

There Are Others,

And these are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Is of incomparable value and should be demanded if you really want the best.

Sold in Lead Packets only. Black and Mixed. All Grocers.

25c, 40c, 50c, 60c per pound.

A Lover's Triumph.

She selected a bill and extended it to him.

"I am not able to change that for you, madame," he said, as he glanced at it and saw that it was a hundred-dollar note.

"I do not wish it changed. Please take it. Even then I shall feel that I am greatly indebted to you," she returned, with an earnestness such as she had not betrayed before during the interview.

Again the dusky red rushed to the doctor's temples.

"If it is not convenient for you to hand me just the amount of my bill, you can send me a check for the sum later," he said, coldly.

She bit her lips with mortification, and then tears rushed into her eyes.

"On, it is perfectly convenient. Excuse me; I did not intend to offend you, but I am truly grateful for the kind attention you have bestowed upon me, and I shall always entertain friendly memories of you."

Dr. Turner returned a courteous bow for the promise of "friendly memories," but remarked briefly:

"I have but done my duty as a physician, madame."

An angry flush mounted to her brow as she counted five golden eagles from her purse and laid them in his hand.

"I know," she said, "that you think I am a heartless monster in woman's form but you would not, I am sure, if you could understand the strait that I am in."

Another bow was his only reply to this.

He could not gainsay her statement regarding his estimate of her character, and he would not presume to inquire further into the mystery surrounding her.

"I should be glad to retain your good opinion," she resumed, with a slight, deprecating gesture, "for you have been a good friend to me in my necessity, but a stern fate compels me to forego that. I trust, however, that I shall see you again before I leave your city."

And she again extended her hand to him in farewell.

"If you need me—if I can serve you in any way, command me," Dr. Turner returned, politely, but with an emphasis which plainly indicated that he should not voluntarily seek her society.

He bowed again, but barely touched the hand held out to him, and then went his way, wondering what mysterious circumstance or combination of circumstances could have forced this beautiful and gifted woman to abandon her child thus at the very beginning of its life.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning there appeared an advertisement in the Boston Transcript, offering five hundred dollars to suitable parties who would adopt a female infant, and stating that applications were to be made by letter addressed to the office of the paper.

Of course, a great many answers were received, for there were hosts of people who would agree to almost anything for five hundred dollars, while there were others who were really anxious to adopt the little baby girl that was to be so strangely thrown upon the world.

One alone out of these many epistles pleased Mrs. Marston. It was written in a clear, elegant hand, signed "August and Alice Damon."

It was from a young couple, and stated that only a month previous they had lost their own little daughter—a babe of a few weeks—and their hearts were so sore over their loss, their home so lonely and sad, that they would gladly take a little one to fill, as far as might be possible, the place of their lost darling, and if the child in question pleased them and there was nothing objectionable connected with her birth or antecedents, they would gladly adopt her without the payment of the premium that had been offered.

Mrs. Marston, after reading this communication, immediately dashed off a note asking the young people to call upon her at their earliest convenience—in case they were at liberty to do so, the next morning at ten o'clock; she would reserve that hour for them.

Promptly at that time a young gentleman and lady of prepossessing appearance were ushered into Mrs. Marston's private parlor, and one glance into their kind and intelligent faces convinced her that she had found the right parties to whom to intrust her child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Damon," Mrs. Marston said, graciously receiving them, and glancing at the cards that had been sent up before them to announce their arrival, "I am very much pleased to meet you."

She invited them to be seated, and then entered at once upon the object of their visit.

"I have appointed an interview with you in preference to all other applicants," she said, "because of the real interest and feeling evinced in your letter to me. But before we decide upon the matter under consideration, I would like to know something about you and your prospects for the future."

Mr. August Damon, a fine-looking young man, perhaps 25 years of age, frankly informed the lady that he was a clerk in a large wholesale boot and shoe house; his salary was a fair one, and there was a prospect that he might become a partner in the business.

He said that both he and his wife were very fond of children, and had been almost heart-broken over the loss of their own child. They had resolved, if they could find one to whom their hearts turned, to adopt another, and bestow upon it, as far as might be, the love and care that their own child would have received if it had lived. They had seen her advertisement in the Transcript, and had determined to respond to it, hoping thus to succeed in their object.

