

Remnants...

We are cleaning up our stock of Wall Paper after the rush of house-cleaning, and have some great bargains in remnants to offer. Bring size of your room and see what we have to offer.

E. N. HUNT, 180 Dundas Street.

JESSAMINE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I knocked at Mr. Fordham's door, ma'am, as you bid, and he said that he wasn't well enough to leave his room, and would you be pleased to eat breakfast without him. And he said, ma'am, that you needn't be uneasy the least bit in the world, for it's only a cold and sore throat that he's got, and, indeed, if I may make so bold as to say it, he had at that time I could scarcely hear him at all."

Phoebe eyed her mistress slyly and keenly when she had delivered her message. Although not particularly given to prying and gossip, her curiosity was excited by certain peculiarities in the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Fordham, for which the supposition that the master of the house had "picked up German ways" while abroad, did not fully account. They had distinctly separate apartments, carrying the rule of division so far that Mr. Fordham never entered his wife's sitting-room without knocking at the door, and if she invaded the library when he was in, she not only asked admittance in the same way, but apologized for interrupting his studies.

"They are too polite by half," Phoebe estimated, judging them by her not very extensive observation and experience. "There's Mrs. Baxter will make more fuss over her dried-up atom of a man in one day than Mrs. Fordham does about her fine figure of a husband in a year."

She had never seen Mrs. Fordham kiss or otherwise caress his wife, but she indulged in any of the romping fondling which the lately wedded are prone to forget may be less interesting to spectators than to themselves. Yet, she was ready to affirm stoutly that, in her parlance, "they thought the world of one another," that Mr. Fordham studied his wife's inclinations, anticipated her wishes, and ministered to her comfort more than any other gentleman she knew; while "Mr. Fordham likes this, or 'tis his fondness for," Mrs. Fordham said, coquettishly, if not coolly—"Very well, Phoebe! Bring in breakfast," and turned again to the window at which she was standing, when the news was brought to her of her husband's illness.

"I'm right down sorry—that I am!" grumbled the servant over the kitchen range. "I did hope she'd show some feeling for him when he's maybe took for diphthery or quincy or something else awful. And he's such a good provider and well-spoken gentleman, and never so much as raising his voice in a temper with her, but treating her like a queen! I've a mind to slip up myself, and ask what he'll have to eat. These are beautiful, beautiful muffins, ever I see! She is a master hand at the like. And I know she made these, as she does all sorts of nice things, because he likes 'em. Queer she never lets on that I get up the dishes he makes. Mistresses are so broad in enough to pocket the compliments at belongs to their girls. She's a genuine lady, and no mistake, but it cuts me to see her so cold-hearted to him. I suppose they're what folks call a 'fashionable couple'."

While this soliloquy was going on, the subject of it stood still at the window, gazing into the street. It was a bleak December day. There had been rain in the night; then the thermometer sank abruptly, and by morning the sidewalks were glazed with ice. The earth was black and grim; the clouds, grayly sullen, seemed to rest upon the chimney tops; and while Jessie looked it began to snow, gently for a while, then so fast that a waving sheet soon shut out her view of distant objects. The cottage was on a corner, and this being a side window, gave upon the college grounds on one hand, Judge Provost's house, garden and lawn on the other. By changing her position never so slightly, the lady could have beheld the balcony front and imposing cupola of the Wyllis's residence, of which the happy pair had taken formal possession ten days before, postponing their bridal tour until spring.

"For" as the bride eagerly explained to everybody—"both of us have been everywhere on this side of the water, and winter-traveling is an awful bore. To be sure, we've been abroad, too, and seen everything that is worth seeing. So we've been in our heads to devise something 'recherché' (pronounced re-chur-ky) 'in the way of a wedding trip. And it is so sweet and romantic to come to our own home, right away!"

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, 12 1/2c per lb.
California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

169 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE
in
TRADING
STAMPS

Indeed, as I told Orin, it isn't safe to leave such carpets and furniture as ours unprotected."

