All this talk about

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

Is for your personal benefit. There's no tea like it. Have you tried it? Sold in lead packets only—All grocers.

TANGLED THREADS

"Why, what on earth d'you mean?" sharply demanded Mrs. Gass. "Saw Mrs. Rane's ghost! Don't be an idiot, Jelly."

"Yes, I saw it," repeated Jelly, with quiet emphasis. "Saw it as sure as I see them standing there now to bury her. There could be no mistake. I never saw her plainer in life. It was at one o'clock in the morning, I say, Mrs. Gass; and she was screwed down at twelve; an hour before it."

"Had you taken a little too much beer?" asked Mrs. Gass, after a pause, staring at Jelly to make sure the question would not also apply to the present time. But the face that met hers was strangely earnest; too much so even to resent the insinuation.

"It was her ghost, poor thing; and I'm afraid it'll walk till justice lays it. I never knew but one ghost walk in all my life, Mrs. Gass; and he had been murdered."

Mrs. Gass made no rejoinder. She was absorbed in looking at Jelly. Jelly went on—

"It's said there's many that walk: the world's full of such tales; but I never knew but that one. When people are put to an untimely end, and buried away out of sight, and their secrets with 'em, it stands to reason that they can't rest quiet in their graves. She won't."

Mrs. Gass put her hand impressively on Jelly's black shawl, and kept it there. "Tell me why you are saying this?"

"It's what I want to do. If I don't tell it to some one, I shall soon be in the grave myself. Fancy me living at the very next door, and nobody in the house just now but Dinah!"

Jelly spoke out all; she believed Dr. Rane might have "put his wife out of the way." Mrs. Gass was horrified. Not at the charge; she didn't believe a word of it; but at Jelly's presuming to imagine it. She gave Jelly a serious reprimand.

"It was him that wrote that anonymous letter, you know," whispered Jelly.

"Hush! Hold your tongue, girl. I've warned you before to let that alone."

"And I'm willing to do so."

"That is downright wicked of you, Jelly. Dr. Rane loved his wife. What motive do you suppose he could have had for killing her."

"To get the tontine money," replied Jelly, in a whisper.

The two woman gazed at each other; gaze meeting gaze. And then Mrs. Gass suddenly grew whiter than Dr. Rane, and began to shiver as though some strange chill had struck her.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reclining on the pillows of an invalid chair was Arthur Bohun, looking as yellow as gold, recovering from an attack of jaundice. The day of James Bohun's funeral it had poured with rain; and Arthur, standing at the grave, had caught a chill. This had terminated in the jaundice—his unhappy state of mind no doubt doing it's part towards bringing on the malady. He was recovering now. Sir Nash, at whose house he lay, was everything that was kind.

Madam was kind also; at least she made a great profession of being so. Her object in life just now was to get her son to marry Miss Dallory. Madam cared no more for her son Arthur or his welfare than she did for Richard North; but she was shrewd enough to foresee that the source, whence her large supplies of money had hitherto been drawn, was now dried up: and she hoped to get supplies out of Arthur for the future. Marrying an heiress, wealthy as Miss Dallory, would wonderfully increase his power to help her. Moreover, she wished to be effectually relieved from that horrible nightmare that haunted her still—the possibility of his marrying Ellen Adair.

So madam laid her plans—as it was in her scheming nature ever to be laying them—and contrived to bring Miss Dallory, at that time in London with her aunt, to Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days' visit when Arthur was recovering. The young lady was there now; and Matilda North was there; and they both spent a good part of every day with Arthur; and Sir Nash made much of Mary Dallory, partly because he really liked her, and partly because he thought there was a probability that she would become Arthur's wife. During his illness, Captain Bohun had had time for reflection; not only time, but calmness, in the lassitude it brought to him mentally and physically; and he began to see his immediate way somewhat clearer. To give no explanation to the two ladies at Eastsea, to whom he was acting, as he felt, so base a part, was the very worst form of cowardice; and, though he could not explain to Ellen Adair, he was now anxious to do so to Mrs. Cumberland. Accordingly the first use he made of his partially-recovered health, was to ask for writing materials and write her a note in very shaky characters. He spoke of his serious illness, stated that certain "untoward circumstances" had occurred to intercept his plans, but that as soon as he was sufficiently well to travel he should beg of her to appoint a time when she could allow him a private conference.

