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ALL FOR HER

He rode up the long, newly-planted groves came out to take his horse; but as they kept him waiting half a moment, he snarled at them as he flung himself from the saddle and mounted the stone steps—painfully white and new—which led to the front entrance. A footman was waiting to take his hat and stick, and his valet stood at the top of the stairs.

The squire and Lord Cardfield were capable of hanging up their hats for themselves, but that would not have been "good enough" for Mr. Bartley Bradstone, who liked to see his gorgeous footman whenever he could, and insisted upon being waited upon, literally, hand and foot.

He passed through the hall—which, notwithstanding its painted windows and men in armor, and brown oak, looked as new as the rest of the place—and going into the dining-room for a glass of sherry, the squire would have got it for himself from a side-board; but Mr. Bradstone flung himself into a chair, while the butler and footman "served" the glass of wine on a heavy silver salver. The master of The Maples drank it and looked round with a restless sigh.

"I was a fool not to stay, after all," he muttered. "It was cutting off my nose to spite my face. It's deuced dreary here by oneself, but it shouldn't be for long. Before long she'll be begging me to stay at The Grange—yes, begging me."

Then he got up, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, wandered about the room. Presently he cast a glance at the many pictures, all in heavy gilt frames, and stood before one representing a girl reading a book. It was a recent purchase, and he had bought it because he fancied that it somewhat resembled Olivia; and twenty times a day he would stand before it and gaze at it.

"I'll have her own portrait here presently," he muttered, moodily. "I'll give Millais the commission to paint it the day we're engaged, and I'll give him the satisfaction of having something less of his recent silliness, he rang the bell for his valet to dress him for dinner."

As he did so the footman entered, with a note on a salver. Bartley Bradstone opened and eyed it with an expression of displeased surprise.

"Where is he?" he asked. "The person is in the hall, sir," replied the footman.

"Show him into the library," said Bradstone; then he looked at the sheet of paper, which contained only two words, "Ezekiel Mowle," with a thoughtful frown, and a few minutes afterwards went into the library.

In the brand-new room with its brand-new furniture and rows of new-bound books, and in the middle of the morocco chairs, a thin, hatted man dressed like a clerk. He would have served very well as a model for Uriah Heep; but instead of that humble personage's red hair, he wore palatable wig, whose hyacinthine tints, clustering in pious falsehood up the cadaverous forehead, made the look like a skull; indeed, being shaved and without a single eye or eyelash, it would have resembled one under any conditions.

Bartley Bradstone shut the door close. "Well, Mowle," he said with marked coldness, "this is an unexpected pleasure. What has brought you down here?"

Mr. Mowle stretched his thin, colorless lips by way of a smile, and coughed apologetically behind a huge, bony hand.

"I thought it best to run down, sir," he said, and his voice matched his person, being hollow and strained, as if his throat were sore with suppressed emotion. "I considered the question most anxiously, Mr. Bartley, and I thought it best to run down, and I glanced upwards with a peculiar expression of servile obsequiousness."

"What's wrong?" demanded Bartley Bradstone, eyeing him with suppressed irritation. "Why didn't you telegraph, whatever it is?"

Mr. Mowle fingered his chin and blinked his watery eyes. "The wife's useful, but not always to be trusted, especially in country places like this. The young lady at the office is generally curious, having so little to do, Mr. Bartley. I might have written, but I thought from what you said that time was important; so I ran down."

"Yes, yes, I see you have," said Bartley Bradstone, with ill-concealed impatience. "and she's been here you had better stop to dinner."

Mr. Mowle shook his head. "No, no, thank you, sir. There is a train in an hour and a half's time, and I've kept the fly—"

Bartley Bradstone smiled. "There is no occasion for that," he said, with bombastic pride. "I daresay I can find something to take you back to the station."

"Pay the flyman and discharge him," he said to the footman, "and order the dog-cart."

Mr. Mowle, pawing at his lank chin, watched the gorgeously-attired footman with a rapid air, and then allowed his eyes to roam round the extravagant decorations and furniture of the room.

"You'll have some wine?" said Bartley Bradstone.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, Mr. Bartley; but I'm a teetotaler, if you remember."