Jessie had heard all this fanfare, and much more from Mrs. Baxter, but she was not thinking of it now. Nor did she move so as to bring the "new and superb mansion of our popular low citizen, Orin Wyllis, Esq.," within the range of her vision; only seemed to watch the falling snow, and the few passers-by who dotted the whitening streets at this early hour. In reality, she was speculating upon the possibility of the stillness in the chamber overhead. Was Roy, then, too ill to get up? Was his room comfortable? What attention from nurse or physician did he need? How was she to learn and supply his wants? It would be barbarous unkindness, if he were very sick, to stand aloof and leave the charge of him to hirelings. Yet her personal attendance would be awkward for both. She was not sure that he would approve of it, and she had been so often told to expose her from such offices. He had spoken, in an offhand way, overnight, of being chilly, and apologized for not offering to read the new number of a magazine to her by saying that his throat was sore. Without consulting him, she had brewed a pitcher of hot lemonade, and insisted upon his drinking it after he went to his room. He had thanked her with the invariable courtesy that met her every effort to serve him, and "was sure it was all he needed. A most agreeable prescription, too!" he added, as he bore the pitcher off. It was a shock, after this pleasant parting, to hear that he was sick in bed. What if he were to be seriously ill? Her heart gave a great bound, then ceased moving for a moment. He was a robust, so full of life and energy, that this could not be.

What if he were to die! She, too, thought of diphtheria. There had been several fatal cases of it in the city recently. She was pale and faint, her limbs giving way under her as she admitted the frightful supposition. What would she be—that would she do if the strong staff of his protection, the sole of his companionship, were left from her?

For she knew that little cause as she had given him, in the circumstances attending their marriage, to cherish her, as all men should—as some men do—the women who love them fervently and constantly. But she had a wife in the land who was surrounded by the atmosphere of chivalrous devotion which encompassed her in the secluded life she led as the nominal mistress of Roy Fordham's home. Her deep mourning was a sufficient reason for declining to enter the gay circle in which Mrs. Wyllis flattered and her diamonds and husband shone. But Roy saw to it that she was not lonely. His friends, Provosts, and others of his friends were often with them during the day, and he spent his evenings, as a rule, at home.

"Will you favor me with your company in the library, or shall I come to your sitting-room?" he would ask when supper was over.

They wrote and studied together as two friends of the same sex might; talked freely upon all subjects suggested by either—each watchful that no chance touch should wound the other; and when they were upon the subject of the next step should be taken, fresh grave that lay ever between them. In all their intercourse, Roy's apparent ease far surpassed his wife's. He was calm, always kind and more than kind in manner and language, and never complained himself as if there were anything abnormal in this sort of association; as if passion and regret were alike of the past, to which he had said they need never again recur. No more to do with her, as if she were ever passed his lips, and after the night of the home-bringing, he had never offered to kiss or embrace her. A hand-clasp, night and morning; a smiling bow and lively phrase when he came to dinner and tea, were the most affectionate caresses he gave her. But no distraught lover, at the height of his lunacy, ever studied his mistress's fantasies, sought to penetrate and fathom her will, as did this quiet and courtly husband. He was the woman who had confessed that her heart was won by him when he married her. Flowers, fruit, birds and books were lavished upon her; passed into her hands through other than his, but were always pressed to him in response to some expression of liking on her part. In accordance with what he imagined her wishes or needs. Nor was his unobtrusive attention to her health less constant. In the same friendly style he regulated exercise, diet and work; saw that her habits were not too sedentary, and that she did not overtax herself, imprudently to cold, damp, or fatigue.

Her review of all this was rapid and circumstantial. He deserved all that I can do for him. False delicacy nor pride shall keep me back from ministering to the wants of one who is to me father, brother, friend. I may, at least, wait upon him as a hostess might tend an honored guest—a housekeeper the master of this house," she had said by the time Phoebe sat coffee, muffins, and steak upon the table.

Then, to the servant's increased chagrin, she sat down with Roy's vacant opposite her, and breakfasted alone.

"Not much of a breakfast, to be sure," said Phoebe, returning at the end of ten minutes, to find the room deserted. "Half a muffin, and a cup of coffee, and she clean forgot to carve the steak. Look like she was in love—but that can't be."

