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CEYLON TEA

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**FAITHFUL**  
TILL THE END

"Do you want him to have a holiday?" asks he, looking at Cecilia, who had just been looking at Cecilia's views of life as it should be lived would mean perpetual holidays for everyone. And certainly there had been a pained note in her voice.

"Just as you like," says Cecilia, slowly, not looking at him. "You shall decide."

The answer is so unexpected, so unlike Cecilia, who had just been looking at Cecilia's views of life as it should be lived would mean perpetual holidays for everyone. And certainly there had been a pained note in her voice.

"I am good to you, Geoffrey, I will be good to you, always—always!" holding the child to her. She rises abruptly to her feet. Her face is very white. "Give him a holiday, Peter."

There is something almost tragic in her gaze. It seems, indeed, as though she had forced herself to make this small request. As though the asking of it is terrible to her.

"That is a command!" says Geoffrey, slowly. And indeed, it had sounded more like that than a request. "Kiss your mother, Geoffrey, and then go and catch your crabs." Gathering up his papers he leaves the room.

"Now, not another holiday for a month, do you hear?" says that scapegrace's mother, in a quicker tone than usual. "Not one. Not one. Not one. You will promise not even to ask for one?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" cries he, joyfully. "Nellie, come down to the shore with me."

"Presently—not just yet. In an hour," says Nell, following Cecilia to her sitting-room. "Go and feed your guinea-pigs first, and send a message to your tutor to say you will not wait him today. You should not let him take the long walk up here for nothing."

"No, of course; so inconsiderate," says Cecilia, who had not thought about it before. "Really," as the boy's footsteps can be heard running down the hall, "he gets too much liberty. But it is hard to refuse him anything, isn't it?"

"He's a darling," says Nell. "He's an angel, and he believes it. Peter can refuse him, however."

"Peter is right, though," says Nell. "He ought to learn his lessons." "Yes, I know. But—Peter is a little difficult, don't you think? If it came to a tug-of-war now, I should like to be on the side against Peter."

Nell clasps her hands behind her head, and laughs gaily. "My word, if it came to a tug between you and Peter, I'd back you," says she.

"That's sporting language," says Cecilia, "and your guardian objects to masculine women. And besides," with a quick sigh, "you know nothing about it—about Peter, I mean. He could be very hard."

"When did you find that out?" "Ah! that's what frightens me. I haven't found it out at all, but I know it's there, and to be always standing on a volcano."

"Pout!" says Nell, flicking her fingers airily. "I only hope when I marry I'll get any one half as easy to manage as Peter. Why, you can twist him round your little finger."

"The cord that would bind anyone to my little finger," raising her hand and gazing with open eye at that beautiful member, "would be more than a thread—and threads are easily broken. There, never mind, go and get your tea, and let's talk over our dance."

It was now the day before that delightful occasion, and the very air seemed full of it. "Oh, I do hope it will be a success," says Nell, rapturously. "Not the ordinary well-gone-off sort of thing, but a regular triumph!"

"It will—it shall!" cries Cecilia, enthusiastically. Her eyes have been a little languid—just a trifle disillusioned up to this, but now they are full of life again, sparkling. "I think I've seen to everything. And the dance certainly is beyond reproach."

"So, shall we be," says Nell, saucily. "Oh, what a pity—you've broken that scent bottle. An old one! Oh, well, it doesn't matter. You look lovely in your gown, Cissy, though always think it was such a funny one for you to choose."

"Why funny?" a little sharply. "A milkmaid! And you? You ought to have been a queen—a fairy one."

The Very Finest  
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We offer a special lot at  
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to introduce High Grade Teas.  
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Seandrett & Co.,  
100 DUNDAS STREET.

"A queen!—tut! I hate those stilted gowns. And a Titania means your frock up to your knees, or rather, barely down to them. Peter would hardly stand that, complainant as you think him."

"A milkmaid's gown won't come much nearer," says she, looking at Cecilia, who had just been looking at Cecilia's views of life as it should be lived would mean perpetual holidays for everyone. And certainly there had been a pained note in her voice.

"Mine will. Why I—!" She was going to say she had worn a costume of that sort some years ago, but suddenly she checks herself. Cecilia, who all her life has thought so seldom, is beginning to think now. That dress, when last she wore one like it—was at the dance when she bade good-bye to Stairs—when first she felt his lips on hers. He had gone then without a definite word, and there had been no word later. Oh, those dreadful—dreadful days when she sat waiting, thinking he would write—

"Did you hear," says she abruptly, "that Lady Hopkins is going to give a dance later on?"