Bartley Bradstone nodded. "Oh, yes, I remember. But what is it?"

Mr. Mowle produced a pocketbook from the interior of his shiny frock-coat, and taking out a paper, handed it to Bartley Bradstone.

"You can rely upon that information, sir," he said in his hollow voice. Bartley Bradstone looked at the paper.

"When did you get this?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"At a quarter past ten this morning, I considered it and caught the eleven fast train, Mr. Bartley," he replied, meekly.

"And—and you think it is right?" said Bartley Bradstone in a low voice.

"I'm sure of it, sir," replied Mowle. "I got it from a source which has never yet sold me. I'd stake my oath upon it, sir."

Bartley Bradstone went to the window and looked out, probably to hide the light of satisfaction which gleamed in his eyes. Then, after a moment or two, he turned to Mowle again.

"You were quite right to come down with this, Mowle," he said; "it is too important to be trusted to a wisp."

"Thank you for your approbation, Mr. Bartley," said Mowle servilely, "according to this information Y is liable for something like forty thousand pounds. That's so?"

"That is so," assented Mowle, blinking and rubbing his chin. "Rather more, than less, Mr. Bartley. Nearer fifty. Of course, it's a secret."

"How do you account for it?" asked Bartley Bradstone, thoughtfully, and watching his companion covertly and closely.

Mr. Mowle stretched his lips into the undertaker-like smile and coughed. "Seems singular and improbable, doesn't it, sir? Here's a gentleman, tip-top swell, as we may say, one of the old county families, looked up to and respected as a sound man, and yet—"

He rubbed his chin and smiled again. "This is the key to the riddle, Mr. Bartley: Wild cats!"

Bartley Bradstone sank into a chair and nodded. "Wild cats, sir! Mr. Y. began it early and kept it up as long as he could. Went to the Jews—and the Chinese. I don't know which is worse."

He coughed again. Bartley Bradstone's eyes dropped with a faint shadow of consciousness.

"Borrowed right and left on post-obits and I O U's and reversions, and on anything or nothing. Quite the old story, Mr. Bartley. Sir, I have no interest, any interest they liked to put on, so that he had some money to play ducks and drakes with."

[To be Continued.]

NEWS OF THE HOCKEY WORLD

The Princess Hockey League met last night and completed arrangements for the season. All of the clubs of the league were represented and a schedule was submitted and drawn up. The following officers were also elected: President, Mr. S. K. Milroy; vice-president, Mr. E. E. Field; secretary, Mr. George A. MacLaren; executive, Messrs. C. B. Robinson and James Wood.

The schedule was drawn up as follows:

Dec. 23—Waterloos vs. St. Johns, Y. M. C. A. vs. Bankers.

Dec. 24—St. Johns vs. Bankers, Y. M. C. A. vs. Waterloos.

Jan. 6—Y. M. C. A. vs. St. Johns, Bankers vs. Waterloos.

Jan. 13—Bankers vs. Y. M. C. A., Waterloos vs. St. Johns.

Jan. 20—Y. M. C. A. vs. Waterloos, Bankers vs. St. Johns.

Jan. 27—Bankers vs. Waterloos, Y. M. C. A. vs. St. Johns.

Feb. 3—Waterloos vs. St. Johns, Y. M. C. A. vs. Bankers.

Feb. 10—St. Johns vs. Bankers, Y. M. C. A. vs. Waterloos.

Feb. 17—Y. M. C. A. vs. St. Johns, Bankers vs. Waterloos.

Schaeffer, of the Midland hockey club, who was suspended at the O. H. A. meeting on Saturday, feels confident that he will be reinstated before the season is out and able to play with his team.

As suggested by the London people, that Harry Peel would be a good leaving card as a referee through the notoriety that he has had this year, so would E. J. Schaeffer, of Midland.

There is perhaps no two players that have been discussed more in any one year than these two. Now that Schaeffer is suspended it is up to the Midland club to follow the example set by London and suggest Schaeffer as one of the referees for the district that they will figure in.—Toronto Telegram.

The regular practice of the London hockey club will be held this evening at the Princess rink between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock. All players are expected to turn out, as it is likely that the "wedding" process will commence.