"Come in," said the changed voice, that had wrought upon Phoebe's womanly compassion, as Jessie awaited a faint-hearted lingerer upon the threshold. She buoyed up her courage by remembering that she was the housekeeper who had come for the orders of the day; the diffidence she rallied at, as hardly, as ridiculous, and uncalled for, had no visible effect, except to heighten her color, and make her carry her head a trifle less loftily.

[To be Continued.]

EASTBROOKE CHILD IS SAFE.

Windsor, July 22.—Windsor's kidnapping scare terminated suddenly. Mrs. Mary E. Eastbrooke, residing on Pitt street, reported to Chief Wills that her little daughter had been picked up and spirited away by a stout, gray-haired woman and taken on the ferry to Detroit. It was learned later that the child was taken by Mrs. McNabb, the agent for the Women's Protective Association, of Detroit, who claims that the child had not been properly taken care of. Her authority for bringing the little one to Detroit is based upon the statement that Mr. Eastbrooke formerly resided there.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by physicians. Neighbors advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After using it, my 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 good."

DROWNED IN THE THAMES

William Sulston, of Kilworth, Lost His Life Last Night.

While Bathing Near Con. 3, London Township, Was Seized With Cramps—An Expert Swimmer.

William Sulston, a young farm hand employed by Mr. R. Shaw-Wood at "Woodhouse," was drowned last night while bathing in the Thames near the third concession of London township. Sulston wheeled to the river with a party of young men, and, arriving first, was found struggling in the water when the others came up. He sank from view and did not come up again. Sulston was an expert swimmer, and his companions were not alarmed at first, supposing that he was making a long dive, as he had frequently done before. As the minutes passed the truth dawned on them. It was ten minutes before the body was recovered, when every expedient to revive him was tried in vain. Sulston suffered from heart trouble, and it is supposed that the shock of the cold water after violent exercise overcame him.

He was 22 years of age, and his home was near Kilworth, where his parents and a large family live on a farm. The family came from England about four years ago. Sulston was a popular young man of good habits, and had been employed by Mr. Shaw-Wood for three months, where he was well-liked. The young men with him were all employed at the same place.

It is said that this makes the sixth drowning at this point in the river.

ON PAROLE

President Rossiter of Brooklyn Transit Company Is Out.

Sued for Giving Out Libelous Statements to Newspapers.

New York, July 22.—President Rossiter, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, was arrested on a charge of violating section 254 of the penal code, which makes it unlawful to give out libelous information to newspapers. The complaint was made by A. L. Johnson, former president of the Nassau street railway system, and a man named John Weed, who is a member of the board of directors of the company. Rossiter is in the custody of his counsel until Thursday, when a hearing of the case will take place.

IN BROOKLYN. The street railway men's strike in Brooklyn has ceased to interrupt the flow of the lines. The schedules of the various surface railroads are today practically restored and maintained through the city and suburbs. Aside from greased rails and the occasional explosion of a torpedo, which has been placed in the road by sympathizers to frighten new motorists, nothing hindered the general operation of the road during last night.

AN ACCIDENT. A car of the Rockaway avenue line started from the Adams street police station about 2 o'clock this morning with a full load of passengers. Sergeant Dillon, for Canarsie, to relieve a force that had been on duty there. When the car reached Dumont avenue it ran off a "blind" switch and upset, throwing all on board down a short embankment. Several of the passengers were cut and quite badly bruised. The mishap was purely accidental.

A BOMB. Cleveland, July 22.—A dynamite bomb was thrown upon the roof of the Big Consolidated Company's barn at Lake View yesterday, and made a hole about two feet square in the roof. A Wade Park avenue car, which stood directly beneath the hole, was wrecked, the roof of the car being torn off by the explosion. No one was injured. Police Director Birrell stated that the bomb would doubtless be traced out soon to suppress mob violence.

SPREADING. The ore handlers' strike at Ashtabula, Ohio, threatens to become general. The strikers demand the removal of Supt. Raser and Engineer McNut.

STRIKE IN CAPE BRETON. Sydney, C. B., July 22.—The drivers at Dominion pit, No. 1, of the Dominion Coal Company, are on strike for an advance of 15 cents a day. The demand has been refused by the company. The miners may strike in sympathy.

