

There is a Treat in Store for You

IF YOU HAVE NOT TASTED

"SARADA"

Ceylon Green Tea, because it is infinitely superior to the finest Japan Tea.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. BY ALL GROCERS.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Shadow and Sunlight

"No, the power of doing as you please—of starting at any moment and traveling over all the places I have only read about and longed for."

"I ought to be happy, you think?"

"Yes."

"How little you know," he says, with suppressed bitterness. "Yes, it seems a great thing to you, no doubt. I can understand it. To me it is a weary round, with no thought, no real truth to make me more weary."

"What is that?" she asks in a low voice.

"Only this, that go on, or stay, no single human being will really care. That when I start tomorrow I shall really have no soul who will honestly and sincerely miss me, no one who will say that something has gone out of their life, or look anxiously for my return."

"Can he feel the soft, warm hand on his arm tremble and falter? Can he see the sudden, fearless misery that comes into her eyes and dims them?"

"For the sake of saying something, for the sake of breaking the awful silence, in which she thinks that he must hear the mournful throbbing of her heart, she says:

"Your mother—sister?"

"I have none," he answers. "I am alone in the world, utterly and completely. If I had had a sister, perhaps my life—"

"Stares before him," "No," he says, with a little laugh; "no tears will be shed, no sighs heaved when I start tomorrow. They will shut up the castle and close the town house, neither of which I have slept in for years; they will ask at the club, with a yawn, what has become of Lashwood, and scarcely wait for an answer."

"But, surely," says Madge, "all these people—Lady Carton, Mrs. Sowerby, and the rest—"

"He laughs shortly.

"Will forget me before the month has passed," he says. "Do you think there will be no more dinners at the Wheatcroft? Oh, yes, and I hope you will share in them."

"Madge turns her face away.

"No, it is not likely."

"I don't know," he says. "I mean to speak to Lady Carton, if I may, and remind her of the dull, sober life I lead, and ask her to make it a little brighter for you. I shall not forget when I am on a Nile boat or tramping up on the Brocken—the last few days. What is the matter?"

"He stops abruptly, for Madge has withdrawn her hand.

"My—my wrap," she says, dashing away a tear in the darkness.

"Let me," he says, and with reverent tenderness, he draws the wrap closer round her throat.

"Thanks!"

"I shall not forget," he continues. "I should like to think—if it is not too presumptuous—that you, too, will not forget them, you say: I am afraid before you, but if you would sometimes think of—say, tonight, for instance—"

"She laughs desperately and with sudden bitterness.

"What will it matter to you? You will not forget, you say. It is a bold thing to promise—new scenes, new friends."

"And through them all these last few days will shine out all too distinctly," he breaks in, with a sudden fierceness in his voice—"all too distinctly. I shall not forget them, you say: I am afraid that I shall. If I could feel sure of forgetfulness, I should say good-bye tonight with a lighter heart."

"Good-bye! What is there in the world to make it even in ordinary times, so bad and bitter? Tonight, for the first time, it strikes on Madge's heart with full significance. Good-bye! Good-bye!—how much it means to her; it is the knell of her first mad dream, it is the death-stroke of her first love. Yes, she knows it now, all unwittingly she has let her heart slip from her, and it lies in the hand of the man who is saying good-bye, perhaps forever. With the force of a revelation the truth strikes upon her and unnerves her.

"Let us go back," she falls.

"He raises his head, it has been bent in moody observation of the green turf for some minutes.

"Go back!" he echoes. "Yes, I had almost forgotten. There should be a short cut to the left here. Are you cold?"

"No," she says; and there is a tremor in her voice which she strives hard to render light and careless.

"Go back," he requests. "If one could only go back through one's life, I would wipe away all but the last few days. How long it is since we first met under the gas-lamps, you and I?"

"I do not remember—"

"I do not remember," says Madge, indistinctly. "It seems an age to me—"

"He stops suddenly, for something like a sob strikes upon his ear.

"He stops and looks down at her. The moonlight is pouring full upon her face; it is pale and wan, the dark eyes gleaming out with sorrowful despair, the red, ripe lips tremulous.

"He steps, and the dusky red tie to

his face for a moment, then leaves it white, with suppressed excitement.

"What?—Madge!" he breaks off; for suddenly, with a quiver of the white lids, tears spring to the dark eyes.