"Yes, it is to be a costume dance, too. You should like a new dress for that, especially," laughing, "as you despise the lowly maid business. Do you remember the Darbsons' dance last year?—no, of course you don't—you weren't there—how stupid of me. But at all events Lady Mary Courley wore a most charming gown—a little Bible costume of some sort."

"Yes, I heard—the Samaritan woman, I think, taken from that picture."

"No, it was not," says Cecilia, almost fiercely. "Who would dress a woman like that? It was Jephtha's daughter. It was gorgeous and would suit me, but it would be very expensive."

"There is always Peter!" says Nell, smiling. "Peter! To ask him for it! No, no, I shall not do that again."

There enters into her eyes the look they had when she asked for Geoffrey's holiday a while ago. There is indeed a sort of subdued horror in them that troubles Nell. The girl had hitherto believed her sister to have married happily. To Nell, Peter is quite monstrous, may more, most lovable, and, in spite of the little jars and breezes that must of necessity attend the married life, she had believed that Cecilia was a fortunate woman. But lately it has been growing clear to her that Cecilia is some odd, extraordinary way, has always a certain fear of her husband.

Not that it is of today only, but that has begun at the beginning, and has grown ever since—in shade, and in sun, and in rain, and in snow. Cecilia had controlled herself almost immediately.

"You know," says she, with a faint, rather strained smile, "that I have sworn to keep within my allowance for the dress."

"I can't understand you," says Nell, frowning slightly. "You treat that guardian like that? Oh, Sir Stephen, by-the-bye, Cissy, I haven't mentioned before, but did you notice that night, at Mr. Nobbs' that he never once said so much as 'How d'ye do' to me. Very rude, don't you think?"

"Well, don't say 'How d'ye do' to him tomorrow night," says Cecilia, laughing. "That will square you. By-the-bye, did you say it to him at Mr. Nobbs'?"

"No—I—!" "No, I'm sure! It is plain to me that you behaved very badly to him, and he your guardian, too! Oh! if my girl, I hope you will make up for your folly tomorrow night!"

"I'll make up! You don't know me," cries Nell. "Why—?" Speech suddenly fails her, and she makes for the door.

"Come back—a last word—a hint about Sir Stephen." "A hint about the guinea-pigs would be better," says Nell, contemptuously. "I'm going to find them and Geoff. She slams the door somewhat vigorously behind her."

CHAPTER XXVII.  
There is a hammering on Cecilia's door.

"Cissy, are you ready? Are you ready? May I come in? Having opened the door without permission, 'are you getting on? How am I looking?' Does this thing suit me, after all? Oh, Cissy! You—you—"

The girl stops short, lost in admiration. "Where are those immortal guinea-pigs?"—is a picture not to be outdone by any painter on earth.

"Alas, too pretty, Cecilia! Where are you going?" "Come here, Nell. Let me look at you. Such a bon-voyage! I must say she has done that well. I forgive her her darning now. Stand back a bit, do, Marjorie. To the maid, 'isn't she perfect?'"

"She is, indeed, 'm,'" says Marjorie, who is secret soul holds both Nell and her mistress in contempt. Not that she does not regard them with a certain affection, but with such an opportunity of "dressing up"—to go like the peasants around them! "A milkmaid!—where are those immortal guinea-pigs?"—is a picture not to be outdone by any painter on earth.

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**Among the Railroads.**

Grain-Carrying Lines Hustling to Get Enough Cars.

The Illinois Central to Build a New \$80,000 Station.

The Santa Fe Company Equipping Cars With Electric Storage Batteries.

All roads find freight cars in active demand.

The Illinois Central will put up a new \$80,000 passenger station at Springfield, Ill.

There were 92 railroad accidents in the United States during June and 45 people were killed.

The Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis will spend \$100,000 equipping its cars with air brakes and automatic couplers.

Sir Rivers-Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk, and Lady Wilson arrived at Niagara Falls in their private car last Friday evening from New York.

S. R. Callaway, who commenced railway work as a C. T. R. clerk, has been formally elected president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

The Wabash wants a differential on passenger business between Chicago and New York via Detroit. The Chicago and North Western, Huron, by way of the Wabash, Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley.

The Santa Fe is equipping 50 of its passenger cars with electric storage batteries. The Michigan Central tried this method of lighting a passenger car some years ago, but abandoned it after a few runs.

A. E. Robbins has been appointed superintendent of the Buffalo division of the Wabash road, with headquarters at Buffalo. He is to have charge of transportation matters and will have supervision over motive power and car department matters east of Detroit.