"Nothing could be better," Mrs. Marston eagerly said, in reply. "This is just the opportunity that I desire. I feel sure that you will give my little one the best of care, and I shall relinquish her to you most willingly. I shall expect you will do by her exactly as you would have done by your own; that you will give her such advantages as your means will allow. This must be your part in our contract, while mine will be to renounce all claim upon her, and make over to you the amount which I specify in my advertisement."

August Damon never once took his eyes from the face of the proud, beautiful woman while she was speaking. They burned with a strange fire, an indignant flush mounted to her cheeks, and an expression of contempt curled his fine lips.

His wife viewed the apparently heartless mother with speechless wonder, her eyes fastened upon her in a sort of horrible fascination.

Her sweet delicate face was colorless as the snowy ruche about her white neck, and she trembled visibly as she listened to her abrupt and apparently unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

There was an awkward pause after Mrs. Marston concluded, and she seemed to become suddenly conscious of the very unpleasant impression her abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

She could not fail to realize that her guests were well bred, even cultivated people, and that the abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul was upon them, and it was extremely galling to her haughty spirit to feel that they had been weighing her in the balance of their own refined and noble natures, and had found her sadly wanting in all those gentlemanly qualities and attributes which naturally belong to a woman, and especially a mother.

But she was impatient of all restraint and discomfort. She threw off the feeling with the usual shrug of her shapely shoulders, and with her handsome head with a haughty air, she continued, somewhat imperiously:

"Do you accede to the conditions that I have mentioned; and you, madame, turning her great dark eyes full upon the gentle but shocked wife, with your little one, the darling whose pulses are throbbing with your own life-blood?" exclaimed sweet Alice Damon, tears starting to her earnest, gray-blue eyes, her delicate lips trembling with emotion.

"That is a question that I cannot allow myself to consider," responded Mrs. Marston, with a peculiar gesture of her jeweled hands, which might have meant either pain or repugnance, "neither can I enter into any explanation upon that point; the fact remains, I must part with her, and it is my wish to make the best possible provision for her."

"We should be glad to see the child, madame," Mr. Damon gravely remarked.

"Of course, I will have her brought in immediately," said Mrs. Marston, and she arose to ring a bell.

A moment later a portly matron entered the room bearing in her arms a lovely babe about a month old, arrayed in a richly embroidered robe, and wrapped in the softest and whitest of flannels.

Alice Damon uttered an eager cry, in which the tenderest mother-love and the keenest pain were blended, as she caught sight of the beautiful child who recalled so vividly her own lost treasure.

Starting from her seat she glided swiftly over the soft carpet, and the next moment the tiny creature was clasped close to her aching heart, while a sob burst from her as she pressed her quivering lips to its velvet cheek. Then she turned to her husband with it still in her arms.

To be Continued.

BREACHES IN THE WALL.

The Weak Spot, the Kidneys—They Must Be Guarded as Life Advances—Defense Strengthened by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Port Hope, Oct. 25.—Citizens called on here to vote for correctness of the following statement without an exception endorsed it as true. Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Chief of Police and Government Fishery Overseer, of his own case said: "For ten years my distress increased until the doctor said I had Diabetes. At times my suffering was intense, and medicine taken did no good. At last a friend assured me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. A few boxes taken that promise, and I thank Dodd's Pills for a perfect and I believe permanent cure."

A Lynn woman took arsenic "to scare her husband," but he didn't scare, and now she feels worse than ever.

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 believe 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."

John A. Campbell, who was head chef in the leading catering establishment the Columbia World's Fair, will be present to our patron.

GROGERS.

150 Dundas St., London.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

There are others, and these are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Is of incomparable value and should be demanded if you really want the best.

Sold in Lead Packets only. Black and Mixed. All Grocers.

25c, 40c, 50c, 60c per pound.

A Lover's Triumph.

She selected a bill and extended it to him.

"I am not able to change that for you, madame," he said, as he glanced at it and saw that it was a hundred-dollar note.

"I do not wish it changed. Please take it. Even then I shall feel that I am greatly indebted to you," she returned, with an earnestness such as she had not betrayed before during the interview.

Again the dusky red rushed to the doctor's temples.

"If it is not convenient for you to hand me just the amount of my bill, you can send me a check for the sum later," he said, coldly.

She bit her lips with mortification, and then tears rushed into her eyes.

"On, it is perfectly convenient. Excuse me; I did not intend to offend you, but I am truly grateful for the kind attention you have bestowed upon me, and I shall always entertain friendly memories of you."

