

The Finest

Of All . . .
English Breakfast Teas

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

PURE. DELICIOUS. ECONOMICAL.

Lead packets only. Never sold in bulk.

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25c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

The

Winning of Neil.

There was an ancient cottage close

by, which had once been a tui-house.

It thought he would knock at the

door and try to find out something,

and was retreating for that purpose,

when a hurried tapping on the glass

of an upper window made him look

round again. Miss Theodora, if it

was indeed she, made a sign to him to

go round to the back of the house.

Obeying her mute direction, he found

his way to the little side gate in the

paling, passed through into the garden,

and presented himself at the back door.

He noticed with surprise as he

passed the two lower windows, the

one at the side, and the other at the

back of the house, that the blinds

were drawn down. Surely then, he

coloured must be dead, he thought. He

had not time to speculate as to why,

in that case, the upper rooms had had

their blinds up, when he heard the

sound of someone within drawing back

a bolt, and then another and another.

Then the door was opened by Miss

Bostal, who put out her head to throw

one frightened glance round the garden,

and then, seeing that no one was

hand, drew him hastily inside, and began

immediately to replace the bolts.

Clifford could not help feeling amused.

Although he took care not to show

it, it seemed to him clear that the recent

occurrence in the neighborhood had

got on the poor little woman's

brain, and made her absurdly nervous

about the safety of the house.

"You are very valuable property,"

she said, as he insisted on

doing the work of bolting the door for

her, and discovered how solid and

strong the protection was.

The little woman started, almost

stumped.

"Oh, Mr. King," she gasped, "in a

tone of acute terror, "don't make

jokes about it! It's too dreadful, I

never feel safe. Last night—"

She paused, closing her eyes as if on

the point of fainting. And Clifford

saw, by the little light that came

through the dusty panes above the

front and back door, that her small

pale face had grown livid with

some terrible thought.

"Well, what happened last night—"

Oh! said he, speaking in as cheerful

a tone as he was able to assume.

"Nothing," he said, "in the hope of

soothing her nerves."

But instead of answering at once,

Miss Theodora, who had been staring

again at him with solemn intensity,

and staring at him with solemn intensity,

and staring at him with solemn intensity,

and staring at him with solemn intensity,

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Western Ontario. Lashed by an Octopus

Guelph Firebugs Get Six and Eight

Years in Kingston.

Sandwich People Propose to Bore for

Gas—Dairymen's Convention at

Port Elgin, March 4.

Some of the people of Guelph propose

to provide an indigent old ladies' home.

W. A. McIntosh, of Simcoe, is to

be associated corner for the county

of Norfolk.

Mr. Geo. Laur, aged 72, who dwelt

near Trinity Church, on the 3th con-

veyed, died Sunday night.

Mrs. James Lettice and daughter,

Mary Bell, leave Ridgeway, next

week to reside in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Charles O'Brien, who was found

guilty of murder No. 15 first alarm on

Feb. 15 at Stratford, has been assessed

\$50 and costs.

A large signed petition is being

circulated in Sandwich asking the

council to bore for gas. About \$1,000

will be required.

Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public

Works, Ottawa, has accepted an

invitation to visit Port Elgin shortly and

inspect the harbor.

John Williams, jun., son of J. W. Williams,

Aylmer, broke his arm while

playing with the cars at the G. T. R.

depot yesterday morning.

It is stated that J. R. Samuels, who

has been for 30 years editor of the

Chatham Banner will be sheriff of

Chatham, vice Mr. Moore.

W. H. Cascard, 88 years of age,

died at his home on Talbot street,

Aylmer, on Monday. It was only about

a month ago his wife died.

The Guelph firebugs were sentenced

by Judge Chadwick on Tuesday, Busby

getting six years, and Quinn eight

years in the Kingston Penitentiary.

T. B. Nair, Aylmer, burned his hands

very badly Saturday. While working

at a house in his office, the gasoline

lamp exploded, covering his hands with

the burning fluid.

Mr. H. Thornton has been dismissed

from the position of judge of the

Division Court at St. Thomas. Mr.

Thornton, it is understood, will be

succeeded by Mr. Robert Foster.

Rev. Mr. Rice, formerly financial

agent at Alma College, has been called

to the pulpit of Annette Street

Methodist church in London. He

preached in the church at both

services a week ago last Sunday, and

was well received.

Applegate Grange met Monday

night at Middlemarch to discuss

poultry on the farm. Mr. Scott not

being present, the address was made

by Mr. Emanuel Ponsford. James

Fletcher occupied the chair. J. B. Robinson,

F. Pratt, A. Jackson, and others took

part in the discussion.

Successful missionary services were

held in the Methodist Church, Walk-

erton, on Sunday. The Rev. Samuel

Sellers, of Guelph, assisted by the

pastor, Rev. D. A. Moor, addressed large

audiences at both services. The

offerings amounted to nearly \$300. Rev. Mr. Sellers

lectured on "Mansions" in the same church

on Monday evening.