The return post brought him a letter from Ellen. Rather to his consternation. Ellen assumed—not unnaturally, as the reader will find—that the sole cause of his mysterious absence was illness; that he had been ill from the first, and unable to travel. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAREST ARTHUR,

"I cannot express to you what my feelings are this morning; so full of joy, yet full of pain. Oh I cannot tell you what the past two or three weeks have been to me; looking back, it almost seems a wonder that I lived through them. For I thought—I will not say here what I thought, and perhaps I could not say, only that you were never coming again; and that was agony to me, worse than death. And to hear now that you could not come: that the cause of your silence and absence has been dangerous illness, brings to me a great sorrow and shame. Oh Arthur, my dearest, forgive me! Forgive also my writing to you thus freely; but it almost seems to me as though you were already my husband. Had you been called away only half-an-hour later you would have been, and perhaps even might have had me with you in your illness.

"I should like to write pages and pages, but you may be too ill yet to read very much, and so I will say no more. May God watch over you and bring you back to health again.

"Ever yours, Arthur, yours only, with the great love of my heart.

"ELLEN ADAIR."

And Captain Arthur Bohun, in spite of the cruel fate that had parted them, pressed the letter to his heart, and the sweet name, Ellen Adair—sweeter than any he would ever hear again—to his lips, and shed tears of anguish over it in the feebleness induced by illness.

They might take Mary Dallory to his room as much as they pleased; and Matilda might exert her little wiles in praising her, and madam hers to leave them "accidentally" together; but his heart was too full of another, and of its own bitter pain, to have room for as much as a responsive thought to Mary Dallory.

"Arthur is frightfully languid and apathetical!" spoke Miss North one day in a burst of resentment. "I'm sure he is quite rude to me and Mary; he lets us sit by him for an hour at a time, and never speaks."

"Consider how ill he has been—and is," remonstrated Sir Nash.

Mrs. Cumberland's span of life was drawing into a very narrow space; and it might be that she was beginning to suspect this. For some months she had been growing inwardly weaker; but the weakness had for a week or two been visibly and rapidly increasing. Captain Bohun's unaccountable behaviour had tried her—for Ellen's sake. She was responsible to Mr. Adair for the welfare of his daughter, and the matter was a source of daily and hourly annoyance to her. When this second tardy note arrived, she considered it, in one sense, a satisfactory explanation; in another, not so; since, if Captain Bohun had been too ill to write himself, why did he not get some one else to write to her and say so? However, she was willing to persuade herself that all would be right; and she told Ellen, without showing her the note, that Captain Bohun had been dangerously ill, unable to come or write. Hence Ellen's return letter.

(To be Continued.)

Gone Down With All Hands.

When we read such an announcement as this it sends a thrill of horror through our very being. And yet the number of lives lost by accidents at sea are very few compared to the number which are sacrificed to single diseases on land. Take consumption. Statistics show that 20 per cent of all deaths are due to this fatal malady. It would be easier to reconcile ourselves to the fearful fact if there were no remedy. But there is. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands, and among them many whom the doctors have given up to die. If seeing is believing, then the thousands of living witnesses to its marvelous efficacy in cases of this kind ought to convince the most skeptical.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—Two of our best doctors pronounced my case consumption. I spent nearly $300, and was no better. I concluded to try the "Golden Medical Discovery." I bought eight bottles, and I can now say with truth that I feel just as well today as I did at 25, and can do just as good a day's work on the farm, although I had not done any work for several years. I give you all the thanks. Truly yourfriend,

WILLIAM DULANEY,
Campbell, Ohio.

