borne her isolated life outwardly well; but the fierce cravings of a young woman for excitement, for admiration, for sympathy, for love, were intensified by her position to such a degree of fever-heat in her passionate nature, that had it not been for one resource, she must have broken the bounds of her dull prison-life. This resource was the common one of solitary women—the spilling of ream after ream of good paper with bad verses, long-winded stories, trite essays, of no value

anyone but the owner; but they saved her from madness of one sort or another, and that, of course, was something.

She was much admired by the "golden youth" of the county; but her anomalous position had kept away any admirers whom her protectresses would have considered worthy of attention. Until lately, when the only son of the old vicar of Warrington, Reginald Bamber, a handsome man of about 30, just returned from America, on the lookout for a wife, had been so much struck by the girl's beauty and graceful modesty of manner, that he had created his father to ask Sir Charles the truth about her. He was a man of too calm and prudent a nature to offer himself to her in spite of everything; but he was deeply enough in love with her not to be able to resist the temptation of throwing himself a good deal in her way. She was more of a coquette than she had been, and she had treated the admiration of the county gentlemen around would have been friends to believe, with the attention of the dignified, handsome, sweet-voiced Reginald Bamber, whom all the girls she knew were raving about, produced a pleasant variety in her dull life which led her to give him tacit encouragement, and to make him feel more sure of her liking than he had any reason to be.

When Mr. Bamber approached the subject of Geraldine's history as delicately as he could, and asked Sir Charles if he thought it fair to the girl to let her remain in her neighborhood where the suspicions cast upon her birth might possibly injure her prospects, the baronet felt that the vicar's words contained a truth to which he had long tried to blind himself.

"You are right, Bamber," said he, after a long pause, during which he had sat like a culprit, with bent head, accusing and excusing himself. "It is not fair to the girl. And I will set it right—yes, I will set it right. She shall come here, whatever my sisters may say; and, once at Warrington Hall, no one will dare say a word against her. Heaven knows how much easier will let a flood of sunshine into the old vault, and frighten away some of the black shadows that have crept into the corners of late years."

The vicar was amazed. He thought it not at all unlikely that the baronet would carry point with that dogged obstinacy he could show when he was at last forced by circumstances to make up his mind upon any point; but whether the "flood of sunshine" would long continue to shed any light in the gloom of the household, the vicar and his sisters who hated her already, and whose hate would not be likely to diminish when brought into personal contact with its object, was another matter. After looking in some perplexity at his old friend and neighbor for some minutes after this announcement, the vicar rose to his feet and got out of his difficulty in a characteristic manner. "Well, think it over, think it over," he said, as he shook hands with the baronet and left his to his reflections. These were not wholly cheerful ones. The explanation he had so long dreaded, so long shuffled out of, could be no longer longer. Geraldine must learn that she had lived on lies; that there was a mystery about her birth; that she was penniless; that she had two sisters who disliked her. He counted upon their aversion melting like snow before the sun under the influence of her sweetness and charm; but still it would not do for her to come into their presence in ignorance of any circumstance in her own history, to risk its being told to her less kindly than by his own lips. He had been as a daughter to him, he as a father to her, for eighteen years; he would adopt her now; and the fact of his sisters' receiving her under the same roof with them—for they should receive her—he had resolved upon that—would silence the tattling of the neighborhood, and make people receive the meager account, which was all he had to give them, as indeed, the truth. Yes, on the very next day he would ride over to Copley; but instead of propping up the usual, almost monosyllabic listening to the prattle which was always cheerful for him, he would take her out for a walk with him, and make the strange and difficult confession as best he might.

But his decision had been made too late, and his confession was to be forestalled. On the morning after Sir Charles' conversation with the vicar, Geraldine was walking through a lane a little way from Copley, with a basket in her hand containing some jelly and bread for a sick woman. She was alone, for Miss Gretton did not feel well enough to accompany her. Rather glad to be able to choose her own pace, she was tripping along as fast as her feet could carry her, the April air quickened her young blood, bringing her soft brown eyes, and bringing a glow of rich color to her cheeks, when, turning quickly into a grass-covered cartway which led to the row of cottages which was the end of her walk, she came face to face with two gentlemen, one was the curate, the other a stranger whom she had seen several times lately met in his company. She had heard a good deal of gossip lately as to who this strange gentleman could be who had for the last few years come over so frequently from Colchester, where it was understood that he was staying, apparently for no other motive than to enjoy the society of the curate. Mr. Meadows, whose acquaintance he had made on the previous Sunday after service, and who, though a good little fellow enough and quite a favorite everywhere but in the pulpit, was not the sort of companion people would have expected such a well-dressed and well-bred-looking man as the stranger to find very interesting.

