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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.Her
Hidden Destiny

"No, I cannot listen," she said wildly. "Mark, you did it, did you not? He told me he was to meet you there, and I went, and when I got there, you were gone, and— I never told, dear! They knew I had been out, but I did not tell them why—I would have died first! But you must go, Mark, lest they should suspect and—"

The hurried, broken, disconnected words died away, her great wild eyes rested on his face in mute inquiry. "My darling, there has been some terrible mistake," he said gently, but impressively. "Dear, I am entirely innocent of what you suppose. I met him that night as you imagine, but I did not harm him. I did not lay a finger on him, surely. I was tempted to do so. I will swear that, Barbara. You must believe me, my dearest."

"Yes," she murmured feebly, leaning heavily upon the little dead table, "I believe you, Mark. I know you cannot speak falsely. And yet—and yet— she pushed her hair from her forehead with a strange wild gesture, then in a hoarse trembling voice she went on, in broken, disjointed sentences, "I went out. It was very cold and dark—so dark that I could see nothing; but he had told me that you would meet him there, and I thought you would help me, Mark—you had never failed me—"

"I will not fail you now, my darling," he murmured, a sudden fear striking him as he listened to the broken words and looked at the wild eyes which stared so blindly before her. "Dear, you trust me, do you not?"

"Yes," she whispered. "But it is all so strange. I understand. It is as dark as that night was! Think of what I am—what I am! And she sunk down upon her knees, wringing her hands wildly. "Barbara, try to listen to me," the young man said gently, anxious only to strengthen the case against her. "Be calm, dear; do not take your hands to me. I will not hurt you, dear. Try to trust me, try to tell me all."

She shook her head dreadingly; her under a passion seemed to be dying out, and now, as he went to her, and took her hands in his, she did not attempt to resist him.

"Do you remember nothing of that night, Barbara?" he asked her. "What made you go out into the grounds?"

"I went to see you," she answered, huskily, with a little pettish movement, as if she would release her hands from his clasp.

"Yes, I know, dear, but did you take the pistol with you that night?"

"What pistol?" she asked faintly. "The pistol with which he was shot."

"I had no pistol," she answered, raising one hand to her head with a piteous little gesture, and a gleam of hope dawned in Newell's despairing heart.

"Then, dear-child, how could you have killed him?"

"Who said I killed him?" she repeated vaguely. "The little hands he held were burning with fever, there was barely recognition in his eyes as they met hers. He placed her upon a chair.

"My darling, try to tell me of that night," he whispered tenderly, holding her in his strong arms.

"I have told you," she murmured, pausing between each word in the faintness and exhaustion which were creeping over her. "It was dark and cold, as it is now. Mark—"

"A swift, low, shuddering cry, and she covered in his arms as the door opened—don't let them take me from you, Mark—don't let them—"

Her voice died away in an inarticulate murmur, her head fell back upon his shoulder, with her face upturned, and sight and sense and consciousness all faded in a merciful insensibility.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Barbara's eyes had closed to all outward things in the lone little room at the police station in Arlington; but when, after a long period of insensibility, she opened them again, her languid gaze rested on the silken hangings of her bed at Elsdale Castle, and then wandered slowly round the room.

The winter day was at its close; outside the dusk was deepening into night. A soft light was burning in the pretty grate, and under the shaded lamp a lady sat busy with some fancy needle work, and Barbara's languid eyes saw only the soft filmy lace of her head-dress.

The girl lay dreamily watching her, until she raised her head and saw the great hollow eyes, looking so painfully large in the worn, pallid face, open and fixed upon her. She put down her work and hurried to the bedside and bent over the recumbent girl.

"You know me, Barbara?" a low, gentle voice said, with a very perceptible tremor in its tones; and a faint wondering gleam crept into the dark eyes. "No, don't try to talk," went on the kindly tremulous voice, "just drink the dear, and go to sleep, again, and sleep as long as ever you can."

She raised the pretty cropped head upon her arm, and held a draught to the lips which were beginning to quiver, and Barbara, too weak for resistance, obediently drank, and as obediently sank to sleep again, a sweet dreamless sleep which brought healing and strength with it. Having watched her long enough to know that the slumber was the natural sleep they needed, the lady went softly to the door and whispered a few words to an anxious watcher there, which

sent him away with a feeling of unutterable thankfulness.

And then she came back and resumed the work she had thrown aside, placing the anxious expression which had been habitual there during the long weeks of oblivion which had been granted to Barbara. Hatten—

When the languid lids were raised again, the dawn of the following day was breaking in the eastern sky, the fire was burning brightly, the lamp was carefully shaded, Mrs. Fairfax, her white cap and kerchief as carefully arranged as if she had just left her room instead of having passed a long, anxious night, was seated by the bed; and then it seemed as if the kindly old face melted away to be replaced in a moment by the other kind, tender face on which Barbara's eyes first rested.

"Good!" the girl said, and, although her voice was very faint, it was quite audible.

"Yes, dear. You have had a nice sleep."