The new O. H. A. team, the Ramblers, had their first practice last night at the Jubilee rink, when there was a good turnout of players. Among them were Fleming, Fred Smith, Charles Smith, Pete Leddy, Kennedy, Lattimer, Bert Simmons, Ernie Simmons, W. Leddy, Brooks, Watts and Tommy Lawlor.

A meeting of the teams in intermediate district No. 11, in which the London club was to have played tomorrow afternoon at Woodstock, when a schedule will be drawn up.

An informal game of hockey was played last night at the Jubilee rink, between the Lornes and Imperials. Although the Imperials had but three of their regular team, they put up a good struggle against the fast junior team, who won out by a score of 4 to 2.

The wife-up: Lornes—Goal: Alexander; point, Knott; coverpoint, Carrothers; forwards, Wilson, Kennedy, Smith and Smith; Imperials—Goal: McEwen; point, Cowley; coverpoint, Luney; forwards, A. Cowan, Wagoner, T. Cowan and Dewar.

Brantford Courier: To say the least, the ruling of the O. H. A. executive regarding the grouping of this district is not especially satisfactory. Brantford.

**SONS OF SCOTIA
LOST AT CURLING**

All Nations Rinks Win From Them at the Thistle Club.

The Scotchmen of the Thistle Club were defeated last night by the All Nations, by a majority of 9 shots. All but one of the games was exceedingly close, it alone being sufficient to lose the game for the Sons of the Heather. Had this defeat not been such a severe one, the losers would have been winners by several points. The scores:

All Nations, 11; Sons of the Heather, 2.

W. K. Clark, 1; S. D. Swift, skip, 10.

J. Burnett, skip, 11; S. D. Swift, skip, 10.

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J. Burnett, skip, 11; S. D. Swift, skip, 10.

J. Burnett, skip, 11; S. D. Swift, skip, 10.

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Made from warm, durable fabrics, beautifully lined with Satin Finished Serges, 42 to 54 inches long. Special... **\$8.98**

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In the new Nut-Brown shades, made of imported and domestic fabrics. The styles are single and double-breasted Sacks. Special... **\$13.00**

Men's Handsome Dress Overcoats

Made from Carr's Celebrated Meltons, Oxford Cheviots and Black Vicunas. All sizes in this lot. Silk Velvet collars, with half linings of Skinner's highest quality of satin. All have hand-felled collars, hand-padded shoulders and hand-worked button-holes. Regular \$22.50. Special... **\$16.98**

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That Any Man Will Be Pleased to Wear—\$3.50 to \$10

House Coats and Smoking Jackets, \$3.50 to \$10.00
Cardigan Jackets, 75c to \$3.
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All the new shapes in Neckwear. The fifty-cent quality for... **25c**
Handsome Neckwear in Ascots, Flowing Ends and Puffs. Regular 75c, for... **50c**

GIRL INHERITS THIRTY MILLIONS

And Is Now the Richest Young Lady in France.

LUCK OF Mlle. DE RICHELIEU

Falls Into the Heine Fortune—Is To Be Married to the Count de Rochefoucauld.

Paris, Dec. 19. — Monsieur Michel Heine has just died, leaving his fortune, valued at \$30,000,000, to his granddaughter, Mlle. de Richelieu. This charming young woman, therefore, becomes the greatest "catch" in France. In view of this fact society has resumed its gossip concerning the engagement of Mlle. de Richelieu and Count Gabriel de la Rochefoucauld, which had been pending because the respective families of the young people could not come to terms on the question of the marriage settlement.

This time the wedding will surely be celebrated, and those who were among the loudest to oppose the match when

O'Neil, won, 6; "Spider" Walsh, knocked out 16; Martin Canole, won 19; Aurel Herrera won, 20; Young Corbett, won, 10.

MIKE WARD IS MATCHED.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 18.—Mike Ward, of St. Paul, Minn., has been matched here on Jan. 12. Lewis has won 21 fights, nearly all by the knockout rule. A recent victory was over Joe Tippman, of Baltimore. Lewis is at his best and will be in good shape for the mill.