"Madge—your eyes are crying! Is it possible—my girl!" and he seizes both her hands and looks down into her eyes, with a passionate, hungry stare that is made of infinite longing and infinite sadness. "Is it possible to look at me! Madge! Can it be? Oh, heaven! I long and yet—I dare not! And yet—Madge, you know I love you—you know it! You cannot help knowing it. I have loved you, I think, since the hour I first saw you. And yet, as heaven is my witness, I meant to tell you—I never meant that you should guess it. I never dreamed—never dreamed that you would! No! It cannot be true. Look at me, Madge. Is it possible that you—love me?"

"—you—love me?"

"—you—longingly, and yet fearfully, the words drop from his lips white with moving—and the night seems to him that what he has made it, no single ray of light and color came to gladden it. Until I heard them from you I had never known a single kind word from a man's lips. My father—you know my father! You say you are alone. Think what my loneliness must be. It is hard for a man; it is harder for a girl who longs and pines for sympathy, for—for love. Do I love you? You ask! You who have—have—taught me to think of you night and day, to look forward to the time of your coming, as the happiest of my life. Do I love you? Yes!"

"With a low cry—it may be of delight, it may be of remorse—he draws her to him and holds her in a passionate embrace.

"My Madge, my darling! My brave, my outspoken Madge! Then suddenly, with a groan, he raises his eyes to the stars, that look down on him with calm, quiet scorn and accusation. "Heaven! If I had known—"

"And then again his mood changes, his hand on her throat, and he pours a storm of passionate kisses on her face.

"My Madge, my darling! You love me—flower and queen of women—really love me? Madge, I cannot believe it yet. I—have longed for happiness so long that I have grown incredulous. Say it once—only once more. Tell me, Madge!"

"Slowly, reluctantly, she raises her face; it is pale, it is pale no longer, but crimsoned with maiden pleasure.

"I love you," she murmurs, and her head droops upon his breast.

"He kisses her, not fiercely this time, but with a grin, earnest passion that communicates itself to her.

"Yes, I love you," she repeats, almost inaudibly, and with a faint, long-drawn sigh.

"Not yet," he breathes, "not yet—I cannot believe it yet."

"He does so now," she murmurs, and shyly, and with closed eyes, she lifts her lips and kisses him.

"An hour—is it an hour, or a minute, or a year, could either of them tell?—say, an hour later, they turn from the common air of which is filled, for them, with magic echoes and subtle perfumes of love's avowals, and enter the lane leading to the village.

"Silence, absolute silence, has reigned between them both for minutes past. Happiness, which the gods give to man once only in his life, has enveloped them in his magic mantle; time and space have been obliterated. They two walk side by side through the enchanted world of love. Side by side, hand in hand, heart to heart.

"With hungry persistence his eyes rest longingly on her face, beautiful now with the loveliness of a first passion, ever and again her dark eyes emerge from the long lashes and raise themselves to his all gleam with admiration.

"It is a midsummer night's dream, too sweet for reality, each moment a wild, indefinable fear rises in her heart that she shall wake and find it but a dream.

"And above them the moon sheds placid and serene, eyeing the love of mortals with a calm scorn and pitiless contempt.

"Slowly, silently, they reach the village street. It looks so familiarly quiet and deserted; there are, at present, no lights, no sounds. Presently they come upon some windows showing signs of life behind them, and he—awakes.

"This is the Wheatcroft," he says, reluctantly, for speech of any kind sounds harsh and hard at the moment. "How quiet they are. Let me look at you once more, darling, before we go to—"

"No, no," she pleads, but he draws her to him and kisses her slowly, with deliberate, calculating delight.

"Breathless, palpitating, she escapes from him.

"Let us go in. How late it seems!"

"He laughs with glad carelessness, but suddenly the laugh dies away as his hand touches the door.

"What is this?" he says lightly. "The door is closed."

"Madge stands, drawing her wrap round her.

"Knock," she says. "They have grown tired of waiting. I don't see the carriage!"

"He knocks once lightly, then sharply. A bolt is withdrawn, a key turned, and a sleepy voice inquires, sleepily, "Well, what is it?"

"Open the door," he says. "What do you mean by locking us out?"

"Instead of flinging the door open the sleepy one takes refuge in interrogatories.

"What is it? Who is it? What do you want?"

"Want! To come in. It is I, Lord Lashwood."

"The door is opened suddenly, and the landlord, in his shirt-sleeves and with sleep written in every line of his features, confronts them.

take them up and ring them in her ears.

There is silence for a moment; they stand alone under the sweet heaven, hand in hand, heart calling to heart. Then she half draws her hands away, but he clings the harder.

"Speak, Madge," he says. "The truth—do you love me. No, it is not possible!"

"Then she speaks. Slowly, heavily, she lifts her eyes to his and looks at him—looks at him with a yearning, misery and hunger, and solemn truthfulness.

"Is it possible!" she says, and her voice rings with exquisite music in his ears; every word distinct and clear, yet, nevertheless, with a passionate love. "Why not? Is it so improbable? Think!" and she looks at him with a gesture almost of piteous command.

"Beg pardon, my lord. Oblige me to be careful," the police officer, then he stops and stares at Madge.

Lord Lashwood eyes him amazedly. "Where is my party? Is it time they started?"

"The landlord stares.

"Your party, my lord? Why, they left an hour ago!"

"What?" exclaims Lord Lashwood, and he takes out his watch, still staring at the man. Then he starts, and glances at the quiet figure by his side.

"Started! No! Of them?"

"All of them, my lord," replies the landlord, respectfully. "The drag and the wagonette. I thought your lordship had gone with them. The party that started last—them in the wagonette—"

"He turns and looks at Madge.

"Her face is pale and anxious, but she manages to smile.

"But—" he says, then looks at his watch again. Love laughs at clock-makers as well as locksmiths. They have been—well, no matter how long—on that common.

"He looks at the pale, anxious face, and summons up an easy laugh.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things. However, you must put a horse to and drive us to the station."

"The landlord stares.

"The station, sir! The last train started nearly an hour ago!"

A low cry escapes Madge; she is sorry for it the moment after, as she sees the sudden trouble in his face.

"Never mind," he says, in a matter-of-fact voice. "Put something to, and drive us to town as quickly as you can."

"To town, my lord!" and the man shakes his head. "We've got nothing as could do it. I could drive you to Henley."

(To be Continued.)

A FIERCE SHARK

Attacked a Fisherman in His Boat and Almost Killed Him.

Portland, Jan. 18.—When the Portland fishing schooner Moses B. Lincolnton, Captain L. J. Miller, arrived in port this afternoon she brought a badly bruised-up sailor and a monster man-eating shark which he had battled after a desperate fifteen-minute battle off Tanager bank yesterday morning.

This is one of the few cases of a man-eating shark having ever been taken in these waters. The big fish weighed 675 pounds and measured 7 feet 4 inches.

The hero of the conflict, E. H. Miller, a brother of the captain, was pulling trawls in a small dory about 500 yards from the schooner, when he pulled the trawl to the surface, wondering at its weight, and saw the big shark lying in it. The fish was quiet until he saw it, then he made a dash for it.

"When I saw that terrible wide open mouth and four great rows of teeth my nerve left me," said Miller. "But I picked up a big oar to defend myself with."

The shark's leaps carried him away out of the water, and when he struck the dory it had all it could do to keep from being thrown into the water.

"The second jump came near seeing the end of me, for the big fish made such a leap that he threw himself right across the boat and carried her gunwale under water, at the same time hitting me a terrific blow with his tail that dazed me."

"On the third jump, by a lucky blow with my oar over the back of his neck I stunned him. Another boat came to my rescue just then and we together finished him."

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Every one wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely desirable to have a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The Indorsement of these Pills by the police is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfill everything claimed for it.

A Liverpool firm (the mercantile firm Bennett & Co.) is engaged in putting up a big ship to be exported under contract with the United States authorities to the dockyards at Newport News. The transaction is unprecedented in the history of the timber trade in Liverpool or any other port in the British Isles.

Nourishing.

Tens of thousands of physicians are constantly prescribing Angier's Emulsion because it makes easy the digestion of wholesome food and nourishes the tired or worn out system. It cleanses and enriches the blood, creates firm flesh, quiets the nerves and acts as a general tonic. It is quite pleasant to take. Try a fifty-cent bottle.

The Family Ale

The only GOLD MEDAL awarded at the St. Louis Exposition for Ale and Stout was won by JOHN LABATT'S. Purchasers can always get Labatt's Ale and Porter in prime condition from P. J. WATT, Market Square, Moisons Bank Building.

Among elephants, both sexes of the African species have ivory tusks, while in Asia these are generally restricted to the male.

IF A COUGH makes your nights sleepless and weary, it will worry you a good deal, and it is a sign that you are taking worry and give yourself rest by taking the Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It exerts a soothing influence on the air passages and allays the irritation that leads to inflammation. It will subdue the most stubborn cough or cold, and eventually eradicate it from the system, as a trial of it will prove to you.

Better a temperance pledge than a pawnbroker's.

SHAMELESS DUKES SHOCK PARISIANS

Members of Russian Royal Family Have Gay Time in French Capital.

Paris, Jan. 18.—Apropos of this engagement of Alfonso XIII. to Princess Ena of Battenburg, there is a romantic historical fact which is generally unknown to the public. The mother of this young Princess was herself sought in marriage by the Prince Imperial, the ill-fated son of the Empress Eugenie, who perished so tragically in Zululand. They were to be wedded on the Prince's return from that fatal expedition.

In memory of this incident connected with the life of her only son, Empress Eugenie has just settled an income of 100,000 francs (\$20,000) upon the child of the woman who should have been her own daughter-in-law.

A Vision of Pretty Feet.

When people speak of the "cult of beauty," they are apt to think of the figure of a woman, but they do not, as a rule, consider such details as the hands or feet in consideration, and yet, it is a well-known fact that the perfection of the Parisienne's charm lies in that very detail to detail which is apt to be lacking in the women of other nationalities.

If a visitor to Paris wants to see a regular beauty show of feet, let him go to the Palais de Glace (if he can gain admission) on the day when the Skating Club meets. There he will see the pick of our aristocracy who have any pretension of liking exercise disporting themselves upon the ice in the most fetching of short skirts and with the prettiest of shoes (twinkling on their silver slippers). I would not say that the Parisienne has the smallest foot in the world, if actual measurement is intended, but it is certainly the daintiest.

Though many of our most charming countesses and our most prominent young duchesses cannot be said to rival the professional beauties in the matter of features, there isn't an idol of the Boulevard or theaters who can compare with them for slenderness and grace of feet and feet. The well-dressed Parisienne never shows her feet, of the same color as her gown, sometimes of the same material as her dress, but always of the same color. Her gloves are, of course, of the same color.

It is a charming sight to see so many pairs of pretty feet encased in soft garters, or golden browns, sage green, navy blue and dull purple shades, perched upon gleaming silver blades, fit to and far across the floor of the Palais de Glace.

Kaiser Won't Make War.

"Is William II. going to wage war on France?" is the question which many Frenchmen are anxiously asking themselves these days.

Will the Emperor's intimate friend, Baron von Holstein, whose hatred of France is in no way disguised, dare his Imperial master into an attempt to exterminate France? "Is what many people are wondering.

To these questions there is an emphatic answer—"No." The Emperor of Germany will not go to war with France, because he cannot possibly afford to do so.

The reason of this enforced peacefulness is simple enough.

He is afraid of England.

If he were to declare war on France on Monday he would find his entire navy at the bottom of the sea Tuesday, and with them hundreds of millions of marks. "This is a loss which even William could not stand, so he simply makes the best of a bad job, and if he ever has the humor is in danger of betraying him into an act of hostility he has only to ask himself—"And how about my ships?" to calm down immediately.

The very first effect of the law of Separation of Church and State has been quite different from what was expected, with the result that the lawmakers find themselves in a somewhat awkward position.

The entire upper clergy of France—bishops, abbots, curés—numbering over one hundred—have declared their intention of holding a meeting either in Paris or Lyons, some time this month. Under the regime of the concordat such a reunion was impossible, as one of the principal clauses of the act forbade the clergy to absent themselves from their diocese except with the authorization of the civil authorities. Now, of course, as the state no longer recognizes the clergy, the priesthood is at liberty to do as it chooses, and the result of its first act of independence is somewhat disquieting to the Government.

On the other hand, the clergy who looked forward with terror to the prospect of being cast out into the world and deprived of Government support, are rather enjoying their liberty and preparing to make the most of it.

Just what the outcome of this new move on the part of the church will be, nobody can say, but all who sympathize with the clergy are rather enjoying the spectacle of the tables turned.

The Shameless Grand Dukes.

The dear grand dukes continue to keep Paris gossiping. During the few days that the Grand Duchess Vladimir and Grand Duke Cyril spent here they managed to enliven the town. Every morning gay luncheon parties were held at the duke and duchess, met at Henry's Cafe, in the Rue Gailion, one of the most prominent resorts of the smart set in Paris. Here, at the Grand Ducal Cafe, champagne flowed in rivulets, and the guests became conspicuously noisy.

After luncheon the duke and duchess drove in the Bois, accompanied in other carriages by their merry companions. Later the party assembled at the Palais de Glace, and between turns upon the ice consumed heady cocktails. And so it went throughout the day and well into the early morning the Russian duke and duchess behaved like mad. All this while their country is in the throes of revolution, the people are trampled upon, the aristocracy terrorized, anarchy rampant on every side.

The only shade of decency in the behavior of our Grand Ducal guests was the fact that while within our

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I am but fifteen years of age, and depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-ache, and as I have heard that you can give helpful advice, I am writing you."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"It is with the feeling of utmost gratitude that I write to you to tell you what your valuable medicine has done for me. When I wrote you in regard to my condition I had consulted several doctors, but they failed to understand my case and I did not receive any benefit from their treatment. I followed your advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now healthy and well, and all the distressing symptoms which I had at that time have disappeared."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Miss Matilda Borman writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my months were irregular and painful, and I always had such dreadful headaches. But since taking the Compound my headaches have entirely left me, my months are regular, and I am getting strong and well. I am telling all my girl friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and from a source that has no rival in the experience of woman's ills, and it will, if followed, put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of cures of female ills of any medicine that the world has ever known. Why don't you try it?"

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes Sick Women Well.

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A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Arrive from the east—4 a.m., 10:45 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 a.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:30 a.m., 3:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 4:25 p.m., 6:55 p.m. (Eastern Flyer).

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 11:42 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 8:10 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m. (except Sunday), 7:50 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.

Depart—8:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:55 p.m., 5 p.m.

Passenger trains do not run on this branch on Sundays.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:40 p.m.

Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—8 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:28 p.m. For the west—11:35 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m.

*From Chatham only.

*Trains only to Chatham.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 6:25 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.

Depart—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.

*To Walkerville, without change.

*To St. Thomas only.

Royal Mail Trains

—via—

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Maritime Express

Leaving Montreal at 12:00 (noon), Sundays, carries the European mail, and connects with passenger baggage mails, etc., to the steamship wharf, Halifax, arriving on the following Monday.

Special Mail Train

Leaves Halifax on the arrival of the ward mail steamers, with passenger and mail, for St. John, Quebec, Montreal, making connections for Ottawa, Toronto, and all points west, where regular trains do not make close connections at Halifax.

Write for time-tables, descriptive pamphlets, fans, etc., to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE.

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Sailing lists, rate sheets, etc., on application.

E. De La Hooke, London, Agent.

For the Winter GO TO CALIFORNIA MEXICO or FLORIDA

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Leaving Toronto on Jan. 23, covering a points of interest. Special reduced rates.

MOUNT CLEMENS MINERAL BATHS

And St. Catharines Mineral Springs

Delightful resorts for those who need a rest. 100% of hotel accommodation.

For tickets and full information call on E. De La Hooke, or any passenger ticket agent, or at depot office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SULPHUR SPRINGS AT PRESTON, Ont.

A few days' treatment drinking the sulphur water direct from the springs, and taking the baths.

WILL WORK WONDERS

Cleanse the blood.

Purify the skin.

Refresh the complexion.

Relieve that rheumatism.

The Springs are reached by Canadian Pacific and G. P. & N. Cars.

For passage rates and train service see W. FULTON, C.P.A., 161 Dundas Street, London, or white C. B. FOSTER, D.P.A., C. P. R., Toronto.

HOOD'S The Painless Cathartic PILLS

Easy to take, easy to operate; cure biliousness, constipation, morning and sick head-ache; break up colds and ward off fevers.

All druggists. See C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

Let the Boy Help With the Washing.

BLACKSTONE ROTARY WASHING MACHINE

The Blackstone Rotary Washing Machine runs easily, saves the clothes, saves time and health.

Price \$7.00.

AGENTS FOR LONDON: WESTMAN'S HARDWARE

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THE WOLVERINE

the fastest train to New York City

Arrives Grand Central Station 8 a.m.

THOMAS EVANS, C. P. A., LONDON.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when the need of the heart strength, ening, nerve toning, blood enriching action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak and nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles.

A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus tide over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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