

Always Acceptable Always Refreshing SALADA CEYLON TEA

Millions of Packets Sold
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JESSAMINE.

"Joy relieved her as soon as the service was over, and the remains of Mr. Kirke committed to the earth. 'Thank you,' he said, kissing her with a brother's fond sympathy. 'Go now, and leave her to me, Eunice, I will call you, should you be needed.' Alternately, and in company, they watched her until Dr. Winters' visit that day brought hope that was confidence to their sorely tried souls. 'If she sleeps, she shall do well,' said Dr. Baxter, when Roy carried the glad tidings to him, that the suppurated side of the mountain of Mr. Kirke's study, for a wonder, without book or paper before him, but absorbed in contemplation of the mountain scenery. 'You are wearing yourself out,' he added, observing that Roy's complexion, tanned by the sea voyage, was fast regaining its natural hue, and that his eyes bore evidence of grief and anxiety. 'Jessie is safe in her sister's care, and while she sleeps cannot miss you. Blue here a bit with me'—he often relaxed into the Scotch dialect—"and refresh yourself by a survey of this picture. I must quit you tomorrow, and I should much like to have a few words with you before I go."

Jessie was alone when she awoke. Eunice had been called to the parlor to see a parishioner who had not heard of Mr. Kirke's decease until this morning, had ridden twenty miles to attend the funeral, and arrived too late. Eunice had been too long the obedient servant of the congregation to hesitate as to the course she should pursue in the dilemma. Jessie slept soundly and peacefully, and Roy would be back soon. She closed the door noiselessly, and stole down stairs to obey the summons of her father's friend.

Summer zephyrs were coquetting with the sombre pine branches; summer scents were stealing up to Jessie's window from the garden. To such wooing whispers and goodly odors had she awakened many mornings during many years. She mistook the colored light visible through the shutters for dawn; and, glancing sleepily, her limbs ached and her head was weary.

"It must be time to get up," she meditated, "twixt sleeping and waking. 'Tis I am not resolute. I have not heard Eunice of Paisley go downstairs."

In tossing her arm up to pillow her head for a second nap, she saw her sleeve. How had she happened to fall asleep without undressing? She sat upright, and tried to remember when and how she had gone to bed overnight. How queerly her head felt.

"As if it had been dead and was coming to life again!" was her sister's cry. She was at home and in her own room; everything about her was in its usual order. Yet something had happened. What was it? A Bible lay on the stand beside her bed. Between the leaves was a handwritten note, which she drew out, and saw Eunice's name on the corner. How came it there? Had Eunice sat with her last evening? If so, why? Her feet were oddly numb when she stooped to pick it up; but she walked to the door, opened it, and hearkened for movements upon the lower floor. It was so quiet she heard the droning of a humming-bird moth which had come to look for untimely blossoms in the honeysuckle draping the hall window. Another sound, almost as monotonous, blended with this—the steady flow of a man's voice talking to a young girl in the study. At what hour of the day was it? It must be morning, since she had just awakened, yet looked and felt like evening.

A draught from the open door she had left blew that opposite slightly ajar. Surely that was Dr. Baxter's voice. Had she dreamed of his arrival? A fearful dream, the dim recollection of which made her sick and faint! Sinking to a sitting posture outside the study door, seeking to stimulate her half-dead brain by rubbing her temples hard, she endeavored to gather the meaning of what Dr. Baxter was saying. He was in the middle of one of the monologues which were sometimes a bore, sometimes a delight. A gleam of amusement flitted over the wan, vacant visage of the eavesdropper as she pictured to herself—still as if she were somebody else, and not Jessie Kirke—the knotted handkerchief she doubted not was on active duty.