Dr. Turner returned a courteous bow for the promise of "friendly memories," but remarked briefly:

"I have but done my duty as a physician, madame."

An angry flush mounted to her brow as she counted five golden eagles from her purse and laid them in his hand.

"I know," she said, "that you think I am a heartless monster in woman's form but you would not, I am sure, if you could understand the strait that I am in."

Another bow was his only reply to this.

He could not gainsay her statement regarding his estimate of her character, and he would not presume to inquire further into the mystery surrounding her.

"I should be glad to retain your good opinion," she resumed, with a slight, deprecating gesture, "for you have been a good friend to me in my necessity, but a stern fate compels me to forego that. I trust, however, that I shall see you again before I leave your city."

And she again extended her hand to him in farewell.

"If you need me—if I can serve you in any way, command me," Dr. Turner returned, politely, but with an emphasis which plainly indicated that he should not voluntarily seek her society.

He bowed again, but barely touched the hand held out to him, and then went his way, wondering what mysterious circumstance or combination of circumstances could have forced this beautiful and gifted woman to abandon her child thus at the very beginning of its life.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning there appeared an advertisement in the Boston Transcript, offering five hundred dollars to suitable parties who would adopt a female infant, and stating that applications were to be made by letter addressed to the office of the paper.

Of course, a great many answers were received, for there were hosts of people who would agree to almost anything for five hundred dollars, while there were others who were really anxious to adopt the little baby girl that was to be so strangely thrown upon the world.

One alone out of these many epistles pleased Mrs. Marston. It was written in a clear, elegant hand, signed "August and Alice Damon."

It was from a young couple, and stated that only a month previous they had lost their own little daughter—a babe of a few weeks—and their hearts were so sore over their loss, their home so lonely and sad, that they would gladly take a little one to fill, as far as might be possible, the place of their lost darling, and if the child in question pleased them and there was nothing objectionable connected with her birth or antecedents, they would gladly adopt her without the payment of the premium that had been offered.

Mrs. Marston, after reading this communication, immediately dashed off a note asking the young people to call upon her at their earliest convenience—in case they were at liberty to do so, the next morning at ten o'clock; she would reserve that hour for them.

Promptly at that time a young gentleman and lady of prepossessing appearance were ushered into Mrs. Marston's private parlor, and one glance into their kind and intelligent faces convinced her that she had found the right parties to whom to intrust her child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Damon," Mrs. Marston said, graciously receiving them, and glancing at the cards that had been sent up before them to announce their arrival, "I am very much pleased to meet you."

She invited them to be seated, and then entered at once upon the object of their visit.

"I have appointed an interview with you in preference to all other applicants," she said, "because of the real interest and feeling evinced in your letter to me. But before we decide upon the matter under consideration, I would like to know something about you and your prospects for the future."

Mr. August Damon, a fine-looking young man, perhaps 25 years of age, frankly informed the lady that he was a clerk in a large wholesale boot and shoe house; his salary was a fair one, and there was a prospect that he might become a partner in the business.

He said that both he and his wife were very fond of children, and had been almost heart-broken over the loss of their own child. They had resolved, if they could find one to whom their hearts turned, to adopt another, and bestow upon it, as far as might be, the love and care that their own child would have received if it had lived. They had seen her advertisement in the Transcript, and had determined to respond to it, hoping thus to succeed in their object.

"Nothing could be better," Mrs. Marston eagerly said, in reply. "This is just the opportunity that I desire. I feel sure that you will give my little one the best of care, and I shall relinquish her to you most willingly. I shall expect you will do by her exactly as you would have done by your own; that you will give her such advantages as your means will allow. This must be your part in our contract, while mine will be to renounce all claim upon her, and make over to you the amount which I specify in my advertisement."

August Damon never once took his eyes from the face of the proud, beautiful woman while she was speaking. They burned with a strange fire, an indignant flush mounted to her cheeks, and an expression of contempt curled his fine lips.

His wife viewed the apparently heartless mother with speechless wonder, her eyes fastened upon her in a sort of horrible fascination.