Before the average man is 22 years old he has heard that it is always best for him to put his \$1 on the outside of his roll.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Before the average man is 22 years old he has heard that it is always best for him to put his \$1 on the outside of his roll.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

Hay's best products are logwood, mahogany and coffee.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes ten corns from each pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Sir Donald Smith.

The Distinguished Canadian Arrives in Montreal.

Work He Has Been Doing for the Dominion in Britain.

The Queen's Jubilee and Premier Laurier's Coming Trip.

Sir Donald Says the Tariff Question Will Be Satisfactorily Settled.

Efforts to Promote Emigration to Canada, and Other Matters.

Montreal Witness.

Despite the implacable weather of a winter trip across the Atlantic, and the fatigue of a railway journey, Sir Donald Smith, High Commissioner for Canada, arrived in Montreal this morning from England, seemed as fresh and alert as if he had been living for the past few weeks in silver slippers. He was laughingly called one of his roughest experiences a "little trip," and, with clear eyes, strong voice and robust appearance, discloses a buoyancy and elasticity nothing short of wonderful.

Sir Donald, chiding pleasantly after breakfast in one of the many beautiful apartments of his Dorchester street residence, had many interesting things to say upon a variety of subjects.

His reference to the school and tariff questions was highly significant. "Naturally, Sir Donald, while in England, was interested in the immigration question. 'What we want, after all,' as he says, 'to make a nation is people. You must have people before you can be strong and confident.'"

Sir Donald never for a moment regarded his position as a sinecure. He started to work upon the immigration question, distributed magic lantern views for the purpose of interesting the young; and succeeded in arousing the attention of large masses of the English people to the advantages of Canada.

"The magic lantern idea we found to be an excellent one," said Sir Donald, "because the views which were thus presented anchored in the popular imagination, and the subject became possessed of an interest which without the views it never could have had. The young, but not the young only, were interested; their parents wrote letters asking for information, and the teachers of the schools in which the views were given were eager. We received hundreds of letters, and I think a valuable propaganda has been made."

BRITISH WORKERS PROSPEROUS.—"The great thing," proceeded Sir Donald, "is to get the right class of immigrants. These are agricultural laborers. Now, if at the present moment the agricultural laborers are better off than they ever were before, if it be asked how can the tariff pay for the cost when agriculture is depressed, the answer is that he has to, however much he may lose, if he can save his work otherwise. I should say, however, that last year the farmers were able to save their work for which they received good prices. In Scotland, again, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, one place where we made from 25 to 35 shillings a week in the quarters. Well, considering how cheap everything is, this is simply a miracle. And indeed, all over the United Kingdom, whether it be the result of free trade (this smilingly) or the products of the whole world which are poured into the country, or the great co-operative system, everything can be procured at a minimum. The agricultural laborer is so happily placed that we have nothing to offer him in the way of inducement. He is in a city, we might get some of these, but they are not the kind we want. Their children are better off than the good settlers or citizens. But, themselves would not be desirable. Still, I feel that it is done something in the way of illuminating the people. We have shown them some of our characteristic scenes and products. Queen of the Belgians—Doctoring poor people.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.—Here is a word to the Imperial Federation. The Imperial Federation of Devonshire, and many other eminent men are still deeply interested in the secret of the Imperial Federation. The plan has been devised for bringing the Imperial Federation about; it makes way for plan and statute. It brings realization nearer and nearer. We have had meetings on the subject, and found a very active sentiment in favor of which, should be brought into closer and more immediate union. I have no doubt that something practical will yet be evolved."

All the signs were eloquent that the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee would be an august event. I think, Sir Donald, "that it is highly probable that all the Premiers of the colonies will be present."

PREMIER LAURIER AND THE QUEEN.

It having been suggested that there might be some doubt in the case of the Hon. Mr. Laurier, owing to the threatened length of the session, Sir Donald said that while he was not in doubt of the political parties, he did not think, under the circumstances, that the Opposition would take any course to unduly prolong the session. "I think the fact of the Queen's Jubilee, and the special request that the colonial Premiers should be present, would act as a deterrent in this direction. I see no reason to doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Laurier will be present. The suggestion has been made, too, that troops representative of each of the colonies should be a feature of the occasion. This is an excellent idea. Assuredly, it will show the might and power of the empire in a manner never before realized. If the original programme of the colonial representation be carried out to the full."