"Am I at Rose Cottage?" asked the faint low tones, while the dark eyes wandered feebly around the room.

"No, dear," Mrs. Clavering answered gently. "You have been ill and I have been nursing you."

"All?" repeated the girl. "Have I been long?"

"Not very long—a little while," Mrs. Clavering answered soothingly. "Mrs. Clavering has been very anxious about you, dear child, and you must get well quickly now and remain so for all our care. You do not suffer now, Barbara?"

"No, but I am so tired," Barbara said wearily, as she let her white lids sink over her languid eyes, and Mrs. Clavering wondered if memory, with its attendant suffering, was coming back, and hoped that it would delay its return for awhile, until the feeble frame was better able to bear the horror it might bring with it.

But even now, though the fever had left her, and the great dark eyes were no longer bright with its luster, and the rambling, broken words which had been so terrible to listen to had ceased, there was the gravest cause for anxiety in Barbara's intense weakness. She seemed as the days went by—such slow, anxious days to the household at Elsdale—especially so to the two men who loved her so tenderly—to regain no strength; she lay with closed eyes upon her pillows, heeding nothing, mute and motionless, in semi-stupor, which sometimes deepened into a long deathlike swoon which caused the physicians great anxiety, and made them wonder if she remembered the trouble which had preceded her illness, and was letting her misery retard the recovery for which they so earnestly strove. Mrs. Clavering and the kindly old housekeeper wondered also; but Barbara said nothing. The pale lips were rarely opened, and the pale lips were rarely opened to utter a few words of thanks or apology for the trouble she gave.

"She must be roused," Dr. Close said. "Most anything would be better than this indifference to everything. She is drifting away in spite of all our care."

Christmas had come and gone, and a new year had begun during those weeks of darkness and oblivion, and one morning Mrs. Clavering came into the quiet room to find Barbara lay, bringing a bunch of fresh white snow-drops with their delicate green leaves, with which she touched Barbara's lips. The girl opened her languid eyes and then a bright smile of spring.

"What a beautiful day!" she said, looking at the sweet blossoms of spring.

[To be Continued.]

BACK TO MERRIE ENGLAND

200 Immigrants Who Found Life Here Too Strenuous.

Toronto, May 9.—Two hundred English immigrants piled into an east-bound Canadian Pacific train this morning en route for Merrie England via the steamship Manitoba from Montreal. In their touch and run experience in the new world the departing guests had formed a very flattering opinion of this Province. The large families of small children looked tired and dirty after the buffeting which they have received. Their parents had lost all semblance of tidiness as well.

The coaches were well filled with loud-voiced and self-appointed critics of Canada and its way. The early rising hours and the industrious life of the Ontario farm had proved entirely unpalatable to the easy-going loafers from East London. The life had proven too lonely for many of the women, they were homesick for the dust and noise and clatter of the big city.

Generally speaking, these returning immigrants will prove very poor advertising agents for Canada. Probably the farmers whom they have left here formed a poor opinion of English immigrants.

The department is experiencing a lull this morning after three exceedingly busy days. Two hundred experienced Scotchmen are en route from Quebec and a lively scramble is anticipated this evening.

How Eczema Is Recognized

There are many kinds of eczema, but all have such symptoms as redness of the skin with a yellow tinge, heat and inflammation, swelling, discharge of watery matter and the formation of a crust.

The most constant and troublesome feature is the itching and burning which varies from that which is simply annoying to that which is positively unendurable.

Then there is the tendency for eczema to become chronic and spread to other parts of the body.

Persistent treatment is always necessary, but you can depend on it that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you.

Relief will come after the first few applications, and the healing process will be gradual and natural.

It is due to its remarkable record in the cure of eczema that Dr. Chase's Ointment has become known the world over. For every form of itching skin disease or skin irritation it is of incalculable worth.

Mothers use Dr. Chase's Ointment for the chafing and skin troubles of their babies in preference to unsanitary, pore-clogging powders; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ROYAL NUNS IN
ENGLISH RETREATO'lest Member of Benedictine
Order Was Once the Queen
of Portugal.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, May 9. — On the tree-clad hill rising behind West Cowes stands a fine old Georgian mansion, one of the solid, comfortable homes of the squiredom of long ago, typical of the English countryside.

From its windows one looks far out across the waters of the Solent, with the distant woods of the New Forest lying on the horizon. The panorama is very beautiful, and the sense of calm that it conveys is in no wise disturbed by the silent passing across the smooth face of the Solent of steamship or yacht.

Behind the house lies a spacious walled park, with noble gatehouses of stone. The quiet of the bowered approach to Northwood House is broken only by the music of a tiny, tinkling rivulet that rises among the underwood, where violets and primroses are in flower, or by the song of the birds that here find sanctuary.

Thus the brief, gentle ringing of what would be a convent bell, that is heard through the trees in harmony with the sylvan scene. The nuns of Solesmes chose well when, after the passing of the French law against communities, they sought an exiles' refuge in the Isle of Wight and selected Northwood House for their home.