Her sweet delicate face was colorless as the snowy ruche about her white neck, and she trembled visibly as she listened to her abrupt and apparently unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

There was an awkward pause after Mrs. Marston concluded, and she seemed to become suddenly conscious of the very unpleasant impression her abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

She could not fail to realize that her guests were well bred, even cultivated people, and that the abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul was upon them, and it was extremely galling to her haughty spirit to feel that they had been weighing her in the balance of their own refined and noble natures, and had found her sadly wanting in all those gentlemanly qualities and attributes which naturally belong to a woman, and especially a mother.

But she was impatient of all restraint and discomfort. She threw off the feeling with the usual shrug of her shapely shoulders, and with her handsome head with a haughty air, she continued, somewhat imperiously:

"Do you accede to the conditions that I have mentioned; and you, madame, turning her great dark eyes full upon the gentle but shocked wife, with your little one, the darling whose pulses are throbbing with your own life-blood?" exclaimed sweet Alice Damon, tears starting to her earnest, gray-blue eyes, her delicate lips trembling with emotion.

"That is a question that I cannot allow myself to consider," responded Mrs. Marston, with a peculiar gesture of her jeweled hands, which might have meant either pain or repugnance, "neither can I enter into any explanation upon that point; the fact remains, I must part with her, and it is my wish to make the best possible provision for her."

"We should be glad to see the child, madame," Mr. Damon gravely remarked.

"Of course, I will have her brought in immediately," said Mrs. Marston, and she arose to ring a bell.

A moment later a portly matron entered the room bearing in her arms a lovely babe about a month old, arrayed in a richly embroidered robe, and wrapped in the softest and whitest of flannels.

Alice Damon uttered an eager cry, in which the tenderest mother-love and the keenest pain were blended, as she caught sight of the beautiful child who recalled so vividly her own lost treasure.

Starting from her seat she glided swiftly over the soft carpet, and the next moment the tiny creature was clasped close to her aching heart, while a sob burst from her as she pressed her quivering lips to its velvet cheek. Then she turned to her husband with it still in her arms.

To be Continued.

BREACHES IN THE WALL.

The Weak Spot, the Kidneys—They Must Be Guarded as Life Advances—Defense Strengthened by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Port Hope, Oct. 25.—Citizens called on here to vote for correctness of the following statement without an exception endorsed it as true. Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Chief of Police and Government Fishery Overseer, of his own case said: "For ten years my distress increased until the doctor said I had Diabetes. At times my suffering was intense, and medicine taken did no good. At last a friend assured me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. A few boxes taken that promise, and I thank Dodd's Pills for a perfect and I believe permanent cure."

A Lynn woman took arsenic "to scare her husband," but he didn't scare, and now she feels worse than ever.

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 believe 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."

John A. Campbell, who was head chef in the leading catering establishment the Columbia World's Fair, will be present to our patron.

GROGERS.

150 Dundas St., London.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

There are others, and these are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Is of incomparable value and should be demanded if you really want the best.

Sold in Lead Packets only. Black and Mixed. All Grocers.

25c, 40c, 50c, 60c per pound.

A Lover's Triumph.

She selected a bill and extended it to him.

"I am not able to change that for you, madame," he said, as he glanced at it and saw that it was a hundred-dollar note.

"I do not wish it changed. Please take it. Even then I shall feel that I am greatly indebted to you," she returned, with an earnestness such as she had not betrayed before during the interview.

Again the dusky red rushed to the doctor's temples.

"If it is not convenient for you to hand me just the amount of my bill, you can send me a check for the sum later," he said, coldly.

She bit her lips with mortification, and then tears rushed into her eyes.

"On, it is perfectly convenient. Excuse me; I did not intend to offend you, but I am truly grateful for the kind attention you have bestowed upon me, and I shall always entertain friendly memories of you."

Dr. Turner returned a courteous bow for the promise of "friendly memories," but remarked briefly:

"I have but done my duty as a physician, madame."

An angry flush mounted to her brow as she counted five golden eagles from her purse and laid them in his hand.

"I know," she said, "that you think I am a heartless monster in woman's form but you would not, I am sure, if you could understand the strait that I am in."

Another bow was his only reply to this.

He could not gainsay her statement regarding his estimate of her character, and he would not presume to inquire further into the mystery surrounding her.

"I should be glad to retain your good opinion," she resumed, with a slight, deprecating gesture, "for you have been a good friend to me in my necessity, but a stern fate compels me to forego that. I trust, however, that I shall see you again before I leave your city."

And she again extended her hand to him in farewell.