A GEM OF A GOWN.

The wedding of the Duke de Guiche and Mademoiselle de Grefouille is likely to become proverbial as the most gorgeously-gowned affair of its kind to have taken place in Paris for many years.

The dress worn by the bride was magnificent. It was entirely of cloth-of-gold, spangled with amethysts, garnets and rhinestones. It was made by Worth, and cost \$5,000. Her hat was a masterpiece, trimmed with bird-of-paradise plumes, gleaming with precious stones. For this the bride had paid the modest sum of \$250. In anticipation of the sensational display of the dressmaker's art all the little seamstresses and modiste's apprentices had congregated upon the steps of the church and in the nave, with the result that the majority of the guests were obliged to enter the church by a side door or elbow their way through a jostling, giggling crowd of women and girls.

Some, indeed, never got into the church at all. The ceremony, instead of being a quiet affair, was a dignified gathering, was a noisy, popular manifestation in honor of wealth and fashion.

The clothes worn by the men were not less remarkable than the costumes of the women. The Duke de Guiche astonished society by wearing a frock coat of sapphire blue, ornamented with gold buttons, and a tided guest appeared at the reception wearing a

frock coat of dull claret red, ornamented with silver buttons, set with sapphires. Now boulevardiers are awaiting the appearance of Count Robert de Montesquiou, who was a recent visitor to New York, and who declares that turquoise blue is the only color for a frock coat which gentleman can wear.

THE COMBES NEMESIS.

Anyone who has followed the present political situation in France cannot have failed to notice that an invisible hand has been raising obstacles after obstacle in the path of the Government. An unseen adversary has been busy unveiling carefully-hidden facts, suddenly producing adverse testimony and showing up to the view of the public a series of despicable intrigues.

It has leaked out at last who this terrible enemy of the Government is, and the political world as well as the general public is astonished to learn that it is a woman, and that her name is Madame Waldeck-Rousseau. Now, women seldom forgive, especially when injury has been done to those whom they love. Monsieur Combes, present chief of the cabinet, endeavors to lay the responsibility of his continual acts of aggression against individual liberty and the rights of citizens upon the shoulders of his predecessor.

Madame Waldeck-Rousseau has sworn to make Minister Combes repent, and she will leave no stone unturned to uncover his duplicity until he shall have been driven from power. She will surely succeed. A man is lost who has a woman against him.

FORGIVES JEAN DE RESZKE.

Jean de Reszke, the world-famous tenor, has just received a great and distinguished favor from the Czar of Russia. There is a board of guardians in the south of London that allows inmates who have seen better days to don the slink hat when they go out for a holiday.

Like Napoleon I, who in the midst of Moscow dictated the regulations for the reorganization of the Comedie Francaise, the Emperor Nicholas, notwithstanding the manifold pre-occupations which the present campaign are causing him, has found time to think of his theatrical friends.

Monsieur de Reszke, a distinguished marriage in France with the Countess de Mailly, nee Goulaine, but was unable to further legitimize his union by calling upon her in the sanctum of the church, as his wife who was a Catholic, like himself, had not succeeded in obtaining from Rome the annulment of her former marriage. Now the Russian law does not recognize the validity of a marriage that is not performed in a religious edifice, and the consequence was that the child born of this union had legitimately neither name nor country, nor civil status.

The famous tenor's admirers, among whom, of course, there are many women, thinking that it was a great pity a life which had been so assiduously devoted to the pursuit of a great art should remain under so sad a cloud, bestirred themselves and persuaded the Grand Duchess Vladimir to plead Monsieur de Reszke's cause before the Czar. Emperor Nicholas' sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the son of the Countess de Mailly and Jean de Reszke, and as he is lord all powerful in his own domains, and his word is law, the Czar has just conferred upon the boy the status of a Russian citizen and legitimate child.

There is a board of guardians in the south of London that allows inmates who have seen better days to don the slink hat when they go out for a holiday.

The jar, jar, jar of constant coughing!

Hammer blows, steadily applied, break the hardest rock. Coughing, day after day, jars and tears the throat and lungs until the healthy tissues give way. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops the coughing. Nature repairs the damage. You are cured. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.