Here in quiet seclusion they have dwelt since the day when the packet boat brought them across the Solent three or four years ago, and ever since they have won the affection of the poor by their gifts of food to the sick, but, save in case of necessity, the nuns of whom there are sixty in all—never leave the portion of the ground of Northwood House which has been inclosed as the convent garden.

The oldest of the nuns is the woman who, but for the contrary way of things, might at this moment be the queen-mother of Portugal. In the year of the great exhibition, 1883, Princess Adelaide of Lowenstein-Roschitz, married Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, who, having assumed the title of king of Portugal, in 1828, was forced to abdicate in 1834, and died nearly 30 years later. Fifteen years ago the ex-king's widow entered the convent of Solesmes, and with her sister exiles she came to the Isle of Wight.

Visitors seldom intrude upon the seclusion of the nuns of Solesmes, who are of the Benedictine order, and are therefore engaged during the greater part of the day in what the founder of the order laid down as the chief duty of his disciples—the singing in church of the praises of their Maker.

The atmosphere of Solesmes pervades even the courtyard of the old mansion. As the visitor passes through the great gateway he notices on the left hand a quaint little wooden house, at the open window of which one of the lay sisters, clad in the black garb and large white linen hood of the French peasant woman adopted by the nuns, sits winding wool.

As one approaches, a sister, who has been sitting on the floor of the large hall, also winding wool, rises to her feet and meets the visitor on the threshold. The conversation passes, by preference, in French, for English is still a foreign tongue to the nuns of Solesmes.

The ordinary visitor who wishes to hold converse with those in the convent, is then conducted to a small room at the side of the courtyard, divided into two parts by a double grille, the spaces in which are not large enough to permit a hand to pass through. Here the conversation between visitor and nun proceeds, each being seated on opposite sides of the grille.

But, although the nuns live apart from the world, theirs is a life of continual work. From early morning until nightfall, with intervals for the two chief meals of the day, their duty lies in the convent church.

Rising about 4 o'clock in the morning, and without breaking their fast, they proceed to the chapel for matins and lauds, which occupy the hour from 5 to 6. After an interval for a scanty meal, this is followed by prime and morning chapter and low mass. At 9 o'clock another office begins, and so, with brief pause, the nuns remain in choir until midday, when a plain dinner is taken in common.

After dinner there is a period of recreation and such work as the making of ecclesiastical embroideries, and then at 3 the nuns return to the church and vespers. After this, conferences may be held, or the remainder of the afternoon may be spent in work. Supper is taken at 6 o'clock, and after recreation, indoors or in the cloister gardens, the nuns repair to the chapel once more for compline, the last service of the day, about 8 o'clock. By 9 or 9:30 the convent day is over, and everyone has retired to rest.

The singing of the nuns of Solesmes is extremely beautiful. Music is naturally one of their life studies, and the Gregorian chant is, by generations of practice, brought by their choir to a pitch of marvellous perfection.

Besides the widow of the ex-king there is in the convent a younger member of the same family as the princess, and all the nuns are of gentle birth. They are women of high educational attainments, most of them knowing several modern languages as well as Latin and Greek. Thus, though she is in from the world, they have no lack of interest in life.

Before long the nuns will move to Ryde, where they have secured the college for their future home. Here it is likely they will open a school for girls. At present their sphere of labor is limited to the convent church.

WHILE MORE PREVALENT in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first slight of derangement use Eickhoff's Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

A Prominent
Clergyman Said

In a letter to us today from one of the large towns of this province: "The ready-made clothing here is so good, I want you to send me one of your 'Oak Hall' Suits." He described the suit he wanted; we sent it. Another proof among the many that we have not missed the mark when we claim that **Oak Hall** is "The Home of Good Clothing." It's the best clothing on the market today for man or boy, and by long odds the fairest priced. If you doubt it, just ask your neighbor. The chances are he is wearing one of our suits—most likely his boys are also. His answer will be something like this: "Satisfactory in price, satisfactory in results, and a nice store to trade in."

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The object lesson to men who are still wedded to custom tailoring is this—perfect-fitting suits, splendidly finished, at eight or ten dollars less than custom prices, and all the worries of fitting and chances of how it will look when made eliminated.

Sovereign Brand Suits, \$12 to \$25

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The Strand.....\$8.50 to \$15

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Boys' Brownie Overalls, in plain American blue, with bib and braces, for 4 to 12 years, worth 50c, for **25c**. There is nothing in the city to touch these for the money. See them. **25c**

Boys' Knicker Pants, ages 4 to 15 years, special.....**25c and 35c**

Major Waists for boys 4 to 7 years; something entirely new. We would like mothers of boys to see these. Special.....**50c**

Boys' Blouse Waists—A splendid assortment of these for Friday and Saturday. Special.....**35c**

Hewson Tweed Suits for boys; "wear like iron." Many of our customers who have been waiting for these suits will be glad to know they have arrived. **NORFOLKS** and **DOUBLE BREASTED SUITS**, sizes 28 to 34, the best-wearing suits made.

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