"Is it consistent with the divine economy for an immortal being to

spend twenty-five, fifty, three scores and ten years, in the acquisition of knowledge and experience for which he is to have no use in the world to come? Believe me, they are in grievous error, denying themselves the abundant consolations which the hope of a continued and eternal existence should bring, who overlook the plain teachings of the word, and the almost divine intuitions of the human soul on this question. The Future Life! What is it but the stretching into regions yet unknown to us, into the eternity of which we have but imperfect conceptions, of the life which now is? The Present, which is the journey toward the continuing City! Into that state we shall, it is true, be born as spiritual babes; but not idiots! As the instincts and actions of the babe prefigure the disposition and appetites of the man, so the habits of thought and feeling, the inclinations and aspirations of the newly disembodied spirit will bear a certain relation to that which it will at length become—the perfect man in Christ Jesus. As hereditary taints and hereditary virtues are reproduced in the mortal babe, we shall find definite traces of our earthly individuality in the heavenly nursing; and that the proportion which the loftiest attainments of the profoundest philosopher will bear to the infancy of this celestial creature will be less, far less than that which the mere instincts of the earthly infant bears to the wisdom and strength of the adult. I also believe, we shall have to begin with the rudiments of infinite knowledge, but we shall have Eternity in which to learn."

Jessie still chafed here forehead, where wrinkles of painful perplexity gathered and deepened, as she tried to put word to word and sentence to sentence. She lost what came next in vainly attempting to get the sense of these last sentences. Perhaps she should understand better when she was quite awake.

"Such proportion as the seed sustains to the mature plant, or ovum to the moving creature, you will tell me," Dr. Baxter was saying, when she again lent attention to his dissertation. "I grant it. But like produces like in vegetable and animal genera, and why deny the spiritual analogy? What we call Death is but the threshold—and a narrow one—separating the vestibule from the temple. It is all one building—the life that God has given. When I cast off this earthly shell I have been so long that I foolishly fancy it is myself—a part of my being, without which I should be naked, shivering, and helpless; when it slips from my soul by reason of its own weight and rottenness, I shall enter upon my new existence. It will be I still—not a different creation. For a moment, perhaps, I may not know what has happened. Thus, I have seen a butterfly trembling with the strangeness of its position, clinging with damp, untired wings to the bough that supports the little pendant coffin, now broken—from which he has just crept. A delicious sense of liberty and space there may be as one breathes more freely in leaving a close room for the outer air. I shall miss the incubus of the body, and the fleshly desires I have sloughed off with it. Then will dawn upon me gradually—as I have strength to bear the revelation, that I have passed! Not been made over, mark you! We are nowhere taught that regeneration is a posthumous experience. 'He is gone!' some one will say. And perhaps another—'He is dead.' 'Dead!' I tell you, my friend, I shall be the liveliest man in that room! Not until that hour of glorious emancipation shall I know what life is!"

There was an interval of silence. Jessie had staggered to her feet. Her eyes no longer blank, were dilated with intensest and eager inquiry. What did it signify—this talk of death and the life to come? Who was the speaker's companion? Her father? Oh, how old he must be! Another voice, deeper and sweeter, made reverent response: "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!"

She flung the door widely open; faced the astonished men with the demand, shrieked, rather than spoken: "Where is he? He said that! my father! Where is he?" "Jessie, love!" Roy caught her in his arms, but she pushed him from her. "I will know! I am going mad!" Dr. Baxter secured her fluttering hands, looked steadfastly, yet not sternly, into her eyes. "He may be here, my child! We cannot tell. Be sure he remembers and loves you still, he who, while the life held you so dear, believed this and he still under the mighty but loving hand of God!" Her head sank upon his shoulder. "You would not deceive me! You are a good man, and speak the truth always," she sobbed, excitedly. "Is my father really dead? Oh, I remember it all now!" (To be Continued.)

Extravagant people are sometimes excited by having to earn the money they spend.

THE TYRANT CUPID.

Say what you will, Cupid is somewhat of a tyrant after all. He waves his lash of government over the head of every woman who elects him to rule her life. No woman can choose the happiness and honor of widowhood and motherhood without being subject also to his pains and penalties.

But no woman ought to suffer as most do from those ailments and weaknesses which are due to her peculiarly delicate and susceptible organism. Every woman ought to know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure these unnatural and debilitating troubles. It cures them absolutely, completely, permanently. It contains no alcohol to create a craving for stimulants.