"And the occasion," added Sir Donald, "might be availed of for the colonial Premiers to discuss Imperial Federation with the British Government, and to bring about a practical scheme. Not that this is the primary reason for the invitation, but it is a very good thing."

A TRIBUTE TO BAYARD.

Referring to the farewell banquet to Mr. Bayard, Sir Donald said: "Mr. Bayard made a noble speech, and regarded the cause of the colonies for peace between the two countries. He has noble ideals. He has been in conversation with me that

the two peoples should do everything in their power to draw closer together, and that it was the duty of all who could influence public opinion to use their utmost exertion for peace and brotherly feeling between the two great nations which have so much in common. We Americans, he said, that myself, any reason could be found as for you Canadians, we regard you as our half-brothers. You are a confederated nation, you have your rights and privileges as we have, we are living together side by side along a territory stretching four thousand miles; we are more than friends; we are relations."

"What a pity this sentiment could not be put into American politics," Sir Donald said.

"Yes, indeed," laughingly assented the High Commissioner, "but in the same, the expression itself is valuable. We cannot have too much of this feeling."

CANADA'S POSITION TODAY.

Turning to Canada, Sir Donald Smith asked a number of questions as to our present industrial situation. Told that the uncertainty or alleged uncertainty as to the tariff question produced a certain amount of industrial stagnation, Sir Donald replied that that was what it was, even upon an ordinary occasion, when there was any change contemplated.

"What I am very confident," said Sir Donald, very emphatically, "that this tariff question will be solved very satisfactorily. I do not believe that any reason will be given for the tariff which you say is felt or expressed. We must remember that the men in power are responsible men; that they are men of judgment, and that they are accountable to the country. They will not, I am very confident, do anything rash. They will act carefully and in the interest of the country as a whole. That I have faith to believe, and I am responsible, in a great degree, for the prosperity of the country. I have no doubt myself of any kind, and I think which will hurt the interests of the country. Whatever is done will be done with due regard to the effect produced; and the first desire must be prosperity, which we need so much. The times are not perhaps bad, but they are not very bright. I have confidence that the tariff question will be dealt with satisfactorily."

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Sir Donald is not a politician, but he is a keen observer of events. He is fully acquainted with all the new phases of the school question, in which he has taken a keen interest. He knows Mr. Charles Russell, who conducted the negotiations for the appointment of an ablegate, well, and his father, Lord Russell, he has heard the highest praise bestowed upon the ablegate as a moderate, careful man.

"I have taken an interest in the school question from the first. Is it not strange that people who have to live side by side, who have to work together with a common aim to make the country great and prosperous, who, without cohesion, can never be nationally strong, should not be able to agree on a matter which is so important, but for the introduction of the religious element, would have been deemed a trifling matter? Why, you know, we must and take. There is no other way. I certainly desire to see this matter finally settled, because, aside from the harm it does here, it has an injurious effect outside, and especially with respect to immigration. And I have faith to believe, and I am responsible, in a great degree, for the prosperity of the country. I have no doubt myself of any kind, and I think which will hurt the interests of the country. Whatever is done will be done with due regard to the effect produced; and the first desire must be prosperity, which we need so much. The times are not perhaps bad, but they are not very bright. I have confidence that the tariff question will be dealt with satisfactorily."

Hobbies of Prominent Women.

A smart lady's paper recently printed the following list of hobbies enjoyed in by prominent women:
Queen Victoria—Whist playing.
Princess of Wales—Golf.
Duchess of Fife—Fencing.
Duchess of Westminster—Cricket.
Lady Mary—Golf.
Countess Cowper—Organ playing.
Lady Zetland—Photography.
Marine—Golf.
Mrs. Asquith—Visiting jails and prisons.
Lady Henry Somerset—Driving and painting.
Ellen Terry—Photography.
Olive Schreiner—The management of the dairy.
To the above list might be added, says Torch:
Princess of Wales—Pool playing.
Duke of Coburg—Collecting silver ships.
Sarah Bernhardt—Costume designing.
Czarina—Music.
Czar—Nervous games.
Queen of the Belgians—Doctoring poor people.
King of the Belgians—Card playing.

A WARNING

For Young and Old.

Carelessness and Indifference Lead to Death.

Victims of Disease Find Spring a Critical Time.

Avoid All Dangers by Using Pain's Celery Compound.

We sound a note of warning for the benefit of young and old who in a low condition of health, or who are bearing a heavy load of disease.

Carelessness on your part at this season means death.

The victims of disease should bear in mind that spring is a critical time for them. They must get better or worse. Which will be? If, for a short season, Pain's Celery Compound be wisely used, there is a guarantee of renewed health and strength. Every organ of the body will be invigorated and put in active condition, digestion will be easy and natural, and sweet, sound, refreshing sleep will take the place of insomnia, irritation and melancholia.