At the Bombay Zoological Gardens the skin of a sea serpent 64 feet in length is on exhibition.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN,—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH,
Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

A 225-ounce gold nugget in the shape of a horseshoe has been discovered at Hargraves, Australia.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Ague causes 460 deaths in every 10,000 annually in Rome.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

—The best circular is a newspaper that circulates.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell. t

Great events oftener make men, than men make great events.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

A Brantford Girl Dies From Swallowing a Button.

It Could Not Be Located—Queer Accident in Goderich—Mitchell Young Liberals.

The Mitchell papers have a circulation squabble on hand.

Mr. T. L. Pardo's mill, Blenheim, has opened up again with a full force.

The East Grey Teachers' Association has voted for the abolition of the public school leaving examination.

The names of ex-Reeve Brockenshire and R. Vanstone are mentioned as possible successors to the Wingham mayoralty.

Messrs. James Petty, T. Ballentine and W. Shillinglaw, of Hensall, as an experiment, last week shipped 500 lambs to the old country.

R. Fleming, late of the 2nd line, S. E. R., Warwick, Lambton county, has sold his 100 acre farm on con. 8, of Plympton, to Ed Symington for $3,000.

While Colin Kerr, farmer of Southwold, Elgin county, and family were absent from home on Tuesday their dwelling caught fire, and was burned with all contents. Loss, $2,000.

Mrs. Wm. Wooden, of Harley, has been sick since Oct. 18 as the result of eating canned sardines. The poison is now settling in her lower limbs, and she has been taken to the Brantford hospital.

W. Forder, late bandmaster Canadian Regiment of Infantry, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, has been secured as bandmaster of the Twenty-ninth Battalion Band, Berlin, in the place of Mr. Zeller, resigned.

Mitchell Young Liberals have elected these officers for the ensuing term: President, S. A. Hodge; first vice-president, J. S. Black; second vice-president, Wm. McLellan; secretary-treasurer, Wm. Martyn.

Miss May Webb, of Saltford, while walking in front of Pridham's store, Goderich, received a crushing blow on the head, through a sign board falling. Concussion of the brain resulted, and her rerecovery is doubtful.

C. W. Graves, traveling passenger agent of the Grand Trunk, and J. N. Bastedo, Canadian passenger agent of the Sante Fe, have charge of a party of sixteen Stratfordites who purpose spending the winter in California.

Henry Knott, of Chatham, was eating a sausage the other day, and some hard substance, supposed to be a piece of bone, stuck in his throat. Although a physician was secured the obstruction has not been removed, and he cannot swallow any solid food.

Mr. Griffith's beautiful residence in Walkerton was destroyed by fire on Thursday last, the fire originating in the garret. The residence was one of the finest in the country, and is said to have cost $13,000. There was $4,000 insurance. The contents were saved.

Messrs. S. Campbell, A. Turnbull and D. Hay, of Farquhar, Huron county, waited on John Tucker last week, and in the name of his neighbors and acquaintances, presented him with an address and a roll of bills amounting to $204. Mr. Tucker met with an accident recently which incapacitated him.

A sad and distressing casualty occurred the other day at John Pollard's home, north of Norwich. His 4-year-old daughter, whilst playing in the neighborhood of a fire which had been built for soap-making purposes, was so badly burned by the flames, which in some way set fire to her clothing, that notwithstanding all medical aid, death ensued shortly afterwards.

The St. Thomas police have arrested two supposed burglars, who gave the names of Wm. Reavely and Wm. Freeman. They had stolen a ride on the Michigan Central Railway from Windsor, and they had in their possession a large quantity of wearing apparel. Some of the goods, it is thought, were stolen from Ridgetown stores. The prisoners are held for trial.

An Association football game was played at Windsor Thursday between Chatham and Windsor teams, and was witnessed by 700 spectators, a large number being those who accompanied the visiting team. The game resulted in a victory for Windsor. Score, 2 to 1. Chatham put the ball between the posts twice, but the first goal was declared an off side kick and was disallowed.