"It is with heart-felt gratitude that I must tell you what my medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. A. F. Crenshaw, of Passaic, N. J., in a letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce after consulting after consulting with me, I took your medicine and it cured me of female weakness. I was all run down; I suffered with sick headache, pains in the back and bearing down pains. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was then able to take care of my house. My health is better than it has been for three years. I do not know how to thank you for the kind advice you gave so cheerfully."

This grand "Prescription" has accomplished the same beneficent purpose for thousands of women in every corner of this broad land, has imparted health, strength and endurance to the special organism of womanhood and gives tonic vitality to the entire nervous system. Its marvelous properties are more fully described in one chapter of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., a splendid thousand-page illustrated volume which will be sent free paper-bound for 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only; or cloth-bound for 50 stamps.

The Lost Game

Came the big children to the little ones, And unto them full pleasantly did say, "Lo! we have spread for you a merry game. And ye shall all be winners at the same. Come now and play!"

Great is the game they enter in—Rouge et Noir on a giant scale—Red with blood and black with sin, Where many must lose, and few may win, And the players never fail!

Said the strong children to the weaker ones, "See, ye are many, and we are but few! The mass of all the counters ye divide, But few remain to share upon our side. Play—as we do!"

Strange is the game they enter in—Rouge et Noir on a field of pain! And the silver white and the yellow gold Pile and pile in the victor's hold, While the many play in vain!

Said the weak children to the stronger ones, "See now, how'er it fall, we lose our share! And play we well or ill, we always lose; While ye gain always more than ye can use. Beshink ye—is it fair?"

Strange is the game they enter in—Rouge et Noir and the bank is strong! Play they well or play they wide, The gold is still on the banker's side, And the game endureth long.

Said the strong children, each aside to each, "The game is slow—our gains are all too small; Play we together now, 'gainst them apart; So shall these dull ones lose it from the start, And we shall gain it all!"

Strange is the game that now they win—Rouge et Noir with a new design! What can the many players do, Whose wits are weak and counters few.

When the power and the gold combine? Said the weak children to the stronger ones, "We care not for the game! For play as we may, our chance is small, And play as we may ye have it all. The end's the same!"

Strange is the game the world doth play—Rouge et Noir with the counters gold, Red with blood and black with sin, Few and fewer are they that win, As the ages pass untold.

Said the strong children to the weaker ones, "Ye lose in laziness! Ye lose in sleep! Play faster now and make the counters spin! Play well as we, and ye in time shall win! Play fast! Play deep!"

Strange is the game of Rouge et Noir! Never a point have the little ones won. The winners are strong and flushed with gain, The losers are weak with want and pain. And still the game goes on.

But those rich players grew so very few, So many grew the poor ones, that one day They rose up from that table, side by side, Calm, countless, terrible—they rose and cried

In one great voice that shook the heavens wide: "WE WILL NOT PLAY!"

Where is the game of Rouge et Noir? Where is the wealth of yesterday? What availeth the power ye tell, And the skill in the game ye play so well, If the players will not play? —CHARLOTTE STENSON.

BARBERS' PARADISE

Klondike Climate Makes Hair Grow on Bald Heads.

[San Francisco Call.]

The experience of Roderick Dhu Smith, who recently returned from the Klondike region with a big budget of experience, quite a little sum of money and a head of hair which almost qualifies him to take an engagement as a Circassian girl in a circus, is of special interest to a large contingent of his fellow men and women. For he it is known that Roderick, before making his perilous way to the Arctic regions, though otherwise pleasing to look upon and still on the sunny side of 40, was made theater ushers, whenever there was a ballet on the program, escort him down to the front row without even glancing at his seat check.

While this might have been considered an advantage by some people, it was not pleasing to Mr. Smith, who is an essentially modest man and averse to being made unduly prominent on any occasion. It is said, too, that his baldness was the real cause of his starting out in search of gold, since he spent all his patrimony in the purchase of hair restorers, and it was necessary for him to do something, no matter how desperate, to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

Be that as it may, he went to Alaska, and after a two years' residence there, has returned a modern Samson, as far as chevelure is concerned, and he declares that the transformation of the climate in that quarter of the globe. "The intense cold kills all germs and microbes," he asserts, "and stimulates the scalp, and Nature does the rest. And he proudly exhibits his Bonklike mane as proof of what Nature can do when she takes a fancy, unassisted by washes or oils or unguents."