COMING THEIR WAY. Detroit, July 22.—The members of the Street Railway Employees' Association have but one regret today, and that is that their agreement with the company is not now open for discussion, as in the present temper of the city they would come their way. Four suspended employees were reinstated last night without arbitration, and they appeared ready to concede almost anything that the men asked. Fred B. Dibb, conductor on Brush street, had been suspended since Feb. 20 last, charged with selling loose tickets. He will receive about \$270 back pay.

PROSPECTS OF SETTLEMENT. Detroit, July 22.—Frank C. Pingree says the statement has reached him that the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was going to inaugurate a national boycott on Pingree & Smith's. Deputy Timothy O'Connor denies the truth of the report. "We have every confidence," said Mr. O'Connor, "that we will be able to arrive at a peaceful settlement with the firm of Pingree & Smith."

GONE UP IN SMOKE. The Old Presbyterian Church at Wallaceburg, Ont., July 22.—The old Presbyterian Church in this town was destroyed by fire last night. Loss about \$3,000. Insurance, \$1,000.

Wary of Experimenting. With salves, suppositories and ointments, and dreading a surgical operation, scores and hundreds have turned to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, and have found in it an absolute cure for piles. The first application brings relief from the terrible itching, and it is very seldom that more than one box is required to effect a permanent cure.

INGERSOLL'S DEATH

Came Suddenly—Heart Disease Was the Cause of His Demise.

New York, July 22.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's death at Walsford-on-Hudson was sudden and unexpected, and resulted from the heart disease from which he suffered since 1896. In that year, during the Republican convention at St. Louis, he was seized with a severe attack of heart disease, and was under the care of physicians constantly.

For the last three days Mr. Ingersoll had not been feeling well. Thursday night he was in better health, and spent a portion of the evening playing billiards with Walton H. Brown, his son-in-law, and C. P. Farrell, his brother-in-law and private secretary. He seemed to be in better health and spirits when he retired than he had been for several days.

Yesterday morning he rose at the usual hour and joined the family at breakfast. He then said he had spent a bad night, but felt better. He did not think his condition at all dangerous. After breakfast he telephoned his physician, and told him of his experience during the night. Dr. Smith told him, he said, to continue the use of nitro-glycerine and that he would see him during the day.

Col. Ingersoll spent the morning swinging in a hammock and sitting on the veranda with the members of the family. He said he was better, and had no pain. At 12:30 he started to go upstairs. Upon reaching the head of the stairs Col. Ingersoll turned into his wife's room. Mrs. Ingersoll was there. Together they discussed the fact that they would have for luncheon. After talking for a few minutes Col. Ingersoll crossed the room and sat down in a rocking-chair. He leaned his head upon his hand, which rested on the back of the chair. Mrs. Ingersoll asked him how he was feeling, and he replied: "Oh, better."

These were his last words. A second after they were uttered he was dead.

Mrs. Ingersoll was the only person in the room with him when he died. Death came to him as he had recently expressed a desire it should. He often in old times said he wished to die slowly, with a full consciousness, and might tell those about him how it felt. Recently he experienced a change of desire to die painlessly and without warning.

Mr. Ingersoll was nearly 66 years old, and had retired from the active practice of law for the past three years, although he continued to accept lecture engagements. Lecturing was his hobby, and he had been only the delivery, but preparation of lectures, and in his new home on Madison avenue, New York, he had a library out of which it was said to dig him as if he had been built into his chair.

Robert Green Ingersoll was born Aug. 11, 1833, at Dresden, N. Y., and his father was a congregational minister of that town. He was educated at Yale and Harvard, and was a member of the bar at New York. He was a Democrat, and was a member of the New York legislature in 1862, and in 1867 declined the post of minister to Germany.

Col. Ingersoll first attracted general notice in 1878, when his speech proposing James G. Blaine for president at the Republican National Convention made him celebrated. From that time on his services as a campaign speaker were in demand. His most famous speech was his oration on the Memorial Day address at New York in 1882. He also took part in many famous trials, and was counsel for the alleged star-route conspirators, who were acquitted in 1883.