The R. and O., Toledo and Ohio Central and other railroads think that they have succeeded in disposing of a dangerous counterfeit operator in the person of Andrew J. Adams, a man who was caught in Cleveland last Friday selling spurious R. and O. 100-mile tickets.

Several railway associations have adopted very rigid rules for the handling of the Grand Army of the Republic tickets. The trunk lines were the first to adopt them, and now have by the Central Passenger Committee, and now the Western Passenger Association has sent out circulars giving instructions for the execution and handling of the return passage portions of the tickets to the G. A. R. encampment at Buffalo.

Caldwell has issued a circular to all interested lines notifying them that all tickets sold from the territory of the Western Passenger Association must be executed by the joint agent in Buffalo before they will be good for the territory of the Western Passenger Association for the return trip. All of the roads are asked to inform their agents of tickets that tickets must be executed for the return passage in Buffalo and not in Detroit. He also calls attention to the fact that this arrangement applies on tickets returning from Buffalo within the open return limit set for the tickets and that it will apply in the territory of the Western Passenger Association regardless of the fact that the ticket is issued by other associations the provision is not required.

All the Detroit roads complain that they are unable to handle cars enough to handle the freight that is offered. The Great Northern expects to handle a great deal of wheat from the North-West, and has found it necessary to make a change in one of the rules regarding the hauling of the equipment of other roads. It has decided to rule of this road to transfer to its own cars freight that is delivered by other roads at St. Paul and to handle the freight cars and paying the usual mileage for their use. The road had been to the point of refusing to take cars to pay for the use of other roads. This is now changed, and the road is only too glad to haul freight westward in the shape of a car that will bring back a load of wheat. The office of the road at St. Paul is now a large eastward movement of wheat and are doing everything in their power to be ready to take it. It comes their way. General Agent Clark reports that the steamship lines of the Great Northern, both freight and passenger, are doing an excellent and increasing trade.

A good story is told on Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railway. One night, when he was on duty, he found himself and party near the St. Clair tunnel. He suggested to General Manager Seagraves that they find some place to stay all night. Mr. Seagraves replied that he would take them to the quiet place that was the quietest place in Ontario he didn't want to stop in any other Canadian town.

There is a general scramble on the part of the grain carrying roads to get their cars ready to handle the enormous crop now being harvested in the West and Northwest. Car tracers are at work finding where cars are, and when they are found not in use they are at once sent to some point where they may be in readiness to load wheat. The four leading grain roads reaching Cincinnati have already distributed 15,000 freight cars in this way. A large force of men is at work day and night in St. Louis building 500 new freight cars for the Missouri Pacific. The Burlington is relying on its surplus equipment. That road began sending its surplus rolling stock to Nebraska weeks ago, and now has nearly 5,000 cars there. The roads running east from Chicago have once more determined to advance grain rates, and another solemn agreement has been made that all will be good from now on and do no more rate cutting under any circumstances. It is claimed by railroad men that the grain from Detroit have been dejectedly cutting and cutting rates, and nothing about it. A great deal of cutting is being done also on west-bound goods from New York and Boston to Michigan points, even commodity rates which are usually very low being made lower than the Southern rates. This is soon to be stopped and certain lines which have been doing very little carrying, owing to the war, are expected to be rushed with business again.

**Western Ontario.**

Simcoe to Have a \$50,000 House of Industry.

Disputed Ownership of a Bridge at Wallaceburg.

Charge Against Mr. E. S. Crawford of Aylmer, Settled by Consent.

Ex-Mayor Roberts of Stratford is dead.

Hog thieves are busy in the vicinity of Harrow.

Petrolia's civic holiday is Wednesday, Aug. 26.

Simcoe county will build a house of industry at a cost of \$50,000.

George Smith, of Ingersoll, had a thumb cut off by a can of whiffy falling on it.

E. R. Ingram has sold the Aylmer grist mills to Messrs. Stephen and Lewis Pierce for \$5,500.

Dr. Wm. Burnett, of Ingersoll, and Miss Elizabeth McNaughton, of Galt, were married on Tuesday.

Wm. L. Kelly, Glangary avenue, Windsor, had his collar bone broken by a fall from his bicycle while racing with a lady.

Wm. B. Brown, of Malahide, has purchased the handsome residence of the late Mr. Charles H. Brown, of Galt, and South streets, Aylmer, for \$2,350.

Mrs. Emigh, of Woodstock, and her daughter, Mrs. Peterson, were badly injured by a fall from the smokestack between an electric car and a locomotive.