P. J. McLeod, who has spent twelve years in Alaska and the Northwest, although he has not the pleasure of

ALL TUCKERED OUT.

Ordinary household duties shouldn't exhaust a woman who has good health. Doesn't take much work, though, this warm weather, to tire out, or even prostrate a woman who suffers from any derangement of the heart or nerves.

Every summer thousands of women break down in health.

Their daily work becomes a burden— They can no longer sit still and read or sew— Even the joyous laughter of their own children distresses them.

The great majority can't go to the seaside to recuperate—

Must struggle along as best they may. Is there any help for such?

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

This remedy supplies food for the exhausted nerve cells, enriches the blood, strengthens and regulates the heart and invigorates the entire system.

Any worn-out, run-down, tired-out, weak, nervous woman who starts using these Pills soon finds her health and strength returning.

Her appetite improves— She does not tire so easily— Sleep is sound and refreshing—

The ashen color of her face is replaced by the rosy tint of health—

Her heart beats strong and regular.

Such has been the record of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in the hundreds of cases that have been brought to our notice.

Here is one woman's statement:—

Mrs. J. Delaney, who lives at 262 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says:—"Some time ago I became extremely indisposed. My blood became poor, and I was very much run down and suffered from loss of appetite, nervousness, pallor, sleeplessness and debility. I have tried a great many remedies but without securing relief. I was at last advised to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and decided to give them a trial. I must say that from the first few doses I felt a distinct increase of strength."

"My nervous system has been invigorated and regulated. Refreshing sleep comes to me every night. Day by day these wonderful pills have built up my run down system and have given strength and energy to my weakened frame. Other troubles from which I suffered, namely, indigestion and constipation, together with severe headaches, have been altogether removed. I know there are a great many people suffering just as I did, and it is my earnest wish that all should know that a reliable cure exists in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

knowing Mr. Smith personally, and did not, therefore, see the sprouting and the bourgeoisie of his special crop of modified epidemic cells, still corroborates his story as to the virtues of that frigid clime as a hair producer.

"My hair always was thick," he says, "so I cannot speak from personal experience; but the way dogs put on hair up there is a caution. They get as shaggy as Shetland ponies, and now I think of it I never saw a bald-headed fellow anywhere around there. To tell the truth, they all look after they have a pair of scissors were far more needed than a hair restorer, and I think a missionary barber would do good work among them."

G. H. Henderson, who has a claim on Dominion Creek, and has been up in the vicinity for two years, heartily echoes Mr. McLeod's sentiments. There is something about the intense cold, he asseverates, that makes the hair on man and falling hair are unknown in that part of the country, but he thinks that the fact that people are so busy to "bother with their hair" has something to do with its unusual growth.

"The man who is vain enough to put his time in on trying to increase the thickness of his hair," is this gentleman's decision, "will generally manage to worry off what little belongs to him naturally. He will scrub it and put fertilizer on it, and stay awake nights thinking about it until his head is as hot as a furnace and burns the roots of it to ashes, and end by getting up the shiniest kind of a bald head, but up there it is too cold to fool that way, and the hair gets a chance for its life." J. S. Woodstock, an Alaskan of five years' standing, puts in his testimony in regard to the efficacy of good freezing weather as a hair rejuvenator or restorer, and another gentleman, a field, who, not having "made his pile," as yet, is averse to having his name in the papers, says he is seriously considering the practicability of establishing a hair sanatorium in some reasonably accessible spot, where he will, for a satisfactory consideration, entertain bald-headed guests, and tell them pleasing little tales about Alaska.

HIGH-HEELED SHOES AGAIN

Enjoy Your Broad-Toed, Flat-Heeled Shoes While You May.