Pain's Celery Compound is earth's great spring cleansing agency for the blood. It is far, far ahead of all sarsaparilla, medicine and pills, that has done a work of life-saving every spring that has attracted the attention of the best medical men.

Mrs. A. Allen, of Ramsey, Ont., says:

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the fact that Pain's Celery Compound has caused a remarkable change in my condition. For ten years I suffered from nervousness and rheumatism, and used medicines of all kinds without finding relief. Your Pain's Celery Compound was recommended to me, and after using seven bottles I find myself well and strong, and can sleep with ease and comfort. I believe it to be the best medicine in the world, and I shall always recommend it with pleasure."

BEAUTIFUL NECKS, WHITE ARMS AND HANDS, DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WATERS.

FOUL'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

Will Give You All These.

If you are annoyed with PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS, FRECKLES, BLOTCHES, NOTH, FLESHY WOUNDS, ECZEMA, or any blemish on the skin, use the famous WATERS of DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WATERS.

WATERS by mail, 5¢ 6 LARGE BOXES 25¢. Send 5¢ to ADAMSON & CO., 14 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT. LYMAN BROS. & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS, 71 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

MY MOTHER.

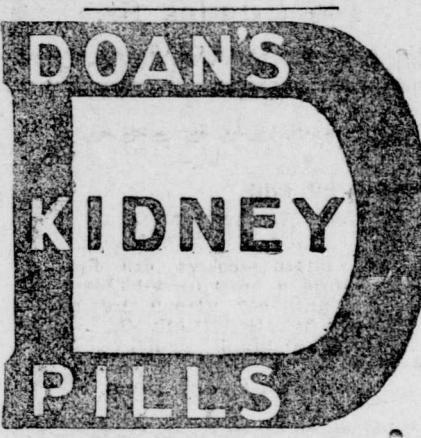
A Daughter Speaks of Her Mother's Afflictions and How They Were Relieved.

Miss Margaret Brown, 627 Colborne street, London, Ont., says: "My mother has been afflicted with nervousness and general debility for a long time. She suffered a great deal with insomnia, and found it almost impossible to sleep."

"I went to W. T. Strong's drug store, and got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which she took, and derived so much benefit from them that I bought another box for her. They have done her a wonderful lot of good, making her nervous system much stronger, giving her restful sleep, and removing many other symptoms which previously distressed her."

"I can truly say that these pills are a great remedy for anyone suffering from weak nerves, general debility, sleeplessness or heart trouble."

Laxa Liver Pills cure constipation and sick headache. 25 cents. All druggists.



PRICE 50c. PER BOX, OR 6 FOR \$2.50. AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients—one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Indapo Made a well of Man of.

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LONDON'S GREATEST STORE

(DEPARTMENTAL.)

208, 210, 210½ & 212 Dundas Street.

THE BIG STORE GETS MORE POPULAR

THE BETTER IT IS KNOWN.

In our daily newspaper notes we advertise nothing we haven't got, and we promise nothing we're not prepared to perform.

The crowds who visited our Linen Counter the last three days expected something wonderful from reading our advertisement, and they weren't disappointed. In nearly every instance they expressed astonishment at the values offered.

For Friday and Saturday Ladies' Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear claim special notice. The hands in these departments are particularly enthusiastic about the beauty and quality of their stock, and no wonder. These are extensive departments, and play a very important part in the economy of the Big Store.

With a special price list for these two days the hands will have a busy time of it, and ladies who patronize this section will find a more extensive stock and prices a little lower than elsewhere.

Just opened another case of veilings, new shades, at the same popular price as last. They're on sale now, but won't be here long.

London's Only Departmental.

Runians & Butler.

HOP BITTERS

NEVER FAIL

SEE THE CELEBRATED

CRESCENT BICYCLES.

UP-TO-DATE.

DUNLOP TIRES. BALL BEARERS.

TWO-PIECE CRANK AXLE.

Equal to any wheel on the market. Call and compare prices before purchasing.

REID'S HARDWARE.

No. 113 North Side Dundas St.

Scalp Diseases

CAUSE Dandruff, and later on the hair falls out. This can be prevented if you receive our treatment. Ladies Treated at Their Homes, if desired.

MADAME IRELAND, 211½ Dundas St.

SHELL OYSTERS

NEW YORK BLUE POINT.

20 cents per dozen at counter; 30 cents served in dining-room.

Hub Restaurant.

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