The contractors of the McKellar bridge near Aylmer, have made a good job of the work to the entire satisfaction of the commissioners and council.

Joseph Baker, residing in Brantford, died very suddenly of heart failure on Saturday morning. He was walking about the garden, when he instantly expired.

George Hepworth Duck, of the village of Ridgeway, has been appointed clerk of the second division court for the county of Kent, vice John Duck, resigned.

Ell Parent, a Windsor young man, was returned from a bicycle trip to Windsor. He left Windsor June 28 and visited all the prominent places along the road.

Wm. Barrett came up for trial at the Ingersoll police court Tuesday, charged with an offense under the Charlton Act, by Mary McCollum, Barrett was committed to four years imprisonment, will circulate a petition for justice to Parliament.

The Standard Gas Company, through Malcom Cowan, has made an agreement with the Chatham fire and light committee to sell the gas for lighting purposes at 20 cents per thousand cubic feet, with a reduction if paid for by cash. The city of Chatham will be heated free of charge, and the schools at 20 cents per thousand.

A syndicate of Thamesford citizens have leased the "mud pond" near the village for the purpose of fishing and propagating fish, and warn persons to refrain from fishing there. It is the intention of the syndicate to charge a fee at this point with several kinds of fish, and a close year or more will be necessary for the protection of the spawn.

A strange state of affairs exists at Wallaceburg. The county acknowledges no responsibility for the county bridge there, and the town does claim the ownership. The result is the owner and threatens to charge parties crossing it, and will only swing it for such a swing—Ridgeway Dominion.

The following additions have been made to the list of meetings already arranged. Monday, Sept. 5, 8 p.m. Brant-Trip—Wednesday, Sept. 8, 8 p.m. Stratford—Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1:30 p.m. Clinton—Thursday, Sept. 8, 8 p.m. London—Friday, Sept. 9, 8 p.m. Parkhill—Friday, Sept. 9, 8 p.m.

Matters in connection with the late Brant County Treasurer Campbell's estate assumed a new shape when Mr. W. S. Brewster, solicitor for the estate, appeared before the county council and offered a compromise on the estate payment of all claims against the estate was \$5,925.08. To this is added \$49.94 back interest, making a total liability of \$6,775.02. No decision has been arrived at.

By consent of Judge Hughes, the charge against E. S. Crawford, of Aylmer, of misappropriating \$5 paid to him by Mrs. J. A. O'Brien on payment of an organ, was allowed to be withdrawn and the case settled between the parties. The evidence showed that the defendant, who was charged with having acted on the assumption that he had the right to make the deal. The defendant, on payment of costs, and both parties agreed that no civil action shall be taken.

John Askew died Saturday morning, at his room in the Curry block, Windsor, after an illness of more than two years. Deceased was known throughout the city and country. He was appointed bailiff nearly twenty years ago by the Ontario Government, and was respected by all who knew him. He was continually giving money for charitable purposes. Mr. Askew was born in Guelph and remained there during his boyhood days. When the American war broke out, he enlisted in the Southern army and did not return to Windsor until after the war. He was never married, and had no children. His brother, Wm. Askew, of Windsor.

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Have You Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart?

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If So, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will cure or relieve you if taken in time.

Have You a Feeling of Anxiety that something is going to occur when there is no necessity for it?

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Are You Troubled with Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Forgetfulness, Brain Fag, or General Debility—no matter the effect of La Grip?

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**IN THE BASEMENT.**

Just opened out, another cask of these famous decorative China Tea Sets, gold lined, regular \$5 50, sale price \$4 75.

6-piece Glass Table Sets, regular 75c, sale price 50c.

Cut Glass Water Sets, with tray, regular \$1 25, sale price 90c.

Rivington, best steel Dessert Knives, celluloid handles, regular \$2 25, sale price \$1 75 dozen.

Nevada Silver Tea Knives, warranted, 6 dwt., regular \$3, sale price \$2 63 doz.

Extra Coin Tablespoons, regular \$2, sale price \$1 75 dozen, or 3 only for 50c.

Three pounds of Pearl Tapioca and three pounds of best Rice, or three pounds of sago, for 25c.

Cowan's Loose Breakfast Cocoa, regular 25c, sale price 15c.

One pound of our Imperial Blend Tea, black, mixed, or Japan, regular 40c tea, and seven pounds Standard Granulated Sugar, for 60c.

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Men's Suits, in all-wool tweed, light and dark colors, regular \$35 50 and \$40, sale price, \$25 50.

Men's Suits, in fine all-wool tweeds, light and dark colors, Italian linings, regular \$35, sale price \$25 50.

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