Since women have been wearing sensible, broad-toed, flat-heeled boots most of the chiropodists have found business slack. But if Dame Rumor foretells correctly, they'll soon be brushing up their signs and working overtime to meet demands.

Our British consine say that women's feet should look small. American girls always had their own ideas about this matter, and crammed their toes into narrow shoes until they hobbled like the dainty little almond-eyed ladies of China, but since the girl came and the bicycle girl too, there has been a change. Louis XV. shoes are all right to

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

When physicians gave him up to die he found a cure in

Dr. Chase's

Kidney-Liver Pills

Mr. Richard Jennings, a farmer, living in Goderich township, states: "About three years ago I was taken down with Bright's Disease of the kidneys, had to give up all work, and placed myself in the care of the family physician. After some months a consultation was deemed necessary, and I was told I could not live."

"In sheer desperation I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The first pill gave me relief, the first box produced a decided change for the better, and continuing the use of them, I improved in health, until now I am taking the heavy share of work on the farm. No tongue can tell what I suffered previous to using these pills, and I owe my recovery to them."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Railways and Navigation

L. E. & D. R. R.

Steame Urania

On each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during season will leave Port Stanley for Cleveland, 11 p.m., returning leaves Cleveland 10 p.m. Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. Fare from London \$2, return \$3.

CAR FERRY, "SHENANGO NO. 1."

On each Monday and Friday during the season will leave Port Stanley at 6 p.m. (eastern standard time) arriving at Conneaut, Ohio, at 11 p.m. Returning leaves Conneaut, Ohio, on Saturday 10 p.m. and on Sunday 9 a.m. (central time), arriving at Port Stanley at 4 p.m. Fare, one way, from Port Stanley, 81c; return, \$2. Special tourists' rate to points in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, June 19, 1899, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 7:30 p.m. for Halifax, St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces. It will run on Saturday to Lewis only, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and other points. The local express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Riverview, Loup at 8:35 p.m., and Little Metis at 8:25 p.m. The Local Express will leave Little Metis daily, except Saturday, at 4:45 p.m., and arrive at Riverview at 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 6:30 a.m. Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Sleeping cars on Local Express.

VESTIBULE TRAINS.

The Intercolonial Railway gives the finest train service between Montreal and the magnificent tourist country in Eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. In this route are included Quebec City, Riverview, Loup, Little Metis, the Metapedia, Restigouche and other great fishing rivers, the Baie de Chaleur, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and many other desirable places for a summer outing at a moderate cost. The vestibule trains are new and are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury within the reach of all. Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, Edmund Robinson, 39 York Street, Ross House Block, Toronto. H. A. Price, District Passenger Agent, 134 St. James Street, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WILL RUN At return fares from all points in Ontario to
Home-Seekers \$28
60-Day Excursions To the Canadian Northwest \$30
To the Canadian Northwest \$35
Edmonton \$40
Going July 13, returning until Sept. 12 (All rail or S.S. Albatross)
Going July 18, returning until Sept. 17 (All rail or S.S. Albatross)
For tickets apply to any Canadian Pacific agent, or to H. A. Notman, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.
Thos. R. Parker, City Ticket Agent 161 Dundas Street, corner Richmond.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, For Liverpool, Calling at Moville, From Montreal.
Nunclian, July 15, 9 a.m.
Californian, July 19, 9 a.m.
Tainui, July 27, 9 a.m.
Parisian, Aug. 3, 9 a.m.
From New York, Glasgow, Hongkong, etc.
July 21, 21:20, of Nebraska, Aug. 5.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin, \$20 and upwards. Second cabin, \$25. Steerage, \$22.50 and \$25. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$47.50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$20. Steerage, \$22.50. Reduce tion on first and second cabin return tickets.

London agents—E. De La Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

E. De La Hooke, Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner.

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.

Rodel French Peas, 15c.

Rodel Mushrooms, 28c.

Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.

Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce.

California Prunes, 8c per lb.

California Silver Prunes, 12½c per lb.

California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

Fitzgerald, Seandrett & Co

169 DUNDAS ST.

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