"If you need me—if I can serve you in any way, command me," Dr. Turner returned, politely, but with an emphasis which plainly indicated that he should not voluntarily seek her society.

He bowed again, but barely touched the hand held out to him, and then went his way, wondering what mysterious circumstance or combination of circumstances could have forced this beautiful and gifted woman to abandon her child thus at the very beginning of its life.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning there appeared an advertisement in the Boston Transcript, offering five hundred dollars to suitable parties who would adopt a female infant, and stating that applications were to be made by letter addressed to the office of the paper.

Of course, a great many answers were received, for there were hosts of people who would agree to almost anything for five hundred dollars, while there were others who were really anxious to adopt the little baby girl that was to be so strangely thrown upon the world.

One alone out of these many epistles pleased Mrs. Marston. It was written in a clear, elegant hand, signed "August and Alice Damon."

It was from a young couple, and stated that only a month previous they had lost their own little daughter—a babe of a few weeks—and their hearts were so sore over their loss, their home so lonely and sad, that they would gladly take a little one to fill, as far as might be possible, the place of their lost darling, and if the child in question pleased them and there was nothing objectionable connected with her birth or antecedents, they would gladly adopt her without the payment of the premium that had been offered.

Mrs. Marston, after reading this communication, immediately dashed off a note asking the young people to call upon her at their earliest convenience—in case they were at liberty to do so, the next morning at ten o'clock; she would reserve that hour for them.

Promptly at that time a young gentleman and lady of prepossessing appearance were ushered into Mrs. Marston's private parlor, and one glance into their kind and intelligent faces convinced her that she had found the right parties to whom to intrust her child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Damon," Mrs. Marston said, graciously receiving them, and glancing at the cards that had been sent up before them to announce their arrival, "I am very much pleased to meet you."

She invited them to be seated, and then entered at once upon the object of their visit.

"I have appointed an interview with you in preference to all other applicants," she said, "because of the real interest and feeling evinced in your letter to me. But before we decide upon the matter under consideration, I would like to know something about you and your prospects for the future."

Mr. August Damon, a fine-looking young man, perhaps 25 years of age, frankly informed the lady that he was a clerk in a large wholesale boot and shoe house; his salary was a fair one, and there was a prospect that he might become a partner in the business.

He said that both he and his wife were very fond of children, and had been almost heart-broken over the loss of their own child. They had resolved, if they could find one to whom their hearts turned, to adopt another, and bestow upon it, as far as might be, the love and care that their own child would have received if it had lived. They had seen her advertisement in the Transcript, and had determined to respond to it, hoping thus to succeed in their object.

"Nothing could be better," Mrs. Marston eagerly said, in reply. "This is just the opportunity that I desire. I feel sure that you will give my little one the best of care, and I shall relinquish her to you most willingly. I shall expect you will do by her exactly as you would have done by your own; that you will give her such advantages as your means will allow. This must be your part in our contract, while mine will be to renounce all claim upon her, and make over to you the amount which I specify in my advertisement."

August Damon never once took his eyes from the face of the proud, beautiful woman while she was speaking. They burned with a strange fire, an indignant flush mounted to her cheeks, and an expression of contempt curled his fine lips.

His wife viewed the apparently heartless mother with speechless wonder, her eyes fastened upon her in a sort of horrible fascination.

Her sweet delicate face was colorless as the snowy ruche about her white neck, and she trembled visibly as she listened to her abrupt and apparently unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

There was an awkward pause after Mrs. Marston concluded, and she seemed to become suddenly conscious of the very unpleasant impression her abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

She could not fail to realize that her guests were well bred, even cultivated people, and that the abrupt and unfeeling disposal of a human soul was upon them, and it was extremely galling to her haughty spirit to feel that they had been weighing her in the balance of their own refined and noble natures, and had found her sadly wanting in all those gentlemanly qualities and attributes which naturally belong to a woman, and especially a mother.

But she was impatient of all restraint and discomfort. She threw off the feeling with the usual shrug of her shapely shoulders, and with her handsome head with a haughty air, she continued, somewhat imperiously:

"Do you accede to the conditions that I have mentioned; and you, madame, turning her great dark eyes full upon the gentle but shocked wife, with your little one, the darling whose pulses are throbbing with your own life-blood?" exclaimed sweet Alice Damon, tears starting to her earnest, gray-blue eyes, her delicate lips trembling with emotion.