Col. Ingersoll's first book attacking the Bible and Christianity was published in 1878, being entitled "The Gods and Other Lectures." This was followed by "Some Mistakes of Moses," "What Shall I Do To Be Saved?" "Modern Thinkers," etc. But it was not as a writer, but as a lecturer that Col. Ingersoll gained his greatest celebrity and made the fortune which enabled him to retire from active business pursuits. For many years he had been known as one of the most eloquent orators that America ever produced, although his doctrines were held in great reverence by orthodox people.

Col. Ingersoll was a master of the English language, and excelled in descriptive passages. It was the personal magnetism of the man and his rare ability as an orator that counted for more than the faculty of his statements, placed him in the front rank of American lecturers, and constituted his chief hold on the public. Now that he is dead, the great infidel will be forgotten, but his name will live on in the pages of history.

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CANADA'S GREAT TRADE.

Last Year the Largest in the History of the Country.

A "Tiff" Between Col. Domville and Mr. Foster—The Yukon Affair.

Ottawa, July 22.—Official returns which are available today go to establish the remarkable trade development of the last year, showing a total trade export and import of \$308,104,788, an increase of \$29,222,222 for 1898, a gain of \$15,381,749. The gain is attributable entirely to the increase in imports which amount to \$21,323,052. The total exports show a falling off of \$3,441,308, the exports of the product of Canada show a decrease of \$7,245,241. The customs revenue for the twelve months totals \$25,157,930, which is an improvement over 1898 of \$3,000,142. For the month of July alone the exports have increased by \$10,545, and imports by \$2,026,897.

IN THE HOUSE.

Although in order to expedite the progress of public business a morning sitting was held, it was nearly 6 o'clock before the House of Commons went into committee on supply for the consideration of the estimates, which was the real business before it. The delay was caused by a repetition of the discussion on the Yukon charges, which arose on a question raised by Mr. Davin, who called attention to a dispatch appearing in the North British Daily Mail of Glasgow, which was sent by Reuters's agent at Ottawa by request, stating that the editorial in the London Times on the charges of maladministration in the Yukon made by Sir Charles Hilbert Tupper had created great surprise in Canada, and that in the debate in the Canadian Parliament Sir Charles Hilbert Tupper had been compelled to admit that the charges in his resolution indicting the government and demanding a judicial investigation were unfounded. Mr. Davin asserted that an attempt had been made by the government through its bureau of press representatives to throw dust in the eyes of the British people and to offend the confidence of the Canadian people. The London Times upon the refusal of the government to allow a judicial investigation.

Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Fielding deprecated the wasting time when business was so pressing.

A LIVELY TIFF.

Mr. Fielding, in discussing the estimates, ridiculed Mr. Foster's plea that all government work should be done by contract. Mr. Foster had spent \$170,000 in day work at St. John, N. B., and now demanded that the government should not employ day labor in a \$15,000 job.

Col. Domville poked fun at Mr. Foster. The colonel said he desired to call the attention of Mr. Foster to some incidents of his past history. For instance, there was the occasion when, having been disappointed in the Yukon, Mr. Foster telephoned to his friend in 1891: "What have you done with my money? You have given me no votes for it."

Mr. Foster denied the statement, but Col. Domville said he could give the place and store from which Mr. Foster telephoned, and went on to charge that at the time Mr. Foster was running in the temperance interests, liquor had been supplied to electors at his meeting.

Mr. Foster denied the statement, but expressed confidence that if liquor was circulating Col. Domville knew something about it. (Laughter.)

Col. Domville said that if he had succeeded in getting anything out of Mr. Foster, he was probably the only one that ever had. (Laughter.) Sir John Macdonald had once correctly described the honorable gentleman as a "windmill run by water power," and Col. Domville insisted that Mr. Foster sat on the floor of parliament and took advantage of the privilege of parliament, which protected him from physical influence, he would call it.

Dr. Sproule came to Mr. Foster's rescue, and advised the colonel to square himself with the militia department before criticising an honorable member.

The committee rose at 12:05, after passing the public works department estimates for the harbors and rivers in Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia, for dredging, bridges, roads, and bridges and miscellaneous.

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