At East Wawanosh, Huron county, within three days a son of Jas. McCallum fell from the high beam in the barn, a distance of 18 feet, but escaped with slight injury; Jas. McCallum, sen., while chopping, had the misfortune to cut two of his toes almost off and another about half off; B. Anderson fell and injured his knee badly, displacing the knee cap, and Minnie, youngest daughter of J. Campbell, had the misfortune to get her leg broken by a horse becoming unmanageable.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Fisher, Alfred street, Brantford, mourn the loss of their bright little daughter, Sarah Ethel, at the age of 7 years. The direct cause of the death was an unfortunate accident which happened on Tuesday last. The deceased was playing with a brother on that day, and while engaged in rombing around, she had a button in her mouth. In throwing her head backwards to escape some water which was tossed at her by her brother, the button slipped in her mouth and lodged in the windpipe. A physician was at once called, but failed to locate the button or give any relief to the little girl who was suffering, and subsequently three city physicians in consultation could not locate the foreign article. The girl suffered great pain in trying to breathe, but passed through all right until Thursday night when she died.

Poor Digestion

Leads to nervousness, fretfulness, peevishness chronic Dyspepsia and great misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It makes pure blood and gives healthy action to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's, for Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them. 25c. b

Wealth is the substance of things hoped for; Fame is the evidence of things not seen.

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROBB, Markam, Ont.

Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell. t

Sometimes people criticise sermons which were miles above their intellect.

Piles Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. ywt

The "soft answer" precipitates the deaf man's wrath.

Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.

Silverware! The latest patterns and neatest styles at lowest prices at ADKIN'S, on the corner, East London. ywt

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Unlike All Other Medicines, South American Nervine Heals at the Nerve Centers, the Seat of all Diseases.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. W. J. HILL, Bailiff, of Bracebridge, Ont' says;--"My Medical Attdndant Gave Me Up for Dying, but Thank God, South American Nervine Has Cured Me." Cures Everyone.

W. J. HILL.

Trimming the diseased branches of a tree will not preserve the tree when disease is located at the roots. Preservation rests in applying a remedy to the roots. Disease with man has its seat in the nerve centers of the body, which are located at the base of the brain. From these points come the life fluid that gives force, energy, and healthfulness to every other part of the system. Pain may be caused by a disordered stomach; weakness is often the result of overworked nerves. A thousand and one articlee may be found on the apothecary's shelves that will give present relief in such cases, but none will cure. A remedy that can create healthfulness at the nerve centers gives prompt restoration to the point immediately diseased. Like the main spring of a watch, or the optic nerve of the eye, when these are right all connected therewith is right.

It has remained for the discoverer of South American Nervine to solve this secret. This medicine cures because it heals at the nerve centers, and sends the healthy blood coursing through the veins, clearing away disease wherever it may exist.

W. J. Hilli the well-known bailiff, of Bracebridge, Ont., writes, as have thousands of others, that when every other remedy has failed, South American Nervine gave him the fullest relief. Mr. Hill has been a suffer for about two and a half years from liver complaint, dyspepsia, and nervous weakness, and had been treated by several doctors and had tried several patent remedies. "I was so bad," says he, "that one of my medical attendants said that I was dying, but thank God I am not dean yet. Having seen South American Nervine advertised, I determined to give it a trial, though skeptical of the results. I have to confess a pleasant disappointment, having found that from the first few doses I commenced to feel better, and am to-day restored completely to my usual health."

South American Nervine will cure every case of stomach trouble in existence; its poweas to rid the system of nervous disorders are wonderful in the extreme.

South American Nervine is sold by all reliable druggists, among which number in London we would mention Cairncross & Lawrence, W. T. Strong, W. S. Barkwell and J. G. Shuff

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Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and will keep it so, as long as they continue using it.

"Now, don't you be softy and let your grocer sell you an inferior kind on which he makes more profit."

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.
Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

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