Mr. Thomas Watt, manager of the

Royal Hotel, Guelph, died Sunday

night at the age of 62 years. The

deceased was one of the best-known

hotel men in the province. He was a

member of Speed Lodge, A. F. and A.

O. U. of Guelph, and was a member

of the Order of Oddfellows. He leaves a wife

and four children.

A bylaw has been adopted by unanim-

A Connecticut Judge's Thrilling

Fish Story.

Life and Death Struggle With a Many-

Armed, Farrot-Skinned Beast.

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 24.—Judge

Theo. Tuttle, of New Haven, Conn.,

staggered into the hotel here late yester-

day afternoon, white as a sheet and

scarcely able to walk from the effect

of a terrible fight he had with a huge

octopus while fishing off the harbor

here, two miles from shore.

The judge went out fishing shortly

after dinner, and was accompanied by

his son, who was a keen fisherman,

and his boat near the ship

channel, and for half an hour had

great luck. Suddenly while bailing

out, he felt a sharp sting as if

of fire on his bare neck, and, turning,

saw, to his horror, that a long tent-

acle was over the boat and attached

to his neck. He seized the hatchet

and cut off the tentacle at the

joint, and a moment later another

tentacle shot up from the water, and

after quivering around in the air for

a moment, descended upon him, and

fastened itself to his hand. This was

severed, too, and the end fell down

in the water, and he was free. Several

more tentacles shot up from the

water, and at one time fully five

were reaching for him, like so many long, red

snakes. When they touched his cloth-

ing, he did not shrink, but he

immediately dropped and sought the

uncovered portions of his body. The

tentacles were fast busy attacking at

the exposed parts of his body, and he

began to get very weary and

discouraged.

Suddenly the hideous face of the

octopus, with its two staring eyes, ap-

peared over the boat's side, and three

large tentacles reached up and

around him. Seizing an oar the judge

jabbed it at the animal, hitting it

squarely in the face. The curved beak

of the animal caught the oar, and al-

most twisted it out of his hands, giv-

ing him a terrible shock. The creature

seemed stunned, however, and after a few minutes loosened

itself, and disappeared beneath the waves.

Though terribly exhausted and al-

most weak, the judge did not man-

aged to row to shore. He was assisted

to his room and a doctor called.

The doctor, who examined him, re-

marked that the flesh to which the

tentacles had been attached was

burned, but after several hours' care

he seemed all right again.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Visit the

President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24.—Sec-

retary Olney yesterday escorted to the

White House Lord Aberdeen, the Gov-

ernment-General of Canada, and Captain

Walter Scott, of the British Navy, and

presented them to President Cleveland,

who gave his visitors a hearty greet-

ing, and expressed some kindly wishes

for their welfare.

Lady Aberdeen was received by Mrs.

Cleveland.

A DARING FEAT.

Trip Across Niagara on Blondin's

Back.

Mr. Harry Colcord, who was carried

across Niagara Falls on Blondin's

back on a tight rope in 1860, has been

recalling the experience, and his

story is being published in the

Boston Herald. He met Blondin in

1860, and was carried across the

falls on his back. He was

across the falls on his back.

Games for Young Players.

Suggestions for Mothers Who

Are Preparing Holiday

Nursery Parties.

The difficult problem that confronts

the mother who has promised her

young people that they may have a

holiday party is how she is to keep

the guests amused without letting

them either ruin the furniture or eat

too many sweets. Here are some

games which will help her:

"Spoons" is a favorite pastime. In

playing it the players arrange them-

selves in a circle, with one of their

hands in the middle and the other

holding a large spoon in his hand.

The rest take hands and go around

him in a circle, with or without mu-

sic. The first to get a spoon from

the player in the middle, he

touches with his spoon one of the

players, who must stand perfectly

still. The blindfolded person passes

his spoon gently over the person he

has touched and tries to discover by

this means who it is. The player

touched may hide his identity by

standing on tiptoe, or by coughing or

altering some part of his clothing, but

it is not nearly so difficult to make

discoveries with a spoon as one might

suppose.

The "dead march" is a cheerful

game. The players stand in a row, and

it turns all the lamps very low; then

let some one at the piano play a slow,

mournful march, while all the players

form in line and follow each other

in single file, marching slowly around

the room. When the piano gives a

bright flourish, the last person in

the line drops on the floor and

the piano is silent for a few seconds.

The lights are turned up, and the

piano strikes up a lively dance tune,

and all the players jump up and dance

with the first person who can catch

hold of.

In playing "electric shock" one of

the players leaves the room, while the

others seat themselves in a ring and

decide on something which on his re-

turn he is to touch, and which is to

give him the shock. A watch chain,

a brooch, or something of the kind

of one of the players is usually select-

ed, and as soon as the player comes

outside, who has been admitted to

the ring, touches the right object the

rest of the players scream and crash